

LITERARY
READINGS IN ENGLISH LITERATURE



TO WHICH IS PREFIXED
AN INTRODUCTORY TREATISE
ON THE
ART OF READING AND THE PRINCIPLES OF ELOCUTION.

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THIRD EDITION.

PREFACE.

THE substance of the INTRODUCTION to this Compilation was originally given by me in the form of a lecture, to the Teachers in the Training Establishment of the Board of National Education in Ireland, and in order that it might be of permanent use to them after leaving the Establishment, I readily, at their request furnished them with copies of it in print. I did not however publish it, nor was it my intention that it should circulate beyond our own schools.*

* In the original preface it is stated. "I have, at your desire, had it printed, and I have now only to request your earnest and immediate attention to the principles and directions which it contains. It contains, as you will find, the fullest, and I may add, the best information that has as yet been given on the subject of *School Reading*. The opinions of the eminent writers introduced into it, and the copious extracts which have been given from their works, fully justify me in making this statement.

"But while it will supply you with full and accurate information on the Art of Reading, it will also convince you, I hope, of this important truth—that in order to make good readers of your pupils, it will be necessary for you to be good readers yourselves. I do not say, that it will be absolutely necessary for you to be what is called accomplished readers. This may be beyond your power. In fact, few persons, comparatively speaking, are possessed of the natural qualifications which an accomplished reader requires, such as a good voice, a varied and pleasing intonation, and an easy and graceful delivery. But you should at least be intelligible and correct readers. For how is it possible for a person to exemplify what he teaches if there be any defects in his articulation, or vulgarity in his pronunciation? Even a strong provincial accent disqualifies him as a teacher of reading, for his pupils would be sure to imitate every peculiarity in his tone and manner. The vulgar proverb, 'As the old cock crows the young one learns,' is so applicable to this branch of teaching, that I may be excused for quoting it. Though a homely, it is, in fact, a perfect illustration of the subject, for reading is a truly *imitative* art.

"I trust, then, that the Teachers of our Schools will see the necessity for qualifying themselves for this very important part of their duty. Many of them, it is true, will find it next to impossible to divest themselves of their native provincialism of tone and accent, but they should at least, be able to give every word its proper pronunciation, and to read with ease, intelligence, and expression. To enable them to do this I

I have now, however, been induced by the recommendation of several educational friends, to increase its utility by publishing it in connexion with a CLASS BOOK ON READING.* The great number of excellent Reading Books which have been published of late years, seems to render a new one on the subject uncalled for, and unnecessary, but I have long been of opinion, that in almost all of these class books there is a great deficiency in LITERARY SELECTIONS. That Compilations of this kind (particularly when they are intended for the use of the children in Popular or National Schools) should contain as much information as possible on scientific and useful subjects is certainly very desirable, but still the literature of our language should have its due place in them,† or at least, there should be, in addition to them, some other class books to supply this deficiency. With this view I have compiled the present volume, and should I be spared, it is probable that I may at no very distant period bring out an additional one, to which I shall prefix a short Introduction to English Literature. In the meantime, a glance over the Contents of this volume will show that it contains a far greater portion of the literature of our language than its size would seem to indicate. Besides, the EXERCISES ON READING, which are not specified in the Contents, will be found to contain a copious selection of the choicest and most beautiful specimens of our best and most approved writers. These exercises extend from page 170 to page 232.

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have already* placed before them all the words in the language of difficult or irregular pronunciation. I have also furnished them with practical rules for the pronunciation of such words; and in this Introduction I have shown them, how even a defective articulation may, in most cases, be remedied."

* It is a matter of record that all my little works on Education, were originally written to supply wants which I had observed in the Irish National Schools.

† See in connexion with these observations, note page 233

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THE UNIVERSITY OF
RECEIVED C.
LITERARY CLASS BOOK
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OR,

SCHOOL READER.

INTRODUCTION

IT is usual to preface COMPILATIONS of this kind with rules for reading founded upon the INFLECTIONS OF THE VOICE, as developed by Walker in his "Elements of Elocution." Those rules, and the principles on which they are founded, are, in our estimation, more ingenious in theory than useful in application; and such, we are confident, is the general opinion. Even of the teachers who use such compilations in their schools, few, we are convinced, require their pupils to peruse the "Principles of Elocution" prefixed to them, much less to apply them in practice. And so much the better; for no person ever became a GOOD READER by being taught to READ BY RULE. In fact, the followers of Walker have made far more of the "Inflections of the Voice" than even he attempted. His views on the subject were at first put forward doubtfully, and theoretically, and even when he had convinced himself that he had made a great "discovery" in this respect, and that he had succeeded in founding a System of Elocution thereon, he evidently betrays doubts with regard to its utility in practice.* The truth is, he was too shrewd not to perceive that it would be difficult, if not impossible, to apply in practice, and upon the spur of

* "Elements of Elocution," Part II § 10.

the moment, the numerous and complicated rules which he had laid down; and in point of fact, his doctrine on the subject just amounts to this, that a GOOD READER will, in certain constructions of language, employ certain inflections of voice, and that such inflections, in such cases, should be imitated by all who desire to become good readers. Now, it follows from this, that as a *good reader* is sure to employ on all occasions the inflections of voice that are natural and suitable, the shortest and easiest way of effecting the object would be, to aim directly at becoming a GOOD READER. When this end is attained, rules for the purpose become unnecessary and absurd. The following admirable observations from Archbishop Whately's excellent "Treatise on Rhetoric," are conclusive on this point.—

"To the adoption of any such artificial scheme there are three weighty objections—first, that the proposed system must necessarily be *imperfect*, secondly, that if it were perfect it would be a circuitous path to the object in view, and, thirdly, that even if both those objections were removed, the object would not be effectually obtained.

"1st Such a system must necessarily be imperfect, because though the *emphatic* word in each sentence may easily be pointed out in writing, no variety of marks that could be invented—not even musical notation—would suffice to indicate the different *tones* in which the different emphatic words should be pronounced, though on this depends frequently the whole force, and even sense, of the expression. Take, as an instance, the words of Macbeth in the witches' cave, when he is addressed by one of the spirits which they raise, 'Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!' on which he exclaims, 'Had I three ears I'd hear thee'—no one would dispute that the stress is to be laid on the word 'three,' and thus much might be indicated to the reader's eye, but if he had nothing else to trust to, he might chance to deliver the passage in such a manner as to be utterly absurd, for it is possible to pronounce the emphatic word 'three' in such a tone as to indicate that 'since he has but *two* ears he cannot hear.' Again, the following passage, (Mark iv 21,) 'Is a candle brought to be put under a bushel or under a bed,' I have heard so pronounced as to imply that there is *no other alternative* and yet the emphasis was laid on the right words. It would be nearly as hopeless a task to attempt adequately to convey, by any written marks, precise

directions as to the rate—the degree of rapidity or slowness—with which each sentence and clause should be delivered. Longer and shorter pauses may indeed be easily denoted, and marks may be used, similar to those in music, to indicate, generally, quick, slow, or moderate time; but it is evident that the variations which actually take place are infinite—far beyond what any marks could suggest, and that much of the force of what is said depends on the degree of rapidity with which it is uttered, chiefly on the *relative* rapidity of one part in comparison of another. For instance, in such a sentence as the following, in one of the Psalms, which one may usually hear read at one uniform rate, ‘All men that see it shall say, This has God done, for they shall perceive that it is his work,’ the four words, ‘this has God done,’ though monosyllables, ought to occupy very little less time in utterance than all the rest of the verse together.

“2nd But were it even possible to bring to the highest perfection the proposed system of marks, it would still be a circuitous road to the desired end. Suppose it could be completely indicated to the eye in what tone each word and sentence should be pronounced, according to the several occasions, the learner might ask, but *why* should this tone suit the awful—this, the pathetic—this, the narrative style? *Why* is this mode of delivery adopted for a command—this, for an exhortation—this, for a supplication? &c. The only answer that could be given is, that these tones, emphases, &c., are a part of the language, that nature, or custom, which is a second nature, suggests spontaneously these different modes of giving expression to the different thoughts, feelings, and designs which are present to the mind of any one who, without study, is speaking in earnest his own sentiments. Then, if this be the case, why not leave nature to do her own work? Impress but the mind fully with the sentiments, &c., to be uttered; withdraw the attention from the sound, and fix it on the sense; and nature, or habit, will spontaneously suggest the proper delivery. That this will be the case, is not only true, but it is the very supposition on which the artificial system proceeds, for it professes to teach the mode of delivery *naturally* adapted to each occasion. It is surely, therefore, a circuitous path that is proposed, when the learner is directed first to consider how each passage ought to be read, *i. e.* what mode of delivering each part of it would *spontaneously* occur to him if he were attending exclusively to the matter of it; then, to observe all the modulations, &c., of voice which take place in such a delivery, then, to note these down by established marks in writing, and, lastly, to pronounce according to these marks. This seems like recommending, for the purpose of raising the

hand to the mouth, that he should first observe, when performing that action without thought of any thing else, what muscles are contracted, in what degrees, and in what order, then, that he should note down these observations, and lastly, that he should, in conformity with these notes, contract each muscle in due degree, and in proper order, to the end that he may be enabled, after all, to—lift his hand to his mouth; which, by supposition, he had already done. Such instruction is like that bestowed by Moliere's pedantic tutor upon his *Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, who was taught, to his infinite surprise and delight, what configurations of the mouth he employed in pronouncing the several letters of the alphabet, which he had been accustomed to utter all his life without knowing how.*

"3rd Lastly, waiving both the above objections, if a person could learn thus to read and speak, as it were *by note*, with the same fluency and accuracy as are attainable in the case of singing, still the desired object of a perfectly natural as well as correct elocution, would never be in this way obtained. The reader's attention being fixed on his own voice (which in singing, and there only, is allowed and expected), the inevitable consequence would be, that he would betray more or less his studied and artificial delivery, and would, in the same degree, manifest an offensive affectation.

"The practical rule then to be adopted, in conformity with the principles here maintained, is, not only to pay no studied attention to the voice, but studiously to *withdraw* the thoughts from it, and to dwell as intently as possible on the sense, trusting to nature to suggest spontaneously the proper emphases and tones

"Many persons are so far impressed with the truth of the doctrine here inculcated, as to acknowledge that 'it is a great fault for a reader to be *too much* occupied with thoughts respecting his own voice,' and thus they think to steer a middle course between opposite extremes. But it should be remembered that this middle course entirely nullifies the whole advantage proposed by the plan recommended. A reader is sure to pay *too much* attention to his voice, not only if he pays *any at all*, but if he does not strenuously *labour to withdraw* his attention from it altogether.

"He who not only understands fully what he is reading, but is earnestly occupying his mind with the matter of it, will

* "Qu' est-ce que vous faites quand vous prononcez O ?
Mais je dis O "

An answer which, if not savouring of philosophical analysis, gave at least a good practical solution of the problem."

be likely to read as if he understood it, and thus to make others understand it,* and in like manner, with a view to the impressiveness of the delivery, he who not only feels it, but is exclusively absorbed with that feeling, will be likely to read as if he felt it, and to communicate the impression to his hearers. But this cannot be the case if he is occupied with the thought of what their opinion will be of his reading, and how his voice ought to be regulated, if, in short, he is thinking of *himself*, and, of course, in the same degree abstracting his attention from that which ought to occupy it exclusively.

"It is not, indeed, desirable, that in reading the Bible, for example, or any thing which is not intended to appear as his own composition, he should deliver what are, avowedly, another's sentiments, in the same style as if they were such as arose in his own mind, but it is desirable that he should deliver them as if he were *reporting* another's sentiments which were both fully understood and felt in all their force by the reporter and the only way to do this effectually—with such modulations of voice, &c., as are suitable to each word and passage—is to fix his mind earnestly on the *meaning*, and leave nature and habit to suggest the utterance

"To impart to the delivery of a written discourse something of the vivacity and interesting effect of real, earnest *speaking*, the plan to be pursued, conformably with the principles I have been maintaining, is, for the reader to draw off his mind as much as possible from the thought that he is reading, as well as from all thoughts respecting his own utterance; to fix his mind as earnestly as possible on the *matter*, and to strive to adopt as his *own*, and as his *own at the moment* of utterance, every sentiment he delivers, and to *say* it to the audience in the manner which the occasion and subject spontaneously suggest to him who has abstracted his mind both from all consideration of *himself*, and from the consideration that he is reading."

The preceding Observations prove to a demonstration that ARTIFICIAL SYSTEMS of teaching to read are useless, and worse than useless, for they are positively injurious when carried into practice, and what can be better or more philosophic than the practical rules for reading

* "Who, for instance, that was really *thinking* of a resurrection from the dead, would ever tell any one that our Lord 'rose again from the dead' (which is so common a mode of reading the Creed); as if He had done so more than once?"

which the same distinguished author suggests? But, as he adds,

“It is by no means a very easy task to fix the attention on the meaning, in the manner, and to the degree now proposed. The thoughts of one who is reading any thing very familiar to him, are apt to wander to *other* subjects, though perhaps such as are connected with that which is before him, if, again, it be something new to him, he is apt (not to wander to *another* subject, but) to get the start, as it were of his hearers, and to be thinking, while uttering each sentence, not of that, but of the sentence which comes next. And in both cases, if he is careful to avoid those faults, and is desirous of reading well, it is a matter of no small difficulty, and calls for a constant effort, to prevent the mind from wandering in another direction, viz., into thoughts respecting his own voice, respecting the effect produced by each sound, the approbation he hopes for from the hearers, &c. And this is the prevailing fault of those who are commonly said to take *great pains* in their reading—pains which will always be taken in vain with a view to the true object to be aimed at, as long as the effort is thus applied in a wrong direction. With a view, indeed, to a very different object, the approbation bestowed on the reading, this artificial delivery will often be more successful than the natural. Pompous spouting, and many other descriptions of unnatural tone and measured cadence, are frequently admired by many as excellent reading, which admiration is itself a proof that it is not deserved, for when the delivery is *really* good the hearers (except any one who may deliberately set himself to observe and criticise) never think about it, but are exclusively occupied with the sense it conveys and the feelings it excites.”

As the foundation of good reading should be laid from the very first, the following observations may be useful. They are extracted from the writer's “Outline of the Method of Teaching in the National Model Schools :”—

“In the preface to the First Book of Lessons, and in a few words, the foundation of not only the EXPLANATORY or INTELLECTUAL method of teaching, but also of GOOD READING, is laid. ‘It is recommended to teachers to make their pupils perfectly acquainted with one lesson before they proceed to another; and to exercise them as much as possible upon the *meaning* of such

words and sentences, as admit of being defined and explained.' The teachers, therefore, from the very first, are expected to lead their pupils to inquire into, and consequently understand, *the meaning* of the words and sentences which they meet with in their lessons. Now, such a *habit* is the shortest and surest road to GOOD READING, for all the authorities agree, that, to read with *propriety* and *expression*, requires a person *to understand what he reads*.

"The other instruction to our teachers in this important sentence, namely, that 'their pupils are to be made perfectly acquainted with one lesson before they proceed to another,' is also in the highest degree conducive to good reading. If the children are instructed in this way, their lessons, which have been drawn up on the *progressive principle*, will be comparatively *easy*, and they will consequently experience no difficulty in pronouncing the words, or *reading*. But, if any of the lessons in the series are omitted—or if the pupils are taken over them in a hurried or careless manner, *difficulties* and *discouragement*, and BAD READING, will be the result. If a child feels no difficulty in reading, he can, and if properly instructed, will, from habit, pay attention to the meaning of what he reads, but if the contrary is the case, his mind will be too much engrossed with the mechanical difficulty of pronouncing the words, to attend to the ideas which they convey. It is only when a child can read *without difficulty* that he begins to pay attention to the meaning of what he reads, and when he does so, he will not only become a good reader, but what is of still greater importance, he will begin to feel a pleasure in reading.

"As *understanding what is read* is the great rule for good reading, children should be *habituated* from the first to give an uninterrupted attention to the meaning of what they read. With this view they should be frequently and regularly called upon to close their books, and to give in their own language the substance of the

sentence or passage just read. Such questioning, it is evident, fixes the attention of the children upon the subject of their lesson, and the answering in their own words, gives them a habit of expressing themselves in suitable language.

"At first, and perhaps for a considerable time, teachers will find some difficulty in applying the *explanatory* or *intellectual* method. Children will often be slow to speak, or perhaps silent, even when able to give the required explanation, and time, so precious in a large school, will, in consequence, be lost. But this is because they have not been *accustomed* to give explanations. 'Exercise them,' therefore, from the beginning, 'as much as possible upon the meaning of such words and sentences as admit of being defined and explained.' *Begin with the easiest and most familiar words*, and express yourself satisfied with almost any explanation the child may be able to give—provided he has a conception of its meaning. Do not *wait* for, nor *expect* accurate—nor *any definitions* from children. Encourage them to say *just what they think of it*, and they will soon learn to express themselves with ease and correctness.

"Another rule for GOOD READING is, to read *slowly* and *distinctly*, AND JUST AS WE SPEAK." The first part of this rule is expressed by the good old couplet—

" 'Learn to read slow all other graces
Will follow in their proper places'

* This, however, though an excellent, is a most difficult rule. We quote again from Archbishop Whately —

"The object of *correct* reading is to convey to the hearers, through the medium of the ear, what is conveyed to the reader by the eye, to put them in the same situation with him who has the book before him, to exhibit to them, in short, by the voice, not only each word, but also all the stops, paragraphs, italic characters, notes of interrogation, &c., which his sight presents to him. His voice seems to indicate to them, 'thus and thus it is written in the book or manuscript before me.' *Impressure* reading superadds to this some degree of adaptation of the tone of voice to the character of the subject, and of the style. What is usually termed *fine* reading, seems to convey in addition to these, a kind of admonition to the hearers, respecting the feelings which the composition ought to excite

The second part of it requires an observation.—To read as we speak,—that is, *naturally* and with expression—is an excellent rule; but if our *natural manner* or *accent* be faulty, we should endeavour to correct, rather than to imitate it. ‘When I had begun to teach READING,’ says Pestalozzi, ‘I found out after a while that my pupils wanted first to be taught SPEAKING;’ and this led him to commence with PRONUNCIATION. Before his pupils were taught reading, or even the alphabet, he exercised them in *pronouncing* not only the elementary sounds of the letters, but also their most difficult combinations, till they could do so with propriety and ease. Several teachers have adopted this plan, and it is an excellent one; for PRONUNCIATION cannot be taught too early.

“Most children fall into a monotonous habit of reading, which cannot be too speedily remedied. The best way to break a child off this is, to make him read easy or familiar DIALOGUES. If the dialogue alternates briskly, the pupil, by personating both speakers, will, particularly if he feels an interest in the subject of it, soon learn to change his tone and vary his manner.”

The following excellent observations are from Sheridan's Introduction to his “Art of Speaking:”—

“As soon as a child can read without spelling the words, he ought to be taught the use of the stops, and accustomed, from the beginning, to pay the same regard to them as to the words.

in them: it appears to say, ‘this deserves your admiration;’ ‘this is sublime;’ ‘this is pathetic,’ &c. But Speaking, that is, *natural* speaking, when the speaker is uttering his own sentiments, and is thinking exclusively of *them*, has something in it distinct from all this: it convers, by the sounds which reach the ear, the idea that what is said is the effusion of the speaker's own mind, which he is desirous of imparting to others. A decisive proof of which is, that if any one overhears the voice of another, to whom he is an utter stranger—suppose in the next room, without being able to catch the sense of what is said, he will hardly ever be for a moment at a loss to decide whether he is *reading* or *speaking*; and this, though the hearer may not be one who has ever paid any critical attention to the various modulations of the human voice. So wide is the difference of the tone employed on these two occasions, be the subject what it may.”

“Young people must be taught to let their voice fall at the ends of sentences, and to read without any particular whine, cant, or drawl, and with the *natural* inflections of voice which they use in *speaking*. For *READING* is nothing but speaking what one sees in a book, as if he were expressing his own sentiments, as they rise in his mind. And no person reads well till he comes to speak what he sees in the book before him in the same natural manner as he speaks the thoughts that arise in his own mind. And hence it is, that no one can read properly what he does not *understand*. When children are taught to read sentences which they do not understand, they get a habit either of reading in a monotone, or if they attempt to distinguish one word from the rest, as the emphasis falls at random, the sense is usually perverted or changed into nonsense. The way to prevent this is, to put no book into their hands which is not suited to their slender capacities, and to take care that they never read any thing whose meaning they do not fully comprehend. The best way, indeed, of furnishing them with lessons for a long time would be, to take down their common prattle, and make them read it just as they speak it, only correcting any bad habits they may have acquired in their utterance. Thus they will early be initiated into the practice of considering reading to be nothing more than speaking at sight, by the assistance of letters, as singing at sight is performed in music by the help of notes. And as Nature, if left to herself, directs every one in the right use of emphasis, when they utter their own immediate sentiments, they will have the same unerring rule to guide them after they have been written down, and in process of time, by constant practice in this way, they will be able to deliver the sentiments of others, from books, in the same manner.

“They must be taught that, in questions, the voice is often to rise toward the end of the sentence, contrary to the manner of pronouncing most other sorts of matter, because the emphatical word, or that upon which the stress of the question lies, is often the *last* in the sentence. Example ‘Can any good come out of *Nazareth*?’ Here the emphatical word is *Nazareth*, therefore the word *Nazareth* is to be pronounced in a higher note than any other part of the sentence. But in pronouncing the following, ‘By what *authority* dost thou these things, and *who* gave thee this authority?’ the emphatical words are *authority* and *who* because what the Jews asked our Saviour was, by what *power* or *authority* he did his wonderful works, and how he came by that power. And in all questions the emphasis must, according to the intention of the speaker, be put upon that word which signifies the point about which he inquires. Example. ‘Is it true that you have seen a noble lord

from court to-day, who has told you bad news?" If the inquirer wants only to know whether *myself* or some *other* person has seen the supposed great man, he will put the emphasis upon *you*. If he knows that I have seen somebody from court, and only wants to know whether I have seen *a great man* who may be supposed to *know* what *inferior* persons about the court *do not*, he will put the emphasis upon *noble lord*. If he wants to know only whether the great man came *directly* from court, so that this intelligence may be depended upon, he will put the emphasis on *court*. If he wants only to know whether I have seen him *to-day* or *yesterday*, he will put the emphasis upon *to-day*. If he *knows* that I have seen *a great man* from court to-day, and only *wants to know* whether he has told me *any news*, he will put the emphasis upon *news*. If he knows all the rest, and wants only to know whether the news I heard was *bad*, he will put the emphasis upon the word *bad*.

"The matter contained in a *parenthesis*, or between *commas* used instead of a parenthesis, is to be pronounced with a *lower* voice, and *quicker* than the rest, and with a short stop at the beginning and end, that the hearer may perceive where the strain of the discourse breaks off, and where it is resumed, as, 'When, therefore, the Lord knew that the Pharisees had heard that Jesus made and baptized more disciples than John (though Jesus himself did not baptize, but his disciples) he departed from Judea, and returned to Galilee.'

"In every sentence there is some *word*, perhaps several, which are to be pronounced with a *stronger* accent or emphasis than the others. Time was when the *emphatical* word or words in every sentence were printed in *italics*. And a great advantage it was toward understanding the sense of the author, especially where there was a thread of reasoning carried on. But we are now grown so nice, that we have found the intermixture of two characters deforms the page, and gives it a speckled appearance, as if it were not of infinitely more consequence to make sure of edifying the reader than of pleasing his eye."

The following excellent directions for teaching Reading are from the celebrated Dr. Franklin's "Sketch of an English School:"—

"*The First Class*.—Let the pieces read by the scholars in this class be short—such as Croxal's fables, and little stories. In giving the lesson, let it be read to them; let the meaning of the difficult words in it be explained to them. A vocabulary of the most usual difficult words might be formed for

their use, with explanations This would help to fix the meaning of the words in their minds

"*The Second Class*—To be taught reading with attention, and with proper modulations of the voice, according to the sentiment and the subject.

"Some short pieces, not exceeding the length of a Spectator, to be given this class for lessons; and some of the easier Spectators would be very suitable for the purpose These lessons might be given every night as tasks—the scholars to study them against the morning. Let it then be required of them to give an account, first, of the parts of speech, and construction of one or two sentences This will oblige them to recur frequently to their grammar, and fix its principal rules in their memory. Next, of the intention of the writer, or the scope of the piece, the meaning of each sentence, and of every uncommon word This would early acquaint them with the meaning and force of words, and give them that most necessary habit of reading with attention

"The master then to read the piece with the proper modulations of voice, due emphasis, and suitable action, where action is required and put the youth on imitating his manner

"Where the author has used an expression not the best, let it be pointed out, and let his beauties be particularly remarked to the youth

"Let the lessons for reading be varied, that the youth may be made acquainted with good styles of all kinds in prose and verse, and the proper manner of reading each kind—sometimes a well-told story, a piece of a sermon, a general's speech to his soldiers, a speech in a tragedy, some part of a comedy, an ode, a satire, a letter, blank verse, Hudibrastic, heroic, &c But let such lessons be chosen for reading as contain some useful instruction, whereby the understanding or morals of the youth may at the same time be improved

"It is required that they should first study and understand the lessons, before they are put upon reading them properly; to which end each boy should have an English dictionary, to help him over difficulties. When our boys read English to us, we are apt to imagine they understand what they read, because we do, and because it is their mother tongue, but they often read as parrots speak, knowing little or nothing of the meaning. And it is impossible a reader should give the due modulation to his voice, and pronounce properly, unless his understanding goes before his tongue, and makes him master of the sentiment Accustoming boys to read aloud, what they do not first understand, is the cause of those even set tones so common among readers, which, when they have once got a habit of using, they find so difficult to correct; by which

means, among fifty readers, we scarcely find a good one. For want of good reading, pieces published with a view to influence the minds of men, for their own or the public benefit, lose half their force. Were there but one good reader in a neighbourhood, a public orator might be heard throughout a nation with the same advantages, and have the same effect upon his audience, as if they stood within the reach of his voice."

The following observations on the subject of READING are from "The School and the Schoolmaster," and other excellent American works on Popular Education.—

"If a child be never allowed to read what he cannot understand, he will never form those bad habits of reading, called SCHOOL READING, now so universal. I have known several children taught to read by their mothers on the principle of never reading what they did not understand, who always from the beginning read naturally and beautifully; for good reading seems to be the natural habit, and bad the acquired."

EXTRACTS FROM "THE TEACHER'S MANUAL."

"If there be any school in which reading is taught intellectually rather than mechanically; where the child has learned to read in an easy unaffected manner, his tones all natural, and his delivery exactly as if he were talking on the same subject with his brothers and sisters, if from first to last he has understood every word he has uttered, before his lesson was finished, if he has never read any thing, without being able to close his book, and give a clear intelligible statement of it; then the remarks on *reading* in this treatise have no reference whatever to *that* school. But let them not be condemned as inapplicable. There *are* schools where the pupils are not so favoured, where they have been taught to read in a stiff, unnatural manner, without any attention to the sense, to utter like parrots, mere sounds, without bestowing a thought on the ideas they are intended to convey. It is only to *such* schools that *all* the remarks on reading are meant to apply."

EXTRACTS FROM "THE TEACHER TAUGHT."

"READING—MECHANICAL, INTELLECTUAL, AND RHETORICAL

"In teaching children to read well, there are three distinct and very different objects of attention. Reading may be taught as a *mechanical*, as an *intellectual*, or as a *rhetorical exercise*.

MECHANICAL READING

"The *mechanical* part of reading consists in the modulation of the voice as to loudness, distinctness of articulation, and slowness, and in

regard to propriety of pronunciation, emphasis, tones, and pauses. No one can read to the edification of others, without a careful attention to all these particulars. This part of reading is learned more by imitating good readers, than by the study of rules. Only here and there one would ever learn to sing, if all their knowledge of the subject were gathered from books. The common school teacher must pursue a course similar to that practised by the teacher of music, he must read, and require the pupil to imitate his tones, emphasis, cadence, &c. Unless such an example be daily held up before the children, it cannot reasonably be expected that they will read mechanically well.

Those teachers, who hear a class read three or four times in a day, and direct one or another to read faster or slower, or to regard their pauses, but set before them no example for their imitation, do not teach with any effect. It would be as well to omit reading entirely, for they would be sure to acquire no bad habits.

Some teachers do not even correct their pupils when they read wrong, or, if they do, it is a correction without explanation, then attention, while the class read, is sometimes almost entirely occupied with doing a sum, mending a pen, or setting a copy.

In teaching the mechanical part of reading, it is well for the teacher occasionally to select short sentences, by which some rule may be illustrated, and read them as they should be read, and require each member of the class to do the same. If it be desired to illustrate the nature and power of emphasis, he may repeat a sentence like this 'Shall we get a lesson in geography to-day?' Let each scholar repeat it with the emphasis on *we*, and then with the emphasis on *geography*, and then on *to-day*; and let the teacher show them that a change in the emphasis would call forth a different answer. In a similar manner cadence may be illustrated. The following sentence may be used 'Hear instruction, be wise, and refuse it not,' and the pupils may be required to read it, making a full cadence of the voice at *instruction* and *wise*, and then without. By some such process all the rules that belong to mechanical reading may be clearly explained.

INTELLECTUAL READING

"The *intellectual* part of reading is the most important and the most difficult. It consists in teaching children to understand what they read. This is too much neglected; many children grow up without knowing that sentences, sections, chapters, and even books are a kind of pictorial representation of the writer's thoughts. A thing may be described by a picture or by words. The great object of teaching children to read is, that they may understand the picture, and derive information from the perusal of it. Children and youth often read as though they were performing a mere mechanical exercise, and as if a good reader was to be known by the marks of a good skater—by his velocity, and the variety of his evolutions. Let them understand that the object of reading is very different from the object aimed at in jumping a rope, that it is not for exercise, but to cull and collect the writer's thoughts, and to preserve them for future use. In order to do this, children should be required to give the sense of what they read.

This must be done in childhood, or, when they become adults, they will read without much benefit

"Teachers should question their pupils, with more or less particularity, according to time and circumstances, in regard to what they have read, and in regard to the truth of any sentiments advanced in the lesson. They may also be questioned about the meaning of words, their composition and derivation; about the name of the writer, and respecting any thing else suggested by the lesson, that is connected with the enlightening of the child's mind

"I have no doubt there would be more harmony on moral, religious, and political subjects, if the number of intelligent readers of books were increased. There are in this land of liberty, where every one has the privilege of reading and thinking for himself, very many who depend on others to think for them. Their opinions on all subjects are derived from some influential leader, whom they regard as an oracle of wisdom. This is a kind of liberty that ought not to be tolerated in this country, the liberty of receiving our opinions from others, without venturing to read and think for ourselves, is reducing the mind to a state of slavery. This will, to some extent, be the condition of every one who is not in childhood and youth taught to read understandingly

RHETORICAL READING.

"The *rhetorical* part of reading consists chiefly in entering into the spirit of the author, so as to imbibe his temper and feelings. A scholar may read correctly and intelligently, but without any rhetorical effect. Perhaps it is not possible for every scholar to attain a high degree of excellence in this department. There are but few good orators, and but few good musicians, for a similar reason there are but few good rhetorical readers. It is only here and there one, of all those who can read, that do read with force, variety, and, if necessary, with deep emotion

"Though rhetorical excellence is not expected in all readers, yet something can be done by the teacher to improve the style of a child's reading, he can break up that peculiar tone that is neither reading nor singing, but a burlesque upon both, he can do something towards mellowing the voice that now 'grates harsh thunder.' It is a subject that is worthy of attention. If, however, the teacher himself has no skill or taste for such reading, I should not advise him to attempt to teach what he cannot practically illustrate

There is another important matter connected with this subject, which must not be omitted. It is the cultivation of a taste for reading in children. If they *can* read, but will not, they might as well have never learned. The teacher should take some pains to cultivate among his pupils a fondness for reading. This is generally a consequence of teaching scholars to read understandingly. If they get information from the perusal of books, they will generally be fond of reading, but not always. There must be an acquired love of knowledge the innate love of it, that exists to some extent in all, is not sufficient. It needs guiding and controlling."

FROM DR. PORTER'S "RHETORICAL READER"

"I shall finish these general remarks, by laying down a plain distinction between the two sorts of reading, the *grammatical* and the *rhetorical*.

"*Grammatical* reading,* as I have just intimated, respects merely the sense of what is read. When performed audibly, for the benefit of others, it is still only the same sort of process which one performs silently, for his own benefit, when he casts his eye along the page, to ascertain the meaning of its author. The chief purpose of the correct reader is to be *intelligible*; and this requires an accurate perception of grammatical relation in the structure of sentences; a due regard to accent and pauses, to strength of voice, and clearness of utterance. This manner is generally adopted in reading plain, unimpassioned style. The character and purpose of a composition may be such, that it would be as preposterous to read it with tones of emotion, as it would to announce a proposition in grammar or geometry in the language of metaphor. But though merely the correct manner suits many purposes of reading, it is dry and inanimate, and is the lowest department in the province of delivery. Still the great majority, not to say of respectable men, but of *bookish* men, go nothing beyond this in their attainments or attempts.

"*Rhetorical* reading has a higher object, and calls into action higher powers. It is not applicable to a composition destitute of emotion, for it supposes *feeling*. It does not barely express the thoughts of an author, but expresses them with the force, variety, and beauty, which feeling demands."

The following is an extract from Professor Nichol's Translation of *Wilhm's* excellent work, "Education of the People:"†—

OF READING.

"Formerly, much time was lost in merely learning to read, and, in most cases, it was only imperfectly learned, since what was read was seldom understood. One of the chief reasons of this want of success—besides the teaching being quite *individual*—was the system of spelling, founded on the custom of giving the letters names expressing very imperfectly their pronunciation.

"It is not enough to be able to read mechanically: children must be taught to read with *expression*; and to attend to the pauses, which the sense and punctuation require. For this purpose, they must be made to *understand* what they read; that is to say, they must be made to read only what is within their reach, and can be explained to them without difficulty or danger.

* *Grammatical Reading* is another name for *Intellectual Reading*.

† "The Education of the People, a practical Treatise on the means of extending its sphere, and improving its character. By T. WILHM, Inspector of the Academy of Strasburg."

"This is not the place to inquire what reading books are proper to put into the hands of children, that is a question connected with the whole of their education but I must observe, that as soon as the children can read with some degree of facility, they ought to be allowed to read only what they are able to understand, aided by a few explanations. If the pupils in elementary schools too often read without observing the necessary pauses, it is not always a proof that they do not understand what they read, but it always proves that they do not pay attention to the meaning of the words they utter. This inattention may proceed, in the less advanced pupils, from their still having to struggle with the difficulties of reading, and from their minds being fully occupied in deciphering the words, but, in the case of others, it is probably more the fault of the teachers than of the pupils. The inattention with which children read even that which they do understand, and, consequently, the want of expression and logical accuracy which result, proceed most frequently from their being made at first to read what is above their comprehension—what was mere *words* to them, and not *ideas* to be seized and retained. We cannot, therefore, begin too early—the first difficulties being overcome—to render children attentive to the meaning of what they read; and then they will themselves give the proper tone to their reading, dividing the sentences according to their meaning and to the punctuation; in this way the study of *languages* would, begin, as well as that of *real ties*

"Children must be early accustomed to read, as they speak; and to give up, as much as possible, purely *mechanical* reading."

The following SUGGESTIONS on the subject of READING are in accordance with the views we have taken. They appeared in "The Christian's Penny Magazine," addressed to a Mother, by a writer under the name of "*Clericus*."

PRONUNCIATION.

"The rules for a correct pronunciation are few and simple.

"1st Let attention be paid to your child's pronunciation and your own, that no provincialism of accent cling to the *vowels*. It is in the proper enunciation of the vowels, whether single or in combination, that purity of speech greatly consists.

"2dly. Let *every* letter of a word have its due pronunciation, as distinctly though not so prolonged, as it would have in the recital of the alphabet.

"3dly Let the letters, whether vowels or consonants, which *terminate* a word, be distinctly pronounced

READING.

"Closely connected with pronunciation is *reading*, upon which you will perhaps allow me to offer you a few observations.

"Books abound with a variety of directions as to the art of reading well, and dilate considerably upon tone, emphasis, pronunciation, manner, &c. All these rules, however, appear to me to be practically comprehended under the following, which are all that are necessary to be attended to, at least during the first years of education.

"1st. Endeavour to communicate the habit to your child of reading *slowly*. This rule is exhibited in those well known words

" 'Learn to read slow all other graces
Will follow in their proper places'

"The philosophy of this rule is this: that under the method of reading slow, there is time for the reader to remember and to keep in view all the other directions as to good reading with which his mind has been furnished. Besides which it is to be remembered, that reading has reference to other persons rather than to the reader himself. The use of the eyes is all that is needful to the *solitary reader*; but as *reading aloud* has regard to *other persons*, who may be situated at distances more or less remote from the reader, the habit recommended in those lines is the best adapted that can be imagined to secure his being heard and understood by them all. This rule, of course, ought not to be carried to an extreme; nor will it, if the following be attended to in conjunction with it, namely,—

"2dly. That the reader, whatever may be the composition which he is to enunciate, should make it his *first* and most imperative rule, to *understand* most thoroughly what he is about to read to others,—then let him put himself into the mental attitude (so to speak) of the *writer*, and the more he observes these two rules, and the more he disregards all attention to tone and manner, the more natural, and therefore the more pleasing and forcible, will his manner become.

"Observe too most carefully to instil into your pupil's mind, that he is to transfer his mode in conversing into his reading. Never, under any circumstances, allow him to believe, that an assumed manner *can be* half as good as that which is natural to him. Thoroughly disgust him with the idea of *putting on* a different manner when he is about to read, from what he would have in conversation *on the same subject*. Let it be your cardinal rule with him, that the more truly *natural* he can be, the more truly excellent his manner will become. Let him however be taught not to *think* about being natural. He will become *unnatural* if he *strives* to be natural. The best plan, for him and for every one, in reading, is not at all to think about manner, but to *begin*, to force, to cultivate, to *affect* nothing. If he should not succeed, it is because his mind is not so active as at other times, he is tired, sleepy, or out of health, &c., &c. He will do better at another time, when these circumstances are different.

"3dly. Habituate him to read in a moderately *loud* tone. This will conduce to his health, as constituting an exercise to his lungs: it will compel him to attend to distinctness and propriety of pronunciation, indistinctness and impropriety being far less discernible in a low and muttering mode of reading. It will also contribute to that manly and frank address, which is the charm of innocence and youth.

"4thly I utterly dissuade you from the use of all *Speakers*.* as they are called or those books containing specimens of the different styles of composition, such as didactic, vehement, mournful, animated, &c The human feelings cannot thus change into so many varied and even opposite states in the course of a few pages Your pupil cannot *feel* those different passages from different authors, he therefore cannot read them well Finding this to be the case, were you to *conjure* him to *try*, he would *imitate* feeling, and this would be to teach him a lesson in deception He would succeed wretchedly after all, nothing being so *frigid* as forced feeling Rather let him read to you some story or history continuously one day after another, then he will become interested in its details, and his voice and manner will, insensibly to himself, vary *sufficiently* to constitute good reading The more he feels what he is reading with a genuine, unsophisticated emotion, the better he will read"

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS FOR BEGINNERS.

ARTICULATION.

To *habituate* children to a clear, distinct, and easy ARTICULATION, the method practised by Pestalozzi will be found most effectual This method has been described in page 17 of this Introduction It is almost unnecessary to observe that it is the power of articulation which constitutes the great difference between the human voice and that of the lower animals They can only utter *inarticulate* or indistinct sounds, but man, as the poet Homer has long since described him, is "an articulately-speaking animal" The great importance of a just and clear articulation is, therefore, obvious In fact, it would be impossible for us either to read or speak well if our articulation be defective In some cases, bad articulation arises from defects in some of the organs of speech For example, if the tongue be too large or too small, the lips too thick or too thin, the teeth too closely set or too few in number, the articulation must, in any of these cases, be defective In nine cases out of ten, however, it will be found that bad articulation arises from the careless and indistinct modes of utterance to which so many children are habituated in their early years The plan of Pestalozzi was therefore an excellent one In fact, it is only in youth, when the organs of speech are peculiarly pliant and *imitative*, that a just, and distinct, and *natural* articulation can be acquired The difficulty which a grown-up person feels in learning to *speak* a foreign language is an illustration of this

* We do not agree with all the opinions expressed in this paragraph. It is only the artificial system of teaching to read we are opposed to So far, we disapprove of the use of *Speakers*

CONSONANT SOUNDS

It is in the *consonant* sounds that articulation essentially consists, and hence, the pupil should be well exercised in pronouncing such sounds, particularly those which he finds difficult to his organs

But, as it must be irksome even to children to dwell upon unmeaning sounds, they should, after a few preparatory exercises, proceed to the pronunciation of such words and phrases as the teacher may think suitable for the purpose. All words of difficult or peculiar pronunciation should be brought before the pupils in this way. Short sentences, too, in which such words occur should be selected for the same purpose.

Such examples as the following will furnish the teacher with materials for practical exercises in articulation. The difficulty in such cases obviously arises, not from the pronunciation of the words themselves, but from their position in the sentence.*

1 Wastes and deserts.	Waste sand deserts.
2 Look on this spot	Look on this pot
3. Goodness centres in the heart.	Goodness enters in the heart.
4. Luxurious soil.	Luxurious oil.
5. Chaste stars	Chased tars
6 Such a notion exists	Such an ocean exists
7 To obtain either	To obtain neither
8. He discovered an egress there	He discovered a negress there.
9 His cry moved me.	His crime moved me
10 The same arrow	The same marrow
11 A sad danglei.	A sad anglei.
12 A languid dame	A languid ann

In such combinations as the preceding (and they are of frequent occurrence) the sound of the final syllable of the word that precedes is the same as the initial sound of the word which follows, and hence arises a practical difficulty in pronunciation. For it is difficult to pronounce the same or similar sounds in succession, when no pause can be admitted between them for

* A good ARTICULATION consists in giving every letter in a syllable its due proportion of sound, according to the most approved custom of pronouncing it, and in making such a distinction between the syllables of which words are composed, that the ear shall, without difficulty, acknowledge their number, and perceive at once to which syllable each letter belongs. Where these points are not observed the articulation is proportionably defective. A good articulation is to the ear in speaking, what a fair and regular hand is to the eye in writing; and exactness in sounding the words rightly corresponds to propriety in spelling.—*Sheridan.*

the necessary re-adjustment of the organs * Hence, in such cases, we seldom hear more than one of the sounds which, as the preceding examples show, must often lead to a misapprehension of the meaning intended.†

VOWEL SOUNDS.

The compass and power of the voice may be greatly extended and increased by exercising it in giving a slow, distinct, and prolonged pronunciation to the *vowel* sounds, particularly the open vowels. The pupils should, therefore, be well exercised in the repetition of such sounds. Examples, such as the following, are well suited for the purpose. They are taken from the language of military command, or are orders addressed to persons supposed to be at some distance from the speaker. The words in *italic* contain the vowel sounds, which the pupils should accustom themselves to swell and prolong to the utmost pitch of their voice

- 1 Then *take* defiance, death, and mortal *war*.
- 2 *Haste* '—to his ear the glad report *country*
- 3 Stretch to the *race* '—*Away!* *Away!*
- 4 Let what I *will* be *fate*
- 5 The cry was "*Tidings* from the *host* "
- 6 To *arms* '—To *arms* ' A thousand voices *cried*.
- 7 *Speed* forth the signal, Norman! *Speed* '
- 8 *Wo* to the traitor! *Wo* '
- 9 *Arouse* there! *Ho* '—take *spear* and *sword*;
Attack the murderers of your *lord*!
- 10 *Awake* ' *Arise* ' or he for ever *fallen*
- 11 *Rise* ' *Rise* '—Ye Citizens, your gates *defend*,
Behold the *foe* at hand
12. *Hence* ' *home*, you idle creatures '—get you *home*
You *blocks*, you *stones*, you *woise* than senseless things!
- 13 *Revenge* ' *Revenge* ' *Timotheus* *cried*
- 14 *Charge*, *Chester* ' *Charge* ' *On*, *Stanley* ' *On* '!
- 15 *Soldiers* ' stand *firm*, exclaimed the British *Chief*.
- 16 The combat *deepens* (*m*, ye *brave*!
Who rush to *glory* or the *grave*

* In such cases the *sense* forbids a pause between the words

† A man of indistinct utterance reads this sentence:—"The magistrates ought to prove a declaration so publicly made" When I perceive that his habit is to strike only the accented syllable clearly, sliding over others, I do not know whether it is meant, that they ought to *prove* the declaration, or to *approve* it, or *reprove* it, for in either case he would speak only the syllable *pro*ie Nor do I know whether the magistrates *ought* to do it, or the magistrates *sought* to do it.—*Dr. Porter*.

17. *Angels!* and ministers of *grace!* defend us.
18. *Wo, wo, wo,* to the inhabitants of the earth!
19. Thou *fool!* this night thy *soul* shall be required of thee.
20. And he cried and said, Father *Abraham!* Have mercy upon me.

By such exercises as the preceding it is obvious that the articulation of young persons may be greatly improved, and, in fact, rendered perfect, if not organically defective. But in teaching children to form a habit of clear and correct articulation, great care should be taken to prevent them from falling into a measured and pedantic manner of speaking or reading, which an over distinctness in pronunciation would naturally and insensibly lead to. To avoid this (which would be the opposite, and scarcely a less fault) they should be accustomed to give every syllable in a word, and every word in a sentence, the degree of distinctness and force which each of them is naturally entitled to, *and no more.** To effect this, the pupil should be instructed in, and made quite familiar with, the nature of ACCENT and EMPHASIS.—See page 32.

* To give every syllable in a word, and every word in a sentence, an equal degree of distinctness and force would be obviously and absurdly wrong. It would, also, be equally wrong to give a syllable or a word more or less distinctness or force than it ought to have. Any approach to such a habit of pronunciation, either in speaking or reading, savours of pedantry and affectation. And yet how often do we hear even educated persons committing such errors. For example, "You are *the* man *of* all *the* world whom I rejoice to behold." In this sentence the unaccented syllables and unimportant words are pronounced with too much distinctness or force. Such a mode of pronunciation might be called the *Sir-Forcible-Feeble style*.

On this subject Sheridan observes:—"There are few who either read aloud or speak in public, that do not transgress this law of accent, by dwelling equally upon different syllables in the same word; such as, *for-tune, ná-ture, con'-jee'-túre, en'-crouch'-ment*, &c. But this is not uttering words but syllables, which, with us, are always tied together by an accent; as *fortune, nature, conjecture, encroachment*, &c. Any habit of this sort gives an unnatural, constrained air to speech, and should therefore be carefully avoided. This has been chiefly the vice of the Stage, and has principally given rise to the distinction of what is commonly called theatrical declamation, in opposition to that of the natural kind. In some it rises from a mistaken notion that words are rendered more distinct to a large assembly by dwelling longer upon the syllables which compose them; and in others, that it adds to the pomp and solemnity of public declamation, in which they think every thing ought to be different from private discourse."

SHORT DIRECTIONS FOR YOUNG READERS

1 When you read, hold up your head and stand still, with your face towards the person who hears you

2 Take great care to pronounce every word, and every syllable *articulately*, that is, fully and distinctly In order to do this, you must open your mouth freely, and speak deliberately *

3 Let your voice be neither too high nor too low, but in that natural pitch which the subject and the occasion require.

4 Take your time, and mind your stops, † and be sure to make no stops where the sense admits of none.

5 Pronounce the final syllables of words, and the closing words of sentences distinctly and audibly

6 Let the tones of your voice in reading be the same as if you were speaking.

7 Slide your voice over the particles and less important words, such as, *a, the, but, if, or, as, by, in, to, of, &c*, and give the other words the degree of force which their relative importance in the sentence demands — See page 36

8 As a general rule, begin your sentences with a comparatively low tone of voice, towards the middle the voice should gradually rise, and from that it should gradually fall till the sentence is completed ‡ To this rule, however, there are several exceptions In fact, it depends, in every case, on the sense and construction of the sentence — See page 51.

9 At the commencement of a new paragraph or section you should lower your voice and make some change in your tone

10 Above all, UNDERSTAND WHAT YOU READ, AND READ IT AS IF YOU UNDERSTOOD IT.

* "I tell you truly and sincerely that I shall judge of your parts by your speaking gracefully or ungracefully If you have parts, you will never be at rest till you have brought yourself to a habit of speaking gracefully, for I aver that is in your power Take care to open your teeth when you speak; to articulate every word distinctly, and beg of any friend you speak to, to remind and stop you, if ever you fall into a rapid and unintelligible mutter" — *Lord Chesterfield*

† A brief description of the STOPS, with short rules for their insertion in every case, will be found in the writer's "English Grammar"

‡ The gradual fall of the voice towards the end of a sentence is called CADENCE, and as there is no part of a sentence of more importance than the close of it, great care should be taken to pronounce it distinctly and audibly.

ACCENT AND EMPHASIS

As a knowledge of ACCENT and EMPHASIS is essential to GOOD READING, the pupils should be made acquainted with the nature of each, and the distinction between them, for they are frequently confounded. Accent refers to *syllables*, and means that peculiar stress or force which, in pronouncing a word of two or more syllables, we lay upon a certain one of the syllables as distinguished from the rest. Emphasis refers to *words*, and means that peculiar stress or force which, in uttering a sentence, we lay upon one or more of the words as distinguished from the others. Every word of two or more syllables has, in pronunciation, an accent upon one of the syllables, and some of the longer or more difficult words have, in addition to the principal accent, a SECONDARY, or weaker one. And in every sentence, and clause of a sentence, there is one or more words which require to be pronounced with a greater degree of force than the other words. Without knowing and marking the *accented* syllables in words, we cannot give them their proper pronunciation, nor can we bring out the full meaning of a sentence, unless we know and mark the *emphatic* words. The accented syllables of words we learn by imitating the pronunciation of correct speakers; and by referring, in cases of doubt, to a dictionary in which they are given. The emphatic words in a sentence we can only learn by knowing their relative importance in it, and the precise meaning which the writer of it intended each of them to convey. In fact, if we know the meaning and drift of the sentence, we shall have no difficulty in discovering the emphatic words. In all such cases they are naturally and spontaneously suggested to us, just as they are to persons uttering or speaking their own sentiments. For even the most illiterate persons are sure, when uttering their own sentiments, to lay the proper *emphases* on their words, though they may, and very often do, give them

the wrong accents. If a labouring man, for example, were to say, "It is a spade, and not a shovel that I want," he would be sure to pronounce the words "*spade*" and "*shovel*" with a greater degree of force than the other words, because he wishes to draw the particular attention of the person whom he addresses to the *ideas* or things which they represent. Had he merely said, "It is a spade I want," he would nevertheless have pronounced the word "*spade*" emphatically, because he wished it to be particularly understood that it was a *spade*, and not any other implement, such as a shovel, that he wanted. Should he say, "Is the spade broken?" he would pronounce the word "*broken*" emphatically, because his object is to obtain precise information on that point. But if he should say, "Is it the spade that is broken?" he will lay the emphasis on the word "*spade*," and not upon "*broken*," because, understanding that there is some implement broken, he wishes to be informed whether it is the *spade*. Again, should he say, "Is it my spade that is broken?" he will lay the emphasis on the word "*my*," because he desires to know whether the spade that is broken is *his* or not. Should he ask, "Who broke the spade?" he will lay the emphasis on the word "*who*," because, being already aware that the spade is broken, his object in making the inquiry is, to learn the name of the person who broke it. And, lastly, should he say, "How was the spade broken?" he will make "*how*" the emphatic word; because, in this case, he wishes to be informed of the manner or way in which the accident occurred.

It is obvious from what has been said, that if we understand the meaning of what we read, in the same degree as a person understands the thoughts which he utters, we shall, like him, naturally and spontaneously lay the *emphases* on the proper words. It is equally obvious, that if we do not understand the meaning of what we read, we shall either have to pronounce all the

words with the same degree of force—which would be absurd—or to run the risk of perverting the meaning of the author, by laying the emphases on the wrong words. The following sentence will exemplify this—“O fools and slow of heart to believe all that the prophets have written concerning me.” If we perceive that the intention of our Saviour was to reproach his disciples for their *backwardness* in believing, we shall, in reading it, naturally lay the principal emphasis on the word “*slow*.” But if we do not see that this was the object of the speaker, the chances are we shall lay the emphasis on one of the other words, and thus change or pervert the meaning. For example, if we lay the emphasis on “*believe*,” it would imply that the disciples were reproached for *believing*; if on “*all*,” then the inference would be that they might have believed *some* of the things which the prophets had written, but that it was foolish in them to believe *all*. If we lay the emphasis on “*prophets*,” it would imply that they might have believed *others*, but that they were fools for believing the *prophets*; if on “*written*,” the inference would be, that though they might have believed what the prophets had *said*, it was foolish in them to believe what they had *written*, and, finally, if we lay the emphasis on “*me*,” it would imply that though they might have believed what the prophets had written concerning *others*, yet they were fools for believing what they had written concerning the *Saviour*.

Even in the most familiar sentences, illustrations of this may be found. The simple question, for example, “Do you ride to town to-day?” may, by varying the position of the emphasis, be made to suggest as many different meanings as it contains words. If we lay the emphasis on “*you*,” we wish to ascertain from the person addressed, whether it is he or some other person that is to ride to town to-day; if on “*ride*,” we mean to ask him whether he purposes to ride or walk; if on “*town*,” our purpose is to inquire whether it is to the

town or to the country he means to ride ; and, finally, if we make "*to-day*" the emphatic word, we wish him to say whether it is *to-day* or *to-morrow* he intends to ride to town. Even the preposition "*to*," if made emphatic, would imply, though obscurely, that we wished the person addressed to say whether he intended to ride quite as far as the town, or only part of the way.

Before passing from the subject of ACCENT, we shall show, by a few illustrations, the power which EMPHASIS has over it when the sense or meaning requires it.—

He must *increase*, but I must *decrease*

Neither justice nor *injustice* has any thing to do with the matter

What is done cannot be *undone*

Religion raises men above themselves, *irreligion* sinks them below the brutes

This corruptible must put on *incorruption*, and this mortal must put on *immortality*

To me it was far from being an agreeable surprise; on the contrary, it was a *disagreeable* one

Thought and language act and *react* upon each other

What fellowship hath righteousness with *unrighteousness*? and what communion hath light with darkness?

I shall always make nature, truth, and reason, the measures of praise and *dispraise*

A gentleman who was pressed by his friends to forgive his daughter who had married against his wishes, promised to do so, but added, that he would have them remember that there was a difference between giving and *forgiving*.

In the preceding, and in all similar cases, the position of the *accent* is completely changed by the *emphasis*. The reason is obvious: the speaker wishes to draw the special attention of the person addressed to the contrasted parts of the words, and hence he pronounces those parts or syllables *emphatically*, the effect of which is, in such cases, to change the seat of the accent.

This transposition of the accent takes place also in words which have a sameness of termination, even though they may not be directly opposed in sense, as in the following examples:—

Catiline was expert in all the arts of *simulation* and *dissimulation*; covetous of what belonged to others, lavish of his own. In this species of composition, *plausibility* is more essential than *probability*.

From what has been said with regard to emphasis, we may draw the following general conclusion. Whenever a person wishes to bring an *idea* prominently or forcibly under the notice of the person or persons whom he addresses, he will naturally and instinctively pronounce the *word* which expresses it with a corresponding degree of *emphatic* force. The degree or intensity of the emphasis will, of course, depend upon the importance of the idea to be expressed, the nature of the subject, and the feelings or emotions of the speaker. In some cases it will be *slight*, in others *strong*, and in others, *vehement* or energetic; and hence a good general division of emphasis, with regard to its intensity, might be into three degrees, namely, SLIGHT, STRONG, and VEHEMENT. Of course, there must be a great diversity in the degrees of emphasis, from the *slight* to the *vehement*, but the general divisions which we have suggested will be quite sufficient for practical purposes—and we have no other in view.

Though in all properly constructed sentences, every word is useful and necessary, yet in every sentence the relative importance of the words must be different. *Articles*, *Prepositions*, *Conjunctions*, and *Auxiliary Verbs*, for example, are less important in their significations than the words which they introduce or connect—as *Nouns*, *Verbs*, *Adjectives*, and *Adverbs*. And hence it may be laid down as a general rule, that *the less important words in a sentence should be pronounced with less of force and distinctness than the more important words*. And this, as we have seen, we always do in SPEAKING; for it is to the more important words that we naturally desire to draw the special attention of the person or persons whom we address, and not to the ancillary or subordinate words.

It may also be observed that *Pronouns*, though important parts of speech, should be classed, with regard to their pronunciation in a sentence, with the less important words, as *Articles*, *Prepositions*, and *Conjunctions*. The reason is obvious: no new idea is introduced by a *Pronoun*. It stands for, or represents, a word which has been mentioned before, and which is consequently already before the mind of the person addressed. *Pronouns*, therefore, should be always pronounced without emphasis, unless when some contrast or opposition is intended.* We shall illustrate this by a familiar sentence or two —

If John is there, I will thank *you* to give him this book—though, perhaps, I should give it to *you*, and not to *him*. *You* are right, it is to *me* *you* should give it. *You* think so, but *I* think differently, and so, I am sure, does *he*.

In the foregoing sentences, the pronouns printed in *italic* are emphatical, because they are *antithetical*, or opposed to each other, while the other pronouns, in the same sentence, should be pronounced without emphasis, because no contrast or opposition is intended.

In the same way, any of the less important parts of speech may become emphatical, as—

I told you to bring me *the* book, not *a* book. You were told to put the book *on* the table—not *under* it. It was *and* I said—not *or*.

From what has been said with regard to emphasis, it is evident that all *antithetic* or contrasted words are emphatic, and in fact, it is usual to consider such words only as emphatic. Mr Walker, and his followers, for example, hold that in every case of emphasis there is an antithesis expressed or implied; and that it never

* Pronouns used as *antecedents*, and also *relatives* when *their antecedents are not expressed*, should obviously be pronounced with a certain degree of emphatic force, as, “*He* that runs may read.” “*Who* seeks for glory often finds a grave.” “*What* man has done, man can do.”

can be proper to give emphatic force to a word unless it stands opposed in sense to some other word expressed or understood.* But this is to take too narrow a view of emphasis. There are other sources of it besides contrast or antithetic relation. There may be *absolute*, as

* The following is Mr J Sheridan Knowles's account of emphasis — "EMPHASIS is of two kinds, absolute and relative. Relative emphasis has always an antithesis expressed or implied. absolute emphasis takes place when the peculiar eminence of the thought is solely—singly considered

'Twas base and poor, unworthy of a *peasant*,
To forge a scroll so villainous and loose,
And mark it with a noble lady's name

Here we have an example of relative emphasis, for, if the thought were expressed at full, it would stand thus — Unworthy not only of a *gentleman*, but even of a *peasant*

'Twas base and poor, unworthy of a *man*,
To forge a scroll so villainous and loose,
And mark it with a noble lady's name.

Here we have an example of absolute emphasis, for, if the thought were expressed at full, it would stand thus — Unworthy a being composed of such perfections as constitute a man." Mr Knowles adds "I apprehend, that, notwithstanding all that has been written upon the subject, the true definition of emphasis remains still to be discovered."

The following are Dr Porter's^a observations on the subject — "Walker, and others who have been implicitly guided by his authority, without examination, lay down the broad position, that emphasis always implies *antithesis*, and that it can never be proper to give emphatic stress to a word, unless it stands *opposed* to something in sense. The theory which supposes this is too narrow to correspond with the philosophy of elocution. Emphasis is the soul of delivery, because it is the most discriminating mark of emotion. Contrast is among the sources of emotion, and the kind of contrast really intended by Walker and others, namely, that of affirmation and negation, it is peculiarly the province of emphasis to designate. But this is not the whole of its province. There are other sources besides antithetic relation, from which the mind receives strong and vivid impressions, which it is the office of vocal language to express. Thus exclamation, apostrophe, and bold figures in general, denoting high emotion, demand a correspondent force in pronunciation; and that, too, in many cases where the emphatic force laid on a word is *absolute*, because the thought expressed by that word is forcible in itself, without any aid from contrast. Thus —

"Up! comrades—up!"

"Woe unto you, *Pharisees*!"

"Hence!—*home*, you idle creatures.

"*Angels*! and ministers of *grace*,—defend us."

^a President of the Theological Seminary, Andover, United States.

well as *antithetic* emphasis. For example, if the *idea* to be communicated is of peculiar or paramount importance in itself, the word expressing it should be pronounced with a corresponding degree of emphatic force, and this a person speaking his own sentiments will naturally do, particularly if he is under the influence of passion or emotion. It is evident, too, that this kind of emphasis may extend to *several words in succession*, and even to *whole clauses of sentences*. This kind of emphasis Mr. Walker himself admits under the head of "*General Emphasis*." The following are examples:—

What men could do
Is done already heaven and earth will witness,
If Rome must fall, that we are innocent.

There was a time then, my fellow-citizens, when the Lacedæmonians were sovereign masters both by sea and land; when their troops and forts surrounded the entire circuit of Attica, when they possessed Eubœa, Tanagra, the whole Bœotian district, Megara, Ægina, Cleone, and the other islands, while this state had not one ship—no, *not—one—wall*.

Or shall I—who was born I might almost say, but certainly brought up, in the tent of my father—that most excellent general!—shall I, the conqueror of Spain and Gaul, and not only of the Alpine nations, but what is greater yet, of the Alps themselves—shall I compare myself with this *half-year-captain*,—a captain—before whom, should one place the two armies without their ensigns, I am persuaded he would not know to which of them he is consul.

It is usual to subdivide *Antithetic Emphasis* into Single, Double, and Treble Emphasis,* and to give rules for the proper pronunciation of the *emphatic* words in each case. But the simple principles we have adopted render all such rules superfluous, for in all cases of antithesis the antithetic terms must be either expressed or understood. if they are expressed, which is usually the case, there can be no difficulty with regard to emphasis; for when the words which are opposed to each other in the

* *Single* emphasis is, when there is *one* pair of words opposed to each other in a sentence, *Double* emphasis, when there are *two* pairs; and *Treble*, when there are *three*.

sentence are expressed in it, the mind instantly perceives the opposition between them, and the voice instinctively marks it in the pronunciation. The following are examples :—

SINGLE EMPHASIS

Study not so much to *show* knowledge as to *acquire* it.
 He that cannot *bear* a jest should not *make* one
 We think less of the injuries we *do*, than of those we *suffer*.
 It is not so easy to *hide* one's faults, as to *mend* them.
 The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our *stars*,
 But in *ourselves*, that we are underlings

DOUBLE EMPHASIS

To *en* is human, to *for*que, *dû*me
 Custom is the *plague* of *wise* men, and the *idol* of *fools*.
 The *prodigal* loths his *heir*, the *miser* loths *himself*
 The pleasures of the imagination are not so *gross* as those of
sense, nor so *refined* as those of the *understanding*
 Grief is the counter passion of joy The *one* arises from
agreeable, and the *other* from *disagreeable* events—the *one* from
pleasure, and the *other* from *pain*—the *one* from *good*, and the
other from *evil*

One sun by *day*—by *night* ten thousand shine
 The foulest stain and scandal of our nature
 Became its boast—one murder makes a *villain*,
 Millions a *hero*

TRIPLE EMPHASIS

He raised a mortal to the *skies*,
She drew an *angel* down

A *friend* cannot be *known* in *prosperity*, and an *enemy* cannot
 be *hidden* in *adversity*

The difference between a madman and a fool is, that the
former reasons *justly* from *false* data, and the *latter* *erroneously*
 from *just* data

Flowers of rhetoric in sermons or serious discourses are like
 the blue and red flowers in corn, *pleasing* to those who come
 only for *amusement*, but *prejudicial* to him who would reap the
profit

Had you rather Cæsar were *living*, and *die* all *slaves*,
 Than that Cæsar were *dead*, to *live* all *freemen*?

In such cases as the preceding, it is obvious that there
 can be no difficulty with regard to EMPHASIS, because
 the words which are opposed to each other in the sentence
 are expressed. But when only one of the contrasted
 terms is expressed, as in the following examples, the

careless or injudicious reader is apt to overlook its *antithetic* import, and will consequently fail to give it the emphatic pronounciation which is necessary to bring out the full meaning of the sentence

A *child* might understand it [The antithesis implied or suggested in this sentence is obviously—not merely a *man* or a person of *mature* judgment, but even a *child*]

Exercise and temperance will strengthen even an *indifferent* constitution [That is, not merely an *ordinary* or *good* constitution, but even an *indifferent* one]

He that *runs* may read [That is, not merely a person who walks, and who has therefore leisure to observe, but even *he* that *runs*.]

We know the passions of men we know how dangerous it is to trust the *best* of men with too much power [That is, not merely *bad* or *ordinary* men, but even the *best* of men]

Tubal One of them showed me a ring which he had of your daughter for a monkey

Shylock Out upon her! Thou toiltuwest me, Tubal: it was my turquoise, —I would not have given it for a *u lderness* of monkeys [That is, so far from giving it for *one* monkey, I would not have given it for a *u hole wilderness* of monkeys.]

Can a *Roman* senate long debate

Which of the two to choose, slavery or death! [That is, *other* senates may, but can a *Roman* one?]

Curse not the king, no, not in thy *thought* [That is, not merely in *words* or *audibly*, but even in thy *thought*]

And think not to say among yourselves, We have *Abraham* to our father for I say unto you, that God is able of these *stones* to raise up children unto *Abraham* [That is, not merely from the *seed* or *descendants* of *Abraham*, but even from these *stones*]

By the faculty of a lively and picturesque imagination, a man in a *dungeon* is capable of entertaining himself with scenes and landscapes, more beautiful than any that can be found in the whole compass of nature [That is, not only when he is *absent* from beautiful scenes, but even in a *dungeon*]

A man of a polite imagination is let into a great many pleasures that the vulgar are not capable of receiving, he can converse with a *picture*, and find an agreeable companion in a *statue* [That is, he can converse even with a *picture*, and find an agreeable companion even in a *statue*, which are pleasures unknown to the vulgar or uneducated]

It is obvious, that in each of the preceding examples there is an antithesis implied or understood, and the

only rule necessary in such cases is, to pronounce the words which imply it with such a degree of emphatic force as will best bring out the full meaning of the sentence. And this every reader will naturally do, if he keeps in mind, and puts into practice, the great and fundamental rule for GOOD READING, namely, *Understand what you read, and read it as if you understood it.*

In a preceding part of this introduction we have fully explained the difference between ACCENT and EMPHASIS.* The former, as we have shown, refers to *syllables*, and the latter to *words*. This distinction, however, is not always observed. Mr Walker, from his unwillingness to admit of any emphasis, except the *antithetic*, uses the term "accent" and "accented" to denote *the more important words* in any sentence or clause of a sentence; and those writers who adopt his system, naturally adopt his language. But this is to confound *accent* with *emphasis*. Accent refers to *syllables* only, and it should never be applied to *words* in the sense of *emphatic*, for, as we have already shown, *the more important words* in a sentence are *more or less emphatic*, and as such they should be described — See page 36; and, also, page 45.

The simple theory of emphasis which we have adopted, will enable us to reduce to a few general principles the numerous rules that have been laid down with regard to "ACCENTUATION" In fact, if we keep in mind

*The following is Walker's definition of emphasis — "EMPHASIS, when applied to particular words, is that stress we lay on words which are in contradistinction to other words either expressed or understood. And hence will follow this general rule *Wherever there is contradistinction in the sense of the words, there ought to be emphasis in the pronunciation of them*, the converse of this being equally true, *Wherever we place emphasis, we suggest the idea of contradistinction*

"All words are pronounced either with emphatic force, accented force, or unaccented force. This last kind of force we may call by the name of feebleness; or, in other words, where the words are in contradistinction to other words, or to some sense implied, we may call them *emphatic*; where they do not denote contradistinction, and yet are more important than the particles, they may be called *accented*; and the particles or lesser words may be called *unaccented* or *feeble*"

that ACCENTUATION, when applied to *words*, is really a weaker kind of *emphasis*, we may dispense with those rules, and apply the simple principles we have described.

In the "Art of Reading," published by the Commissioners of National Education, there are upwards of twenty rules given with regard to the *accentuation* of words. The preceding observations will enable us at once to see the reason of those rules, and to reduce them to one or two general principles; and, in fact, they are all comprised in two general principles, which are stated in the same publication.

"The general principle of ACCENTUATION [*emphasis*] is, that whatever word, in any phrase, was most directly before the mind of the writer—or whatever word he was most desirous to impress upon the minds of his readers—should have in reading the primary or principal accent [*emphasis*]. The secondary accent [*emphasis*] is to be given to those words which are of secondary importance to be impressed on the mind of the hearer."

Now according to the view we have taken, this is an excellent description of *emphasis*. The same observations will apply to the other general principle alluded to.

"One general principle of ascertaining where the accent [*emphasis*] lies, and which determines a great variety of cases, is, that whatever word limits the phrase or renders it more specific, requires the primary accent [*emphasis*], because the limitation is usually that which the speaker wishes, or finds it necessary most determinately to impress upon his auditors. Thus, when an adjective qualifies a noun, the adjective* carries the accent [*emphasis*], as, 'a good man,' 'a tall horse,' 'a high house.' When an adverb* qualifies a verb, the adverb carries

* In such phrases as "a good man," "a high house," "read slowly," "speak distinctly," the words *good*, *high*, *slowly*, and *distinctly* are more directly before the mind of the speaker than the other words, and hence they should be pronounced with a greater degree of force than the words *man*, *house*, *read*, and *speak*, and this, every reader who understands what he says, will naturally and spontaneously do. As a general rule, however, it may be laid down, that ADJECTIVES, and NOUNS USED ADJECTIVELY (as *cherry tree*, *market day*, *gun-powder*, *book-case*), and all ADVERBS, not connective, are more or less emphatic—or, to express the rule more generally, *Qualifying words should be pronounced with a greater degree of force than the words which they qualify*.

the accent [*emphasis*], as, 'read slówly,' 'speak distinctly' The negative particle, however, does not come under this rule, but is treated as if it formed part of the verb itself, as 'réad not,' 'thou shalt not'*. On the same principle, in compound numbers, the smaller number† carries the accent [*emphasis*], as 'twénty-óne,' 'twenty-twó,' 'twenty-thré,' &c, or, 'óne and twenty,' 'twó and twénty,' 'thré and twenty,' 'a hùndred and fifty-óne,' 'a hùndred and fifty-twó,' &c When a verb follows its nominative, the verb carries the accent [*emphasis*], as 'the sun shínes,' 'the wind blóws,' 'the thrúsh síngs'‡ In the case of a verb governing its objective, the objective carries the accent [*emphasis*], as 'read the létter,' 'call the sérvant,' 'light the cándle,'§ but if the objective be a pronoun, the verb carries the accent [*emphasis*], as 'cáll him,' 'light it,' 'réad it'

* If we lay an emphasis on *not* in such cases as "Thou shalt *not* steal," "Thou shalt *not* kill," it would imply that the person or persons whom we address were *us-ting* upon stealing and killing

† "*The smaller number*" is obviously the word which the speaker has more directly before his mind, and hence he naturally pronounces it with a greater degree of force In exemplification of this, we have only to listen to any person, even a person unable to read, repeating such combinations of numbers Supposing that he begins at *twenty*, he will pronounce the word distinctly, and with a certain degree of emphatic force, but in repeating *twenty-one*, *twenty-two*, *twenty-three*, *twenty-four*, &c, he will pronounce the word "twenty" in a quicker and less distinct tone, because it is already before the mind of the person or persons whom he addresses, and he will lay a certain amount of emphasis on the words *one*, *two*, *three*, *four*, &c, because introducing them for the first time, he naturally wishes to draw *special* attention to them When he comes to *thirty*, *thirty-one*, *thirty-two*, &c, the same changes in his pronunciation will be observable, and thus he will naturally and spontaneously do, without the aid of *rules*, and, in fact, without ever having heard of any rules on the subject

‡ In all such cases, as "the sun *shínes*," "the wind *blóws*," "the thrúsh *síngs*," the *verb* or *assertion* is obviously the word more directly before the mind of the speaker, and, therefore, he naturally pronounces it with a greater degree of force or distinctness, but should the *nominative* or the *subject* be in a similar position, it will, of course, be similarly pronounced, as in the following sentence—"The *sun* shines by day, and the *moon* by night"

§ It is obvious from what we have said, that in all such cases as "read the *létter*," "light the *fiíe*," "call *John*," the *nouns* are the words to which the speaker wishes to draw the special attention of the person whom he addresses, and it is equally obvious that in all such cases, as "réad it," "light it," "cáll him," the *verb* becomes the prominent word, unless the pronoun be *anathetic*.—See page 37.

The pronoun may be emphatic [*contrasted* or *antithetic*], in which case it would carry the accent [*emphasis*], and it may be laid down as a general rule, that to accent a pronoun always suggests a contrast, that is, it renders the pronoun emphatic.

"When one noun governs another in the possessive case, the noun *governed* usually carries the primary accent [*emphasis*], as 'the light of the sun,' 'the cold of the ice,' 'the warmth of the fire,' but when nouns form their possessive case by adding *s* the *governing* word is frequently that which the speaker has most directly before his mind, and therefore takes the primary accent [*emphasis*], as 'the children's book,' 'a lion's mane,'"

The observations that we have made in the preceding NOTES apply to all the rules that have been given with regard to ACCENTUATION OR EMPHASIS. In every case it will be found that the word under consideration is more or less emphatic, not because it is this or that form or part of speech, but because it is more or less directly before the mind of the speaker. It is obvious, also, from what has been said, that *if we understand what we read, and read it as if we understood it*, we need give ourselves little trouble about such rules—we mean, *practically*, for it is useful to read them, and refer them to the simple principles on which they are founded.

It may be objected, however, that "*emphatic*" is too strong a term to apply to words which are merely "*accented*," and, according to the meaning usually attached to *emphasis*, this objection, it must be admitted, is well-founded. But if we take into consideration that the term *emphasis* strictly and properly means that stress which, in pronunciation, distinguishes one word from another, and that it may, according to the occasion, be either *slight*, *strong*, or *vehement*, the objection will not hold. Besides, after all, there can be no objection to such a use of the terms "accent" and "accented," if we only keep in mind that in such cases they really mean "*slight emphasis*," and "*slightly emphatic*."

With regard to the "UNACCENTED WORDS" in a sen-

tence (that is, *the least important words*), Walker has stated that—

“We should give them just that degree of force which we give to the unaccented syllables of words, so that two words, one accented and the other not, are to the ear exactly like one word. Thus the words, *even an indifferent constitution* are sounded like a word of eleven syllables, with the accent on the fifth.”

Again, he adds in a note:—

“In the first edition of this work, I had not sufficiently considered the nature of unaccented words, and, therefore, gave them the very vague and indefinite appellations I met with in other authors, namely, *obscure* and *feeble*, a further prosecution of the subject, in the *Rhetorical Grammar*, enabled me to ascertain the real force of these unaccented words, and to class them with the unaccented syllables of accented words. Thus a clear and definite idea was substituted for an indeterminate one. And I could, with confidence, tell my pupil that the sentence—“I do not so much request, as demand your attention,” was pronounced like three words *I do not*, like a word of three syllables, with the accent on the second, *so much request*, like a word of four syllables, with the accent on the last; *as demand your attention*, like a word of seven syllables, with the accent on the third.”*

This is a good rule; but the fact is, every person who reads *understandingly* is sure to give the least important words in a sentence such a pronunciation. For the greater degree of force which he gives to the more important words, naturally and necessarily leads him to pronounce the other words with so much the less distinctness, just as dwelling upon the accented syllable of a word leads us to give the other syllable or syllables of it a quicker and less distinct pronunciation.†

* We stated at the commencement of this Introduction that the followers of Walker had made far more of his system than even he attempted, and here is a proof of it. Mr Spalding's whole *System of Accentuation*, as given in the “*Art of Reading*,” published by the Board, is evidently based upon this *obiter dictum*.—But we are wrong in setting down Mr Spalding as a follower of Walker, or of any other person.—See his observations, page 49

† *Accent*, from its very nature, must affect not only the syllable

It is obvious that in *speaking* we naturally so express ourselves ; and from what has been said, it is equally obvious that in *reading* we shall express ourselves in a similar way—that is, *if we understand what we read, and read it as if we understood it.* All rules, therefore, on this head are superfluous.*

The view that we have taken of the nature of emphasis renders it unnecessary for us to enter into the subject of what is called *Emphatic Inflection*. The great rule for GOOD READING will lead us in every case to give the emphatic word that tone and that inflection of voice which the subject and the occasion require. All rules, therefore, on the subject are unnecessary.†

The great importance of emphasis has led us to dwell upon the subject to the exclusion of some of the other matters usually treated of in compilations of this kind ; but the fact is, we consider *emphasis* as the key to GOOD READING, for to mark the emphatic words properly requires us to understand the full meaning and spirit of what we read

under it, but also the syllable next it, for in proportion as the one is dwelt upon, the other is passed quickly over—See the Introduction to the writer's 'English Dictionary.'"

* For in speaking, or reading *understandingly*, we instinctively group together and pronounce, as if they constituted one word, all those words or phrases in a sentence which collectively present one idea or object to the mind. This natural *running of words into each other* makes it difficult for us to understand or catch the full meaning of persons speaking a language with which we are not familiar. We are in the habit of requesting them not to speak *so quick*. Foreigners, however, make—and have as much reason to make—the same complaint of us. If any person thinks that he does not run his words into each other, let him pronounce any sentence or part of a sentence *word by word* distinctly, no matter how quickly, and he will be convinced of the contrary. Children learning to read pronounce the words in a similar way, that is, word by word, till they have overcome the mechanical difficulty of reading and are able to read with ease and expression.

† Such a, when the *emphatic* word should be pronounced with a rising, and when with a falling inflection, when in a high or loud tone of voice, and when in a low and strong, when it should be marked by a pause before it, when, after it, and when both before and after it.

INFLECTIONS OF THE VOICE

The following are Walker's original observations on this subject.—

“When the first edition of this work [*Elements of Elocution*] was published, I considered the human voice as divisible into two inflections only. Some time after, upon re-considering the subject more maturely, I found there were certain turns of voice which I could not distinctly class with either of these two inflections. This discovery mortified me exceedingly. I feared my whole labour was lost, and that I had been fatiguing myself with a distinction which existed nowhere but in my imagination. None but those who have been system-makers can judge of the regret and disappointment which this apprehension occasioned. It did not, however continue long. The same trial of the voice which assured me of the two opposite inflections, the rising and the falling, soon convinced me that those inflections which I could not reduce to either of these two, were neither more nor less than two combinations of them, and that they were real *circumflexes*, the one beginning with the rising inflection, and ending with the falling, on the same syllable, and the other beginning with the falling, and ending with the rising, on the same syllable. This relieved me from my anxiety, and I considered the discovery of so much importance that I immediately published a small pamphlet, called ‘*The Melody of Speaking delineated*,’ in which I explained it as well as I was able by writing, but referred the reader to some passages where he could scarcely fail to adopt it on certain words, and perceive the justness of the distinction. I was confirmed in my opinion by reflecting that *a priori*, and independently, on actual practice, these modifications of the human voice must necessarily exist. First, if there was no turn or inflection of the voice it must continue in a monotone. Secondly, if the voice was inflected, it must be either upwards or downwards, and so produce the rising or falling inflection. Thirdly, if these two were united on the same syllable, it could only be by beginning with the rising, and ending with the falling inflection, or *vice versa*, as any other mixture of these opposite inflections was impossible. A thorough conviction of the truth of this distinction gave me a confidence that nothing could shake.”

He subsequently states, as introductory to his “*Theory of the Inflections of the Voice*.”—

“Besides the pauses which indicate a greater or less separation of the parts of a sentence, and a conclusion of the whole,

there are certain inflections of voice, accompanying these pauses, which are as necessary to the sense of the sentence as the pauses themselves, for, however exactly we may pause between those parts which are separable, if we do not pause with such an inflection of voice as is suited to the sense, the composition we read will not only want its true meaning, but will have a meaning very different from that intended by the writer

"Whether words are pronounced in a high or low, in a loud or soft tone, whether they are pronounced swiftly or slowly, forcibly or feebly, with the tone of passion or without it, they must necessarily be pronounced either sliding upwards or downwards, or else go into a monotone or song

"By the rising or falling inflection is not meant the pitch of the voice in which the whole word is pronounced, or that loudness or softness which may accompany any pitch, but that upward or downward slide which the voice makes when the pronunciation of a word is finishing, and which may, therefore, not improperly be called the rising and falling inflection

"These two slides, or inflections of voice, therefore, are the axis, as it were, on which the force, variety, and harmony of speaking turn "

The following are Mr J. Sheridan Knowles's observations on the subject, as given in his "Elocutionist"—

"And here we beg leave to correct the erroneous position, that the inflections are essential to the sense. They are no such thing, except perhaps in the single article of emphasis, and for this palpable reason—the English, Scotch, and Irish use them differently, and yet not the smallest ambiguity follows with regard to the communication or the production of thought. The sense is a guide to the use of the inflections; that is all. The system is nothing more nor less than an analysis, if I may use the term, of the manner in which the best speakers in London modulate the voice, and as such, is highly important—as assisting us to get rid of one peculiarity which constitutes provincial speech, a misapplication of the inflections "

Mr. Knowles concludes by "acknowledging the obligations which he, in common with every other teacher of elocution, owes to the researches of Walker "

Mr. Spalding expresses similar opinions with regard to "THE INFLECTIONS," but in a very different spirit.—

"Walker is the idol of all teachers, and it is not difficult to account for the preference, all of them believe that they

understand his definition of inflection, and read according to his rules, while in fact they are merely teaching their own manner to their pupils. Thus the teacher residing in Cork, in Dublin, or Belfast—in Glasgow, Edinburgh, or Inverness—in the east or in the west, the north or the south of England, can use the system of Walker, and read according to his rules, though not one of them may agree with the other in regard to the interval or the extent of the inflection. No system could have been invented, better adapted to please all parties, as every one is at liberty to make use of those intervals which habit has rendered easy to him, in his common accent, and thus I believe to be one of the principal causes why the system has long kept the field, in despite of the frown of the critic, and the contempt of our first rate orators and actors. Suppose Walker had been intelligible, suppose every one to have known the extent of his inflections, what would have been the consequence? Simply the perpetuating of Mr Walker's own manner, or the Cockney accent of seventeen hundred and seventy, for it is not pretended that his system is founded upon nature. His system has been an incubus on the science, preventing thousands from thinking rationally, or thinking at all, on the subject. It never could make a good reader, reciter, nor speaker. On the contrary, the study of it has rendered the delivery of many unnatural, ridiculous, and disgusting, who, had they never heard of Walker, might have been good speakers. His 'Elements of Elocution,' his 'Rhetorical Grammar,' his 'Academic Cicero,' his interminable rules and precepts, may serve as a proof of the soundness of the observation of Condillac, 'that we have never so much to say, as when we set out from false principles.'

"While every other art and science is in a state of progressive improvement, the science of elocution stands still, or rather is retrograding into its original state of barbarism. There is nothing definite, nothing tangible, no acknowledged principles, no beam of light to guide onward to perfection in the practice of the art. Theories and systems follow each other in rapid succession from the press. Old systems are new vamped, and the matter of the vamping is a mere composite of individual peculiarities. The student is bewildered in his choice, here stands a Rice, a Walker, a Sheridan, and a Steel—and there the host of reverends, doctors, and philosophers, who have improved or commented upon their systems."

Mr. Spalding's own system was of course to set every thing to rights, but though it promised to last as long

as the English language, it scarcely survived himself; for who knows or hears any thing of it now, notwithstanding the "Portal of Rhetorical Delivery," "New System of Corporeal Expression," "Mechanics of Action," and a volume of testimonials in their favour, from the leading *literati* of the day (some twenty years ago)?

We shall now endeavour to reduce to a few general principles the numerous and complicated rules given by Walker and his followers for INFLECTING the voice in READING.

It is observable that in SPEAKING the voice either rises or falls, or continues in the same tone. When it rises, or takes the upward turn, it is said to have the *Rising Inflection*, and when it falls, or takes the downward turn, it is said to have the *Falling Inflection*, but when it continues in the same tone, neither rising nor falling, it is said to have a *Monotone*. In some cases there is a union or combination of the rising and falling inflection on the same syllable. This is called the *Circumflex Inflection*, and it is distinguishable into the *Rising* and *Falling Circumflex*, according as it begins with the rising or falling inflection.

The Rising Inflection is denoted by the acute accent, thus (´), and the Falling Inflection by the grave accent, thus (˘).

The Rising Circumflex is denoted thus (ˆ), and the Falling Circumflex, thus (˘ˆ).

The Monotone is usually denoted by a line under the word or words, thus (_____).

GENERAL RULES FOR INFLECTING SENTENCES

RISING INFLECTION.

RULE I.—*In all cases where the sense is incomplete or suspended, the rising inflection should be used* *

a. Hence, generally speaking, the rising inflection should

* In all such cases we naturally and spontaneously slide up the voice, as if to bespeak the attention of our hearers to that which is to follow; that is, on the supposition that we understand what we read, and read it as if we understood it.

be used at a comma, because it denotes that only a portion of the sense has been given, and that more is to follow.*

b For a similar reason, when a sentence is resolvable into two parts the commencing or introductory part should end with the rising inflection †

c At the end of words or phrases expressing surprise, admiration, doubt, or appeal, the rising inflection is generally used

EXAMPLES

Your enemies may be formidable by their numbers and by their power' but He who is with you is mightier than they

No man can rise above the infinitives of nature', unless he is assisted by God

Poor were the expectations of the studious, the modest, and the good', if the reward of their labours were only to be expected from man

As the camel beareth labour, and heat, and hunger and thirst in the deserts of sand, and fainteth not', so the soul of the Christian endureth him through all perils

Formed to excel in peace, as well as in war', Cæsar was endowed with every great and noble quality that could give a man the ascendant in society

If our language, by reason of the simple arrangement of its words, possesses less harmony, less beauty, and less force than the Greek or Latin', it is, however, in its meaning more obvious and plain

If some of the branches be broken off, and thou, being a wild olive-tree, wert grafted in among them, and with them partake of the root and fatness of the olive-tree', boast not against the branches.

Reason, eloquence, and every art which ever has been studied among mankind, may be abused, and may prove dangerous in the hands of bad men', but it were perfectly childish to contend that, upon this account, they ought to be abolished

FALLING INFLECTION.

RULE II — *In all cases where the sense is complete or independent, the falling inflection should be used.*

a Hence the voice naturally and gradually falls at the end of a sentence

b. Hence, also, the falling inflection takes place at the end of a clause of a sentence which makes perfect sense in itself But the voice at the end of a clause of a sentence should not

* This rule embraces, and in fact renders superfluous, four or five of the rules usually given

† The commencing or introductory part of a sentence depends for its full meaning on the concluding part, and hence, it should obviously end with the rising inflection. This rule also supersedes several of the usual rules.

fall so low as at the end of a sentence. In the former case it should be sustained a little above the ordinary pitch, to intimate that something more is coming; but at the end of a sentence the voice should fall to its ordinary pitch, to denote that the sense is fully completed.

c Emphatic repetition,* and strong emphasis in general require the falling inflection.

d Words or phrases expressive of conviction, denunciation, reproach, distress, or any violent passion, generally take the falling inflection.

EXAMPLES.

(b) You may lay it down as a maxim, confirmed by universal experience, that every man dies as he lives', and it is by the general tenor of the life, not by a particular frame of mind at the hour of death, that we are to be judged at the tribunal of God.

An elevated genius employed in little things appears like the sun in his evening declination', he remits his splendour, but retains his magnitude, and pleases more, though he dazzles less.

It is of the last importance to season the passions of a child with devotion', which seldom dies in a mind that has received an early tincture of it.

(c) You wrong me every way—you wrong' me, Brutus

Few, few' shall part where many meet

Blood, blood', Iago

Revenge' revenge'! Timotheus cries

EXCEPTIONS TO THE FOREGOING RULES

NEGATIVE SENTENCES

Negative sentences, or members of sentences, should end with the rising inflection †

* From what has been said of *emphasis* (page 32) it is obvious that when we feel it necessary to repeat a word or phrase we naturally pronounce it with a greater degree of force, and generally with a change of inflection. For example, should we put the simple question to a person at a distance, "Are you going to Dublin'?" we would instinctively pronounce the word *Dublin* with a slight emphasis, and with the rising inflection, but should he reply to us that he does not hear our question, we would in repeating it, pronounce the word *Dublin* with a greater degree of force, and with the falling inflection. Again, should our question be, "When do you go to Dublin'?" *When* would be slightly emphatic, and the question would end with the falling inflection, but should we have to repeat the question, *When* would be pronounced with a greater degree of force, and the question would end with the rising inflection.

† When a *negative* sentence assumes a *positive* form, as in the following examples, it should end with the falling inflection (according to Rule II, a) — "Thou shalt not steal." "Thou shalt do no murder." See note, page 44

EXAMPLES.

The region beyond the grave is not a solitary' land There your fathers are, and thither every other friend shall follow you in due season

True charity is not a meteor which occasionally' glares; but a luminary, which, in its orderly and regular course, dispenses a benignant influence.

No ceremony that to great ones 'longs'—
Not the king's crown, nor the deputed sword,
The marshal's truncheon', nor the judge's robe,
Becomes them with one-half so good a grace as mercy.

PENULTIMATE MEMBER.

The penultimate member of a sentence should end with the rising inflection *

EXAMPLES.

There is no enjoyment of property without government' no government without a magistrate', no magistrate without obedience' and no obedience' where every one acts as he pleases

The minor longs to be of age', then to be a man of business', then to make up an estate', then to arrive at honours, then to retire

Charity is not puffed up', doth not behave itself unseemly', seeketh not her own', is not easily provoked'; thinketh no evil', rejoiceth in the truth', beareth' all things; believeth' all things, hopeth' all things, endureth' all things

INTERROGATIVE SENTENCES

Interrogative sentences and clauses should end with the rising inflection when the question is asked by a *verb*, expressed or understood † But if the question is asked by a *pronoun* or *adverb* it should end with the falling inflection ‡

EXAMPLES UNDER THE FIRST HEAD.

Are you coming'? Do you heal'? Is he there'?

Can a man take fire in his bosom and his clothes not be burnt'? Can one go upon hot coals and his feet not be burnt'?

* This rule is founded on the natural perception of harmony in the ear, for as the last member of a sentence has the falling inflection it produces an agreeable variety to give the member immediately preceding it an opposite inflection—See Rule III.

† All questions which may be answered by *yes* or *no* come under this rule In all such cases an answer is demanded or expected, and the sense is consequently for the time interrupted or suspended

‡ Questions which cannot be answered by *yes* or *no* come under this rule. In such cases the pronoun or adverb is the *emphatic* word which accounts for the change of the inflection—See page 32.

Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or the sword? Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through Him that loved us

Is the chair empty? Is the sword unswayed?
Is the king dead?—the empire unpossessed?
What heir of York is there alive but we?
And who is England's king but great York's heir?
Then tell me what makes he upon the seas?

EXAMPLES UNDER THE SECOND HEAD

Where are you going? What is your name? Who say the people that I am?

On whom does time hang so heavily as on the slothful and the indolent? To whom are the hours so lingering? Who are so often devoured with spleen, and obliged to fly to some expedient which can help them to get rid of themselves?

Whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after immortality?
Or whence this secret dread, this inward horror
Of falling into nought? Why shrinks the soul
Back on herself, and startles at destruction?

BOTH INFLECTIONS TOGETHER

RULE III — *Words or clauses which are contrasted with or opposed to each other should be read with opposite inflections*

a In general, the first member of an antithetic sentence should end with the rising, and the opposite with the falling inflection

b When a sentence consists of a positive and negative part or member, the positive should have the falling, and the negative the rising inflection.

c The direct question, or that which admits of the answer *yes* or *no*, has the rising, and the answer has the falling inflection

d When the disjunctive *or* connects words or clauses, used interrogatively, it has the rising inflection before, and the falling inflection after it *

* But when, in such cases, *or* is used in a *conjunctive* sense, it has the rising inflection both before and after it. For example, if I wish to know whether a person will leave within two days I will say, "Will you go to-day, or to-morrow?" But if I wish to know on *which* of the two days he means to go, I will say, "Will you go to-day or to-morrow?" In the former case *or* is used *conjunctively*, in the latter, *disjunctively*.

EXAMPLES.

(a) We are always complaining that our days are few', and acting as though there would be no end' of them

Why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's' eye, but perceivest not the beam that is in thine own' eye?

Homer was the greater genius', Virgil, the better artist' in the one we most admire the man', in the other the work' Homer hurries us with a commanding impetuosity', Virgil leads us with an attractive majesty' Homer scatters with a generous profusion', Virgil bestows with a careful magnificence' Homer, like the Nile, pours out his riches with a sudden overflow', Virgil, like a river in its banks, with a constant stream'

(b) I did not say a better' soldier, but an elder'

He was esteemed not for his wealth' but for his wisdom'

None more impatiently suffer' injuries, than they who are most forward in doing' them

You were paid to fight' against Alexander, and not to rail' at him.

Hunting (and men', not beasts') shall be his game

(c) Are they Hebrews'? So am I'.

Are they Israelites'? So am I'

Are they the seed of Abraham'? So am I'

Are they members of Christ'? I am more'

Hold you the watch to-night'? We do', my lord

Armed', say you? Armed', my lord

From top to toe'? My lord, from head to foot'

Then saw you not his face'? Oh yes', my lord

What, looked he frowningly'? A countenance more in sorrow' than in anger

Pale'? Nay', very pale

(d) Will you go' or stay'? Will you go to-day' or to-morrow'? Are you toiling for fame' or for fortune'? The baptism of John, was it from heaven', or of men'? Do you travel for health' or for pleasure'? Is this hat yours' or mine'?

EXERCISES ON THE RISING AND FALLING INFLECTIONS

The Rising followed by the Falling.

Did he say visible', or invisible'?
Did he act properly', or improperly'?
Does he do it willingly', or unwillingly'?
Did he act justly', or unjustly'?
Should we say airy', or airy'?
Should we say wisely', or wisely'?
Should we say caution', or caution'?
Should we say eager', or eager'?
Did he say pride', or pride'?
Did he say mind', or mind'?
Did he say all', or all'?
Did he say lad', or lad'?

The Falling followed by the Rising.

He said visible', not invisible'
He acted properly', not improperly'
He does it willingly', not unwillingly'.
He acted justly', not unjustly'.
We should say airy', not airy'
We should say wisely', not wisely'.
We should say caution', not caution'.
We should say eager', not eager'
He said pride', not pride'
He said mind', not mind'.
He said all', not all'
He said lad', not lad'.

CIRCUMFLEX INFLECTIONS.

In the Circumflex Inflections there is a significant twisting of the voice upwards, and then downwards, upon the same syllable, or downwards, and then upwards, as the case may be. The Rising Circumflex usually expresses bitter morn, and the Falling, intense reproach

The Rising Circumflex

But it is foolish in us to compare
Dru us, Africinus, and ourselves with
Clódius All our other calamities
were tolerable, but *no* one can pa-
tiently bear the death of *Clódius*

Three days, Lady Mary! Why I
might be dead in three hours! You're
vástly considerate, vástly kind I'm
infinitely obliged to you

They offer us their protection Yés
—*such* protection as *vultures* give to
limbs—covering and devouring them

They tell *us* to be moderate, but
they, *they* are to revel in profusion

Góne to be *márr'ed*! gone to *suéar* a
práice!
False blood to false blood join'd! Góne
to be *f'riends*!

The Falling Circumflex

I'm y do that I shall be sorry for.
You *háve* done that you *shóuld* be
sorry for

He *dáres* not touch a *háir* of Cat-
line

Hamlet, you have your mother much
offended

Madam, *yóu* have my father much
offended

O proper stuff!

This is the *váy* pointing of your *féars*.
This is the *av-drawn dágger* which
you said

Led you to Duncan

So then *yóu* are the author of this
conspiracy against me! It is to *yóu*
that I am *indeb'ted* for all the mischief
that has befallen me

MONOTONE

Monotone implies a continued sameness of sound on succes-
sive syllables or words Though such a tone must be disa-
greeable to the ear, yet when it is judiciously employed, as in
solemn, sublime, or terrific passages, it has a most powerful
and subliming effect

EXAMPLES

High on a throne of royal state, which far
Outshone the wealth of Ormus and of Inde,
Or where the gorgeous East, with richest hand,
Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold,
Satan exalted sat

Who would fardels bear,
To groan and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death—
That undiscovered country, from whose bourn
No traveller returns—puzzles the will;
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of?

Hark, fellows! Instruments of my guilt, listen to my punishment! Methought I wandered through the low-browed caverns, where repose the relics of my ancestors My eye dwelt with awe on their tombs, with disgust on mortality's surrounding emblems! Suddenly a female form glided along the vault it was Angela! She smiled upon me and beckoned me to advance I flew towards her, my arms were already unclosed to clasp her, when suddenly her figure changed—her face grew pale—a stream of blood gushed from her bosom 'Twas Evelina!

OF THE SERIES AND ITS VARIETIES.

In works of this kind the word **SERIES** denotes a number of single words, or members of sentences, following each other in regular order

When a series consists of single words it is called a **SIMPLE SERIES**

When a series consists of two or more words, or members of sentences, it is called a **COMPOUND SERIES**

When a series begins a sentence, but does not end it, it is called a **COMMENCING SERIES**.

When a series ends a sentence, whether it begins it or not, it is called a **CONCLUDING SERIES**

Rules for the inflection of the simple series, both commencing and concluding, will be found in the following table For example, if a commencing series consists of two members, the first should have the falling, and the second the rising inflection, if it consists of three members, the two first should have the falling, and the last the rising inflection, and so on Again, if a concluding series consists of two members, the first should have the rising, and the second the falling inflection, and so on, according to the number of the members *

* From what has been said, it is obvious that we do not regard these—or any similar rules—as of any great utility It should be observed, too, that many of the sentences in illustration of them are very *artificial* in their construction, and, therefore, very objectionable as specimens of composition They will serve, however, as excellent exercises in reading and **MODULATION**, and from the beauty of the sentiment, or the importance of the precept, they are, generally speaking, worthy of being impressed upon the young mind

INFLECTION OF THE SIMPLE SERIES.

COMMENCING		CONCLUDING.	
No of Members		No of Members	
2	. . . 1' 2'	2	. . . 1' 2'
3	. . . 1' 2' 3'	3.	. . . 1' 2' 3'
4	. . . 1' 2' 3' 4'	4.	. . . 1' 2' 3' 4'
5	. . . 1' 2' 3' 4' 5'	5.	. . . 1' 2' 3' 4' 5'
6	. . . 1' 2' 3' 4' 5' 6'	6	. . . 1' 2' 3' 4' 5' 6'
7	. . . 1' 2' 3' 4' 5' 6' 7'	7.	. . . 1' 2' 3' 4' 5' 6' 7'
8	. . . 1' 2' 3' 4' 5' 6' 7' 8'	8	. . . 1' 2' 3' 4' 5' 6' 7' 8'
9	. . . 1' 2' 3' 4' 5' 6' 7' 8' 9'	9.	. . . 1' 2' 3' 4' 5' 6' 7' 8' 9'
10.	1' 2' 3' 4' 5' 6' 7' 8' 9' 10'	10	1' 2' 3' 4' 5' 6' 7' 8' 9' 10'

EXAMPLES OF THE DIFFERENT KINDS OF SERIES.

SIMPLE COMMENCING SERIES.

- 2 * Dependence' and obedience' belong to youth
 3 The young', the healthy', and the prosperous' should not presume on their advantages
 4 Humanity', justice', generosity', and public spirit', are the qualities most useful to others
 5 Distrust', hatred', discords', seditions', and wars', are produced by ambition.
 6 Desire', aversion', rage', love', hope', and fear', are drawn in miniature upon the stage
 7 Sophocles', Euripides', Pindar', Thucydides', Demosthenes', Phidias', and Apelles', were the contemporaries of Socrates or of Plato
 8 Supplication', entreaty', applause', despatch', adoration', threatening', impatience', and exultation', are all expressed by the posture and movement of the hands
 9 Joy', grief', fear', anger', pity', scorn', hate', jealousy', and love, are constantly operating upon the human mind
 10 Next, then, you authors, be not you severe,
 Why, what a swarm of scribblers have we here!
 One', two', three', four', five', six', seven', eight', nine', ten',
 All in one row, and brothers of the pen

SIMPLE CONCLUDING SERIES.

- 2 Improvidence is the parent of poverty' and dependence'
 3 Industry is the law of our being; it is the demand of nature', of reason', and of God'
 4 Fear not, ye righteous, amidst the distresses of life You have an Almighty Friend continually at hand, to pity', to support', to defend'. and to relieve' you

* The figure preceding each example denotes the number of the members See the table for the rule in each case These rules, however, are of no use in practice.

5 The characteristics of chivalry were valour', humanity', courtesy', justice', and honour'

6 Mankind are besieged by war', famine', pestilence', volcano', storm', and fire'.

7 O'er many a frozen, many a fiery Alp,
Rocks', caves', lakes', fens', bogs', dens', and shades of death'.

8 In the same common mass are blended together, men', women', friends', enemies', priests', soldiers', monks', and prebendaries'.

9 The fruit of the Spirit is love', joy', peace', long-suffering', gentleness', goodness', faith', meekness', temperance'.

10 Mr. Locke's definition of wit, with this short explication, comprehends most of the species of wit, as metaphors', enigmas', mottoes', parables', fables', dreams', visions', dramatic writings', burlesque', and all the methods of allusion'

COMPOUND COMMENCING SERIES

RULE —In a compound commencing series every member, except the last, should end with the falling inflection

2 Common calamities', and common blessings' fall heavily upon the envious

3 To advise the ignorant', relieve the needy', and comfort the afflicted' are duties which fall in our way every day of our lives

4 Our disordered hearts', our guilty passions', our violent prejudices', and our misplaced desires' are the instruments of the troubles which we endure.

5 The verdant lawn', the shady grove', the variegated landscape', the boundless ocean', and the starry firmament' are contemplated with pleasure by every beholder

6 The blameless life', the amiable tenderness', the native simplicity', the modest resignation', the patient sickness', and the quiet death' are remembered only to add value to the loss of our friends, to aggravate regret for what cannot be amended, to deepen sorrow for what cannot be recalled

7 A contemplation of God's works', a voluntary act of justice to our own detriment', a generous concern for the good of mankind', tears shed in silence for the misery of others', a private desire of resentment broken and subdued', an unfeigned exercise of humility', or of any other' virtue, are such actions as denominate men great and reputable

8 To acquire a thorough knowledge of our own hearts and characters', to restrain every irregular inclination', to subdue every rebellious passion', to purify the motives of our conduct', to form ourselves to that temperance which no pleasure can seduce', to that meekness which no provocation can ruffle', to that patience which no affliction can overwhelm', and that integrity which no interest can shake', this is the task which is assigned to us—a task which cannot be performed without the utmost diligence and care

8 Nature has laid out all her art in beautifying the face', she has touched it with vermilion', placed in it a double row of ivory', made

it the seat of smiles and blushes'; lighted it up and enlivened it with the brightness of the eyes'; hung it on each side with curious organs of sense'; given it airs and graces that cannot be described; and surrounded it with such a flowing shade of hair', as sets all its beauties in the most agreeable light.

9. Absalom's beauty', Jonathan's love', David's valour', Solomon's wisdom', the patience of Job', the prudence of Augustus', the eloquence of Cicero', the innocence of wisdom', and the intelligence of all', though faintly amiable in the creature, are found in immense perfection in the Creator.

10. The beauty of a plain', the greatness of a mountain', the ornaments of a building', the expression of a picture', the composition of a discourse', the conduct of a third person', the proportions of different quantities and numbers', the various appearances which the great machine of the universe is perpetually exhibiting', the secret springs and wheels that produce them', all the several subjects of science and taste', are what we and our companions regard as having no peculiar relation to any of us.

COMPOUND CONCLUDING SERIES.

RULE.—In a compound concluding series every member, except the last but one, should end with the falling inflection.

2. Nothing tends more powerfully to strengthen the constitution than moderate exercise' and habitual temperance'.

3. When myriads and myriads of ages have elapsed, the righteous shall still have a blessed eternity before them; still continue brightening in holiness', increasing in happiness', and rising in glory'.

4. Sincerity is to speak as we think', to do as we pretend and profess', to perform and make good what we promise', and really to be what we would seem and appear' to be.

5. Though we seem grieved at the shortness of life in general, we are wishing every period of it at an end. The minor longs to be of age', then to be a man of business', then to make up an estate', then to arrive at honours', then to retire'.

6. There is no blessing of life comparable to the enjoyment of a discreet and virtuous friend. It eases and unloads the mind', clears and improves the understanding', engenders thoughts and knowledge', animates virtue and good resolutions', soothes and allays the passions', and finds employment for most of the vacant hours of life'.

7. A true friend unbosoms freely', advises justly', assists readily', adventures boldly', takes all patiently', defends resolutely', and continues a friend unchangeably'.

8. Should the greater part of people sit down and draw up a particular account of their time, what a shameful bill it would be! So much in eating, drinking, and sleeping, beyond what nature requires'; so much in revelling and wantonness'; so much for the recovery of last night's intemperance'; so much in gaming, plays, and masquerades'; so much in paying and receiving formal and impertinent visits'; so much in idle and foolish prating'; so much in censuring and reviling of

our neighbours', so much in dressing our bodies, and in talking of fashions', and so much wasted and lost in doing nothing' at all.

9. They through faith subdued kingdoms', wrought righteousness', obtained promises', stopped the mouths of lions', quenched the violence of fire', escaped the edge of the sword', out of weakness were made strong', waved valiant in fight', turned to flight the armies of the aliens'.

10. If we would have the kindness of others, we must endure their follies. He who cannot persuade himself to withdraw from society, must be content to pay a tribute of his time to a multitude of tyrants', to the loiterer, who in his appointments he never keeps', to the consultant, who asks advice which he never takes', to the boaster, who blusters only to be praised', to the complainer, who whines only to be pitied', to the projector, whose happiness is to entertain his friends with expectations, which all but himself know to be vain', to the economist, who tells of bargains and settlements', to the politician, who predicts the consequences of deaths, battles, and alliances', to the critic, who compares the different states of the funds', and to the talker, who talks only because he loves to be talking'.

THE PARENTHESIS, AND PARENTHETICAL CLAUSES.

GENERAL RULE

As a *Parenthesis* is a clause or sentence thrown into another sentence, by way of illustration or modification, it is consequently of secondary or subordinate importance. *Hence, it should be read in a lower tone and at a quicker rate than the member of the sentence in which it is inserted. And to enable the hearer more fully to distinguish it from the interrupted sentence, the reader should make a short pause both at the beginning and end of it.**

a When a parenthesis ends with a strongly emphatic word the falling inflection should be used, but in all other cases it should conclude with the same inflection as the member that immediately precedes it. It should also, in general, end with the same pause as the member that immediately precedes it.

b When a parenthesis is long it should be read not only in a lower tone and in quicker time than the rest of the sentence, but also, in order to distinguish it more fully, with a certain degree of *monotone*, or sameness of voice.

c The general rule for reading a parenthesis is applicable, in a certain degree, to all EXPLANATORY, RELATIVE, and IN-

* The length of such PAUSES obviously depends upon the *sense*. In some cases they should be merely perceptible.

TERMEDIATE clauses, for all such clauses are *parenthetic* in their nature *

d It is also applicable, but in a small degree, to all such intervening phrases as "*said I*," "*says he*," "*replied he*," &c.

EXAMPLES

The man who does not know how to methodize his thoughts has always' (to borrow a phrase from the Spectator) a barren superfluity of words †

An elevated genius employed in little things appears' (to use the simile of Longinus) like the sun in his evening declination, he remits his splendour, but retains his magnitude, and pleases more, though he dazzles less

Know then this truth' (enough for man to know)
Virtue alone is happiness below.

The bliss of man' (could man that blessing find')
Is not to act or think beyond mankind

* A *parenthesis*, properly so called, may be omitted without affecting either the sense or the construction of the sentence in which it is inserted whereas, an *explanatory*, *relative*, or *intermediate* clause is, in some degree necessary to the meaning of the sentence into which it is thrown The following are WALKER'S observations on this point —

"It may not be improper to take notice of a very erroneous practice among printers, which is, substituting commas instead of the hooks that mark a parenthesis Slight as this error may appear at first sight, we shall find upon reflection, that it is productive of great inconveniences, for if the parenthesis ought to be read in a lower tone of voice, and these hooks that enclose it are a mark of this tone, how shall a reader be able to understand this at sight, if the marks of the parenthesis are taken away, and commas inserted in their stead? The difficulty of always deciding what is a parenthesis and what is not, may perhaps, be some excuse for confounding it with other intervening members, but the absolute necessity of reading a real parenthesis with its proper tone of voice, makes it of some importance to distinguish between this and the incidental member which is often confounded with it The best rule, therefore, to distinguish the member in question is, not merely to try if sense remains when it is left out of the sentence, but to see if the member so modifies the preceding member as to change it from a general to a particular meaning, for if this be the case, the member, though incidental, is absolutely necessary to the sense of the whole sentence, and consequently cannot be a parenthesis"—*Elements of Elocution*.

† This sentence is peculiarly well adapted to show the necessity for attending to the rule for reading parentheses and parenthetical clauses If, for example, the clause, "*to borrow a phrase from the Spectator*," be read as recommended in the rule, the audience will at once perceive that it is a quotation in illustration of the subject, but if it be read in the same tone as the preceding clause, it will imply that, "The man who knows not how to methodize his thoughts, has *always* to borrow a phrase from the Spectator," which, it is almost unnecessary to observe, the writer neither meant, nor could have meant

(a) On the one hand are the Divine approbation and immortal honour, on the other (remember and *because*!) are the stings of conscience and endless infamy

Tell them, though 'tis an awful thing to die,
('Twas even to *thee*!) yet, the dread path once trod,
Heaven lifts its everlasting portals high,
And bids "the pure in heart behold their God."

(b) For these reasons the senate and the people of Athens (with due veneration to the gods and heroes, and guardians of the Athenian city and territory, whose aid they now implore, and with due attention to the virtues of their ancestors to whom the general liberty of Greece was ever dearer than the particular interest of their own state) have resolved that a fleet of two hundred vessels shall be sent to sea, the admiral to cruise within the Straits of Thermopylae

His spear (to equal which the tallest pine
Hewn on Norwegian hills, to be the mast
Of some high admiral, were but a wand)
He walked with, to support uneasy steps,
Over the burning mail

(c) Augustus, the Roman emperor, *he who succeeded Julius Cæsar*, is variously described

To hear complaints with patience, *even when complaints are vain*,
is one of the duties of friendship

The passion for praise, *which is so very vehement in the fair sex*,
produces excellent effects in women of sense

He then proceeded to Dublin, *the capital city of Ireland*, and remained there for three weeks

(d.) Thus then, *said he*, since you are so urgent, it is thus that I conceive it the sovereign good is that, the possession of which renders us happy And how, *said I* do we possess it? is it sensual or intellectual? There you are entering, *said he*, upon the detail

You perceive then, *said I*, that the cause is a hopeless one How can that be? *said he* It is of noxious to the ministry, *replied I* Justice, *exclaimed he*, will carry it

CLIMAX.

A *Climax* is a kind of series which rises, as it were, by regular steps, from one circumstance to another, till it seems impossible to carry the thought to a greater elevation As each circumstance added is of greater importance than the one that precedes it, *the climax should be read with a gradually increasing swell of the voice on each succeeding member*, accompanied with such a degree of animation and energy as the subject and the occasion require.*

* The increasing swell of voice required in reading a climax does not necessarily imply increasing height or loudness Increased force may be imparted by adopting a low, strong tone.

EXAMPLES

After we have practised good actions a while, they become easy, and when they are easy, we begin to take pleasure in them, and when they please us we do them frequently, and by frequency of acts, a thing grows into a habit, and a confirmed habit is a kind of second nature, and so far as any thing is natural, so far it is necessary, and we can hardly do otherwise, nay, we do it many times when we do not think it

Since concord was lost, friendship was lost, fidelity was lost, liberty was lost, all was lost

What a piece of work is man! How noble in reason! how transcendent in faculties! in form and moving, how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a God!

I conjure you by that which you profess,
 (Howe'er you came to know it) answer me,
 Though you untie the winds, and let them fight
 Against the churches, though the yeasty waves
 Confound and swallow navigation up,
 Though bladed corn be lodged and trees blown down
 Though castles topple on their warders' heads,
 Though palaces and pyramids do slope
 Their heads to their foundations, though the treasures
 Of Nature's germains tumble altogether,
 Even till destruction sicken, answer me
 To what I ask you

RHETORICAL PUNCTUATION

Besides the usual GRAMMATICAL STOPS, to which the pupils should be accustomed to pay the same attention as to the words, there are what are called RHETORICAL *pauses* or stops, which should, by no means, be neglected. These pauses are not, like the ordinary stops in reading, depicted to the eye, nor is it necessary that they should, for in all cases where a pause of this kind is necessary, a judicious reader will instinctively make it—that is, if he is attending to the great and fundamental rule for GOOD READING, which we have so frequently mentioned.

The following passage from Mr J Sheridan Knowles' "Elocutionist" expresses our opinion on this subject —

"I am convinced that a *nice* attention to rhetorical punctuation has an extremely mischievous tendency, and is totally inconsistent with nature. Give the sense of what you read. MIND is the thing. Pauses are essential only where their omission would *obscure the sense*. The orator who, in the act of delivering himself, is studiously solicitous about parcelling out his words, is sure to leave the best part of his work undone. He delivers words, not thoughts. Deliver thoughts, and words will take care enough of themselves. I repeat it—BE IN EARNEST."

In most compilations of this kind there are several rules laid down with regard to *rhetorical punctuation*, the following are the principal —

- 1 Pause after the nominative to a verb when it consists of more words than one, or even after a nominative consisting of a single word, when it is important or emphatic, as, "The fashion of this world/ passeth away" "And Nathan said unto David, 'Thou/ art the man'"
- 2 Before and after all intermediate, explanatory, or parenthetical clauses, as, "Trials/ in this state of being/ are the lot of man"
- 3 Before a relative pronoun, * as, "The man/ who feels himself ignorant, should at least be modest" "Hypocrisy is the tribute/ which vice pays to virtue" "It is the mind/ that makes the body rich"
- 4 Before *that* also when it is used as a conjunction, as, "It is in society only/ that we can relish those pure, delicious joys which embellish and gladden the life of man"
- 5 After words in apposition, as, "Hope/ the balm of life, soothes us under every misfortune" (But if the two words are single, no pause should be made as, "Paul the apostle")
- 6 After words in opposition, or contrasted, as, "Prosperity/ gains friends, adversity/ tries them" "Some/ place their bliss in action, some/ in ease"
- 7 Wherever an ellipsis takes place, as, "Life is precarious, and death/ certain"
- 8 Between all adjectives, *except the last*, applied to one substantive, and all adverbs, *except the last*, which qualify one verb, as, "Let but one brave/ great/ active/ disinterested man arise, and he will be received, followed, and venerated" "Wisely/ rationally/ and prudently to love, is, in the opinion of lovers, not to love at all"
9. Between all the nouns and pronouns which constitute the nominative to a verb, as, "Riches/ pleasure/ and health/ become evils to those who do not know how to use them" "He/ and they/ were present"
- 10 After, and generally before, emphatic words or phrases

The following sentences will exemplify these rules generally, and will also serve to show the impossibility of carrying them into practice, without betraying a studied and artificial manner of reading.

At the same time/ that I think discretion/ the most useful talent/ a man can be master of, I look upon cunning/ to be the accomplishment/ of little, mean, ungenerous minds. Discretion/ points out the noblest ends to us, and pursues the most proper/ and laudable method/ of attaining them. cunning/ has only private selfish aims, and sticks at nothing/ which may make them succeed. Discretion/ has large and extended views, and, like a well-formed eye, commands a whole horizon; cunning/ is a kind of short-sightedness, that discovers the minutest objects/ that are near at hand, but is not able to discern things/ at a distance.

* This rule extends to several words usually called *ADVERBS*, such as, *when, why, wherefore, where, whether, whither, whence, while, how, till or until*. These words include in their meaning the force of relative pronouns. Thus, *WHEN* is equivalent to *the time at which*; *WHY* or *WHEREFORE* is equivalent to *the reason for which*, and so of the rest.

DIRECTIONS FOR READING VERSE

The following excellent observations on this subject are from Walker's "Elements of Elocution"

"Whatever difficulties we may find in reading prose, they are greatly increased when the composition is in verse, and more particularly if the verse be rhyme. The regularity of the feet, and the sameness of sound in rhyming verse, strongly solicits the voice to a sameness of tone, and tone, unless directed by a judicious ear, is apt to degenerate into a song, and a song, of all others, the most disgusting to a person of just taste. If, therefore, there are few who read prose with propriety, there are still fewer who succeed in verse: they either want that equable and harmonious flow of sound which distinguishes it from loose, unmeasured composition, or they have not a sufficient delicacy of ear to keep the harmonious smoothness of verse from sliding into a whining cant, nay, so agreeable is this cant to many readers, that a simple and natural delivery of verse seems tame and insipid, and much too familiar for the dignity of the language. So pernicious are bad habits in every exercise of the faculties, that they not only lead us to false objects of beauty and propriety, but at last deprive us of the very power of perceiving the mistake. For those, therefore, whose ears are not just, and who are totally deficient in a true taste for the music of poetry, the best method of avoiding this impropriety is to read verse exactly as if it were prose, for though this may be said to be an error, it is certainly an error on the safer side.

"To say, however, as some do, that the pronunciation of verse is entirely destitute of song, and that it is no more than a just pronunciation of prose, is as distant from truth, as the whining cant we have been speaking of, is from true poetic harmony. Poetry without song is a body without a soul. The tune of this song is, indeed, difficult to hit, but when once it is hit, it is sure to give the most exquisite pleasure. It excites in the hearer the most eager desire of imitation, and if this desire be not accompanied by a just taste or good instruction, it generally substitutes the *tum ti, tum ti*, as it is called, for simple, elegant, poetic harmony.

"It must however, be confessed that elegant readers of verse often verge so nearly on what is called *sing song*, without falling into it, that it is no wonder those who attempt to imitate them slide into that blemish which borders so nearly on a beauty. And indeed, as an ingenious author observes, 'there is such an affinity between poetry and music, that they were in the earlier ages never separated, and though modern refinement has in a great measure destroyed this union, yet it is with some degree of difficulty, in rehearsing these divine compositions, that we forget the singing of the Muse.'"

"The truth is, the pronunciation of verse is a species of elocution very distinct from the pronunciation of prose: both of them have nature for their basis, but one is common, familiar, and practical nature, the other beautiful, elevated, and ideal nature, the latter as different from

* Philosophical Essay on the Delivery of Written Language.

the former as the elegant step of a minuet is from the common motions in walking. Accordingly, we find, there are many who can read prose well, who are entirely at a loss for the pronunciation of verse."

PRACTICAL RULES FOR READING VERSE

RULE I —The first general rule in reading *VERSE* is, that we ought to give it that measured and harmonious flow of sound which distinguishes it from *PROSE*, without falling into that bombastic and chanting pronunciation which renders it ridiculous.

RULE II —In verse every syllable should have the same accent, and every word the same emphasis, as in *prose*, for though the rhythmical arrangement of the accent and emphasis is the very definition of poetry, yet, if this arrangement tends to give an emphasis to words which would have none in *prose*, or an accent to such syllables as have properly no accent, the rhythm, or music of the verse, must in such cases be entirely neglected. Thus the words or syllables marked in *italics* in the following sentences should have no accent or stress, though placed in that part of the verse where the ear requires it.

EXAMPLES.

- 1 Of all the causes which conspire to blind
Man's erring judgment and misguide the mind,
What *the* weak head with strongest bias rules,
Is pride, the never-failing vice of fools
- 2 Ask of thy mother earth, why oaks are made
Taller and stronger *than* the weeds they shade
- 3 Eye nature's walks, shoot folly *as* it flies,
And catch the minutes living *as* they rise
- 4 False eloquence, like *the* prismatic glass,
Its gaudy colours spreads on every place
- 5 Then praise is still, the style is excellent ·
The sense they humbly take upon content.

In the first of the preceding sentences, for example, an injudicious reader of verse would be very apt to lay a stress upon the article *the* in the third line, because the ear, in conformity with the measure of the verse, expects an accented syllable in that position, but a good reader would be sure to disregard the metrical accent in this case, and give the word the pronunciation it would have in *prose*. The same may be observed with regard to the words and syllables marked in *italics* in the other examples.

In some cases, however, it seems judicious to make a kind of compromise between the metrical and prosaic accent, that is, so to pronounce the syllable that neither of them shall be predominant, thus—

Our *sûprême* foe, in time may much relent
 Encamp their legions, or with *obsécure* wing

But in cases like the following, in which the poet has purposely violated the harmony of his numbers, in order to make the harshness of the words correspond to the idea they suggest, no attempt should be made to rectify the metrical accentuation.

On a sudden open fly,
 With *impetuous* recoil, and jarring sound,
 The infernal doors, and on their hinges grate
 Harsh thunder !

RULE III —The vowels *e* and *o* when omitted by apostrophe, should nevertheless be preserved in the pronunciation. And it will be easy to do this, both in these, and in many other cases, without increasing the number of syllables to the ear, or sensibly affecting the harmony of the verse

EXAMPLES

- 1 'Tis hard to say, if greater want of skill
 Appear in writing or in judging ill,
 But of the two less *dangerous* is *th'* offence,
 To tire our patience, than mislead our sense
- 2 Say what the use, were finer optics given,
T' inspect a mite, not comprehend the heaven
- 3 Delightful task ! to rear the tender thought,
 To teach the young idea how to shoot,
 To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind,
 To breathe *th' enlivening* spirit, and to fix
 The *gen'rous* purpose in the glowing breast
4. And had bade
 Thy flood to chronicle the ages back,
 And notch His *cent'ries* in *th'* eternal rocks.

RULE IV —Almost every line of verse admits of a pause in or near the middle of it, which is called the CÆSURA *. In reading verse this pause must be carefully observed, otherwise much of the distinctness, and almost all the harmony will be lost.

* The usual and best place for the *cæsura* is about the middle of the line, but it may occur in any part of it, and in some lines it does not occur at all, for if the sense forbids it, no pause should be made. The shorter kinds of measure are entirely without it

EXAMPLES

1. Warms in the sun/ refreshes in the breeze,
Glow in the stair/ and blossoms in the trees,
Lives through all life/ extends through all extent,
Spreads undivided/ operates unspent
- 2 Our plenteous streams/ a various race supply,
The bright-eyed perch/ with fins of Tyrian dye,
The silver eel/ in shining volumes rolled,
The yellow carp/ in scales bedropped with gold
- 3 So when an angel/ by divine command,
With rising tempests/ shakes a guilty land.

RULE V — Though the sense may require no pause at the end of a line in poetry, there should notwithstanding be a slight pause made, so as to give notice that the line is ended. Such a pause is called the FINAL PAUSE, and in most cases, a slight protraction and suspension of the voice on the closing syllable will be sufficient to mark it.

EXAMPLES.

- 1 'Tis with our judgments as our watches, none/
Go just alike, yet each believes his own
- 2 So much they hate the crowd, that if the throng/
By chance go right, they purposely go wrong
- 3 And over them triumphant death his dart/
Shook, but delayed to strike
- 4 At his command th' uprooted hills retired/
Each to his place, they heard his voice and went/
Obsequious, heaven his wonted face renewed,
And with pale flow'ets hill and valley smiled

RULE VI — Verses which rhyme should obviously be so read as to make the ends of the lines quite perceptible to the ear.

With regard to the FINAL PAUSE in poetry Walker observes.

"Mr Sheridan in his 'Art of Reading' has insisted largely on the necessity of making a pause at the end of a line in poetry whether the sense requires it or not, which he says has hitherto escaped the observation of all writers on the subject, and this he observes is so necessary, that without it we change the verse into prose. It is with diffidence that I dissent from such an authority, especially as I have heard it approved by persons of great judgment and taste * I must own, however, that the necessity of this pause, where the sense does not require it, is not so evident to me as to remove every doubt about it"

* "I asked Dr Louth, Mr. Garrick, and Dr. Johnson about the propriety of this pause, and they all agreed with Mr. Sheridan, but great names are nothing where the matter in question is open to experiment, and to this experiment I appeal."

RULE VII — A SIMILE in poetry should be read in a lower tone of voice than that part of the passage which precedes it.

EXAMPLES.

'Twas then great Marlborough's mighty soul was proved,
That, in the shock of charging hosts unmoved,
Amidst confusion, horror, and despair,
Examined all the dreadful scenes of war;
In peaceful thought the field of death surveyed,
To fainting squadrons sent the timely aid,
Inspired repulsed battalions to engage,
And taught the doubtful battle where to rage
So when an angel by divine command,
With rising tempests shakes a guilty land,
(Such as of late o'er pale Britannia past,)
Calm and serene he drives the furious blast,
And pleased th' Almighty's order to perform,
Rides on the whirlwind, and directs the storm

He above the rest,
In shape and gesture proudly eminent,
Stood like a tower His form had not yet lost
All her original brightness, nor appeared
Less than archangel ruined, and the excess
Of glory obscured, as when the sun new risen
Looks through the horizontal misty air
Shorn of his beams or from behind the moon
In dim eclipse disastrous twilight sheds
On half the nations, and with fear of change
Perplexes monarchs.

In the preceding example there are two similes in succession, the first beginning *as when the sun*, the second, *or from behind the moon*. The latter should be pronounced in a still lower tone than the former, and both nearly in a monotone. See page 62, b

RULE VIII — In sublime, grand, and magnificent descriptions in poetry the voice has less variety of inflection, and is more inclined to the monotone.

EXAMPLES.

High on a throne of royal state, which far
Outshone the wealth of Ormus and of Inde,
On where the gorgeous East, with richest hand,
Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold,
Satan exalted sat.

Methought I heard a voice cry, "Sleep no more"
Macbeth does murder sleep—the innocent sleep—
Sleep, that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care—
The death of each day's life—sore labour's bath—
Balm of hurt minds—great Nature's second course—
Chief nourisher in life's feast—
Still it cried—"Sleep no more!" to all the house
Glims hath murder'd sleep, and therefore Cawdor
Shall sleep no more—Macbeth shall sleep no more!

MODULATION OF THE VOICE

The following judicious observations on this important subject are from Walker's "Elements of Elocution"

"After a perfect idea is attained of the pause, emphasis, and inflection, with which we ought to pronounce every word, sentence, interrogation, climax, and different figure of speech, it will be absolutely necessary to be acquainted with the power, variety, and extent of the instrument, through which we convey them to others, for unless this instrument be in a proper pitch, whatever we pronounce will be feeble and unnatural, as it is only in a certain pitch that the voice can command the greatest variety of tones, so as to utter them with energy and ease."

"Every one has a certain pitch of voice, in which he is most easy to himself, and most agreeable to others, this may be called the NATURAL PITCH *this is the pitch in which we converse*; and this must be the basis of every improvement we acquire from art and exercise for such is the force of exercise upon the organs of speech, as well as every other in the human body, that constant practice will strengthen the voice in any key we use it to, even though this happen not to be the most natural and easy at first. This is abundantly proved by the strong vociferation which the itinerant retailers in the streets acquire after a few years' practice. Whatever key they happen to pitch upon at first is generally preserved, and the voice in that note becomes wonderfully strong and sonorous but as the 'Spectator' humorously observes, their articulation is generally so indistinct, that we understand what they sell, not so much by the words as the tune."

"As constant exercise is of such importance to strengthen the voice, care should be taken, that we exercise it on that part where it has naturally the greatest power and variety. This is the MIDDLE TONE; *the tone we habitually make use of, when we converse with, or speak to, persons at a moderate distance*, for if we call out to one who is so far

off as to be almost out of hearing, we naturally raise our voice to a higher key, as well as swell it upon that key to a much greater degree of loudness, as, on the contrary, if we wish to be heard only by a single person in company, we naturally let fall our voice into a low key, and abate the force of it, so as to keep it from being heard by any but the person we are speaking to

"In this situation nature dictates, but the situation of the public speaker is a situation of art, he not only wishes to be heard, but to be heard with energy and ease, for this purpose, his voice must be powerful in that key which is easiest to him, in that which he will most naturally fall into, and which he will certainly have the most frequent occasion to use, and this is the middle tone

"But before we enter farther on this subject, it seems absolutely necessary to obviate a very common mistake with respect to the voice, which may lead to an incurable error, and that is the confounding of high and low with loud and soft. These plain differences are as often jumbled together as accent and quantity, though to much worse purpose

"Those who understand ever so little of music, know that high and loud, and soft and low, are by no means necessarily connected, and that we may be very soft in a high note, and very loud in a low one, just as a small stroke on a bell may have exactly the same note as a slight one, though it is considerably louder. But to explain this difference to those who are unacquainted with music, we may say, that a *HIGH TONE* is *that we naturally assume when we wish to be heard at a distance*, as the same degree of force is more audible in a high, than in a low tone, from the acuteness of the former, and the gravity of the latter, and that a *LOW TONE* is *that we naturally assume when we are speaking to a person at a small distance, and wish not to be heard by others*, as a low tone with the same force is less audible than a high one, it, therefore, we raise our voice to the pitch we should naturally use if we were calling to a person at a great distance, and at the same time exert so small a degree of force as to be heard only by a person who is near us, we shall have an example of a high note in a soft tone, and on the contrary, if we suppose ourselves speaking to a person at a small distance, and wish to be heard by those who are at a greater, in this situation we shall naturally sink the voice into a low note, and throw just as much force or loudness into it as is necessary to make it audible to the persons at a distance. This is exactly the manner which actors speak the speeches that are spoken aside. The low tone conveys the idea of speaking to a person near us, and the loud tone enables us to convey this idea to a distance. By this experiment we perceive, that high and loud, and soft and low, though most frequently associated, are essentially distinct from each other

"Such however, is the nature of the human voice, that to begin in the extremes of high and low are not equally dangerous. The voice naturally slides into a higher tone, when we want to speak louder, but not so easily into a lower tone, when we would speak more softly. Experience shows us, that we can raise our voice at pleasure to any pitch it is capable of, but the same experience tells us, that it requires infinite art and practice to bring the voice to a lower key when it is once

raised too high. It ought therefore to be a first principle with all public readers and speakers, rather to begin *under* the common level of their voice than above it. The attention of an auditory at the commencement of a lecture or oration, makes the softest accents of the speaker audible, at the same time that it affords a happy occasion for introducing a variety of voice, without which every address must soon tire. A repetition of the same subject a thousand times over, is not more tiresome to the understanding, than a monotonous delivery of the most varied subject to the ear. Poets, to produce variety, alter the structure of their verse and rather hazard uncountness and discord than sameness. Prose writers change the style, turn, and structure of their periods, and sometimes throw in exclamations, and sometimes interrogations, to rouse and keep alive the attention, but all this art is entirely thrown away, if the reader does not enter into the spirit of his author, and by a similar kind of genius, render even variety itself more various, if he does not, by an alteration in his voice, manner, tone, gesture, loudness, softness, quickness, slowness, adopt every change of which the subject is susceptible.

"Every one, therefore, who would acquire a variety of tone in public reading or speaking, must avoid as the greatest evil a loud and vociferous beginning, and for that purpose it would be prudent in a reader or speaker to adapt his voice as if only to be heard by the person who is nearest to him, if his voice has natural strength, and the subject any thing impassioned in it, a higher and louder tone will insensibly steal on him, and his greatest address must be directed to keeping it within bounds. For this purpose it will be frequently necessary for him to recall his voice, as it were, from the extremities of his auditory, and direct it to those who are nearest to him. This it will be proper to do almost at the beginning of every paragraph in reading, and at the introduction of every part of the subject in discourse. Nothing will so powerfully work on the voice, as supposing ourselves conversing at different intervals with different parts of the audience.

"A celebrated writer* on this subject directs a reader or speaker, upon his first addressing his auditory, to fix his eyes upon that part of them from which he is the farthest, and to pitch his voice so as to reach them. This, I fear, would be attended with very ill consequences if the assembly were very large, as a speaker would be strongly tempted to *raise* his voice, as well as increase its force, and by this means begin in a key much too high for the generality of his auditory, or for his own powers to continue it. The safest rule, therefore, is certainly to begin, as it were, with those of the assembly that are nearest to us; and if the voice be but articulate, however low the key may be, it will still be audible, and those who have a sufficient strength of voice for a public auditory, find it so much more difficult to bring *down* than raise the pitch, that they will not wonder I employ my chief care to guard against an error by far the most common, as well as the most dangerous.

"Much, undoubtedly, will depend on the size and structure of the place we speak in: some are so immensely large, as many of our churches and cathedrals, that the voice is nearly as much dissipated as in the open

* He alludes to Sheridan.

air, and often with the additional inconvenience of a thousand confused echoes and re-echoes. Here a loud and vociferous speaker will render himself unintelligible in proportion to his exertion of voice as departing and commencing sounds will encounter each other, and defeat every intention of distinctness and harmony.

"Nothing but good articulation will make a speaker audible in this situation, and a judicious attention to that tone of voice which is most suitable to the size and imperfections of the place. If the place we speak in be but small it will be scarcely necessary to observe that the loudness of the voice should be in proportion. Those who have not ears sufficiently delicate to discern the true quantity of sound necessary to fill the place they speak in, ought to take every possible method to acquire so essential a qualification.

"In order to reduce the foregoing observations to practice, it may not be unprofitable to attend to the following rules —

"**RULE I** —To gain a habit of lowering the voice, it will be necessary to drop the voice to a lower key upon the end of one sentence, and to commence the next sentence in the same low key with which we concluded the former: for this purpose, it will be necessary to select sentences where this pronunciation is eligible, and practise upon them.

EXAMPLES

"Our sight is the most perfect and most delightful of all our senses. It fills the mind with the largest variety of ideas, converses with its objects at the greatest distance, and continues the longest in action without being tired or satiated with its proper enjoyments. The sense of feeling can indeed give us a notion of extension, shape, and all other ideas that enter at the eye, except colours, but at the same time it is very much straitened and confined in its operations to the number, bulk, and distance of its particular objects — *Spectator*, No. 411.

"I shall first consider those pleasures of the imagination which arise from the actual view and survey of outward objects, and these, I think, all proceed from the sight of what is great, uncommon, or beautiful. There may, indeed, be something so terrible or offensive that the horror or loathsomeness of the object may overbear the pleasure which results from its greatness, novelty, or beauty, but still there will be such a mixture of delight in the very disgust it gives us, as any of these three qualifications are most conspicuous and prevailing — *Spectator*, No. 412.

"*The sense of feeling*, in the first example, and *there may indeed*, in the second, may very properly commence in a low tone of voice, as this tone is generally suitable to the concession contained in each of the sentences.

"Similes in poetry form proper examples for gaining a habit of lowering the voice — See page 71 for Examples.

"**RULE II** —This lowering of the voice will be greatly facilitated if we begin the words we wish to lower the voice upon, in a MONOTONE, or sameness of sound — See page 51 for Examples.

"**RULE III** —As few voices are perfect—those which have a good bottom often wanting a top, and inversely—care should be taken to improve by practice that part of the voice which is most deficient, for instance, if we want to gain a bottom, we ought to practise speeches which require exertion, a little below the common pitch, when we can

do this with ease, we may practise them on a little lower note, and so on till we are as low as we desire, for this purpose, it will be necessary to repeat such passages as require a full, audible tone of voice, in a low key of this kind is the speech of King John to Hubert, where he takes him aside, and tempts him to undertake the death of Prince Arthur.—*See Shakespeare's King John, Act iii, Scene 5*

“Almost every part of this fine passage affords an opportunity of practising to speak with force and energy upon a lower tone of the voice, for the whole scene may be considered as only an earnest whisper, but as this whisper must be heard by a whole audience, it is necessary, while we lower the pitch, to add to the force of the voice—this, however, is no easy operation, and none but good readers and consummate actors can do it perfectly. It is no very difficult matter to be loud in a high tone of voice; but to be loud and forcible in a low tone, requires great practice and management.

“**RULE IV**—When we would strengthen the voice in a higher note, it will be necessary to practise such passages as require a high tone of voice, and if we find the voice grow thin, or approach to a squeak upon the high note, it will be proper to swell the voice a little below this high note, and to give it force and audibility by throwing it into a sameness of tone approaching the monotone. A speech of Titus Quintus to the Roman people, nominally encouraging them to the greatest excesses, is a good piazis for the higher tone of voice.

“When you are to contend with us, you can seize the Aventine hill, you can possess yourselves of the Mons Sacer, the enemy is at our gates, the Esquiline is near being taken, and nobody stirs to hinder it. But against us you are valiant, against us you can aim with all diligence. Come on then, besiege the senate-house, make a camp of the forum, fill the jails with our chief nobles, and when you have achieved these glorious exploits, then at the least, sally out at the Esquiline gate with the same fierce spirits against the enemy. Does your resolution fail you for this? Go then, and behold from our walls, your lands ravaged, your houses plundered and in flames, the whole country laid waste with fire and sword. Have you any thing here to repair these damages? Will the tribunes make up your losses to you? They will give you words as many as you please, bring impeachments in abundance against the prime men of the state, heap laws upon laws, assemblies you shall have without end, but will any of you return the richer from these assemblies? Extinguish, O Romans, these fatal divisions, generously break this cursed enchantment, which keeps you buried in a scandalous inaction. Open your eyes, and consider the management of those ambitious men, who, to make themselves powerful in their party, study nothing but how they may foment divisions in the commonwealth.

“There are few voices so strong in the upper notes as to be able to pronounce this speech with the spirit it demands, care must be taken, therefore, particularly in the ironical parts, to keep the voice from going too high, for which purpose it ought to approach to a monotone in the high notes required upon the words—*against us you are valiant—against us you can aim with all diligence*—and particularly upon the questions—*Does your resolution fail you for this? Have you any thing here to repair these damages? Will the tribunes make up your losses to you?*

And the same conduct of the voice must be observed upon the four succeeding ironical members

"But no exercise will be so proper to inure the voice to high notes as frequently to pronounce a succession of questions, which require the rising inflection of voice at the end, as in the following passage —

"What was the part of a faithful citizen? Of a prudent, an active, and honest minister? Was he not to secure Eubœa, as our defence against all attacks by sea? Was he not to make Boeotia our barrier on the mid-land side? The cities bordering on Peloponnesus, our bulwark on that quarter? Was he not to attend with due precaution to the importation of corn, that this trade might be protected through all its progress up to our own harbour? Was he not to cover those districts, which we commanded by reasonable detachments, as the Proconesus, the Cheisonesus, and Tenedos? To exert himself in the assembly for this purpose? While with equal zeal he laboured to gain others to our interest and alliance, as Byzantium, Abydos, and Eubœa? Was he not to cut off the best and most important resources of our enemies, and to supply those in which our country was defective?—And all this you gained by my counsels and my administration —*Leland's Demosthenes.*

"It will naturally occur to every judicious reader, that this series of questions ought to rise gradually in force as they proceed, and therefore it will be necessary to keep the voice under at the beginning to which this observation may be added, that as the rising inflection ought to be adopted on each question, the voice will be very apt to get too high near the end, for which purpose it will be necessary to swell the voice a little below its highest pitch, and if we cannot rise with ease and clearness on every particular to the last, we ought to augment the force on each, that the whole may form a species of climax

"RULE V —When we would strengthen the voice in the middle tone, it will be necessary to exercise the voice on very passionate speeches by pronouncing them in a loud tone, without suffering the voice to rise with the force, but preserving all the energy and loudness we are able, in the middle tone of voice

"The challenge of Macbeth to Banquo's ghost, is a proper passage for this exercise of the middle tone of voice

"What man dare I dare
Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
The arm'd rhinoceros or Hyrcanian tiger,
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble Be alive again,
And dare me to the desert with thy sword,
If trembling I inhabit, then protest me
The baby of a gull. Hence, horrible shadow,
Unequal match'd, hence!

"RULE VI —When we have exerted the voice to the highest pitch, it will be necessary to bring it down to a lower, by beginning the succeeding sentence in a lower tone of voice, if the nature of the sentence will permit, and if we are speaking extempore, it will be proper to form the sentence in such a manner as to make it naturally require a lower tone.

THE PASSIONS.

The following observations on this subject are also from Walker's "Elements of Elocution"—

"It now remains to say something of those tones which mark the passions and emotions of the speaker. These are entirely independent of the modulation of the voice, though often confounded with it: for modulation relates only to speaking either loudly or softly, in a high or a low key, while the tones of the passions or emotions mean only that *quality* of sound that indicates the feelings of the speaker, without any reference to the pitch or loudness of his voice, and it is in being easily susceptible of every passion and emotion that presents itself, and being able to express them with that peculiar quality of sound which belongs to them, that the great art of reading and speaking consists. When we speak our own words, and are really impassioned by the occasion of speaking, the passion or emotion precedes the words, and adopts such tones as are suitable to the passion we feel, but when we read, or repeat from memory, the passion is to be taken up as the words occur, and in doing this well, the whole difficulty of reading or repeating from memory lies

"But it will be demanded, how are we to acquire that peculiar quality of sound that indicates the passion we wish to express? The answer is easy by feeling the passion which expresses itself by that peculiar quality of sound. But the question will return, how are we to acquire a feeling of the passion? The answer to this question is rather discouraging, as it will advise those who have not a power of impassioning themselves upon reading or expressing some very pathetic passage, to turn their studies to some other department of learning, where nature may have been more favourable to their wishes. But is there no method of assisting us in acquiring the tone of the passion we want to express, no method of exciting the passion in ourselves when we wish to express it to others? The advice of Quintilian and Cicero on this occasion is, to represent to our imagination, in the most lively manner possible, all the most striking circumstances of the transaction we describe, or of the passion we wish to feel. 'Thus,' says Quintilian, 'if I complain of the fate of a man who has been assassinated, may I not paint in my mind a lively picture of all that has probably happened on the occasion? Shall not the assassin appear to rush forth suddenly from his lurking-place? Shall not the other appear seized with horrors? Shall he not cry out, beg his life, or fly to save it? Shall not I see the assassin dealing the deadly blow, and the defenceless wretch falling dead at his feet? Shall not I figure to my mind, and by a lively impression, the blood gushing from his wounds, his ghastly face, his groans, and the last gasp he fetches?"

"But our natural feelings are not always to be commanded; and, when they are, they stand in need of the regulation and embellishments of art, it is the business, therefore, of every reader and speaker in public, to acquire such tones and gestures as nature gives to the passions, that he may be able to produce the semblance of them when he is not actually impassioned.

"Mr. Burke has a very ingenious thought on this subject in his 'Origin

of our Ideas of the Sublime and Beautiful.' He observes, that there is such a connexion between the internal feeling of a passion and the external expression of it, that we cannot put ourselves in the posture or attitude of any passion, without communicating a certain degree of the passion itself to the mind. The same may be observed of the tone of voice which is peculiar to each passion: each passion produces an agitation of the body, which is accompanied by a correspondent agitation of the mind, certain sounds naturally produce certain bodily agitations, similar to those produced by the passions, and hence music has power over the mind, and can dispose it alternately to joy or sorrow, to pity or revenge. When the voice, therefore, assumes that tone which a musician would produce, in order to express certain passions or sentiments in a song, the speaker, like the performer on a musical instrument, is wrought upon by the sound he creates, and, though active at the beginning, at length becomes passive, by the sound of his own voice on himself. Hence it is, that though we frequently begin to read or speak, without feeling any of the passion we wish to express, we often end in full possession of it. This may serve to show the necessity of studying and imitating those tones, looks, and gestures that accompany the passions, that we may dispose ourselves to feel them mechanically, and improve our expression of them when we feel them spontaneously, for by the imitation of the passion, we meet it, as it were, half way."

The following observations on the same subject are from Sheridan's "Art of Speaking"—

"NATURE has given to every emotion of the mind its proper outward expression in such manner, that what suits one cannot, by any means, be accommodated to another. Children at three years of age express their grief in a tone of voice, and with an action totally different from that which they use to express their anger, and they utter their joy in a manner different from both. Nor do they ever, by mistake, apply one in place of another. From hence, that is, from nature, is to be deduced the whole art of speaking properly. What we mean does not so much depend upon the words we speak, as on our manner of speaking them, and accordingly, in life, the greatest attention is paid to this, as expressive of what our words often give no indication of. Thus nature fixes the outward expression of every intention or sentiment of the mind. Art only adds gracefulness to what nature leads to. As nature has determined that man shall walk on his feet, not his hands, art teaches him to walk gracefully."

"Every part of the human frame contributes to express the passions and emotions of the mind, and to show, in general, its present state. The head is sometimes erected, sometimes hung down, sometimes drawn suddenly back with an air of disdain, sometimes shows by a nod, a particular person or object, gives assent or denial by different motions, threatens by one sort of movement, approves by another, and expresses suspicion by a third."

"The arms are sometimes both thrown out, sometimes the right alone. Sometimes they are lifted up as high as the face, to express wonder; sometimes held out before the breast, to show fear, spread forth with the hands open, to express desire or affection, the hands clapped in

surprise, and in sudden joy and grief, the right hand clenched, and the arms brandished, to threaten, the two arms set a-kimbo, to look big, and express contempt or courage. With the hands, as Quintilian says, we solicit, we refuse, we promise, we threaten, we dismiss, we invite, we entreat, we express aversion, fear, doubting, demand, asking, affirmation, negation, joy, grief, confession, penitence. And to express we describe, and point out all circumstances of time, place, and manner of what we relate, we excite the passions of others and soothe them, we approve and disapprove, permit, or prohibit, admire, or despise. The hands serve us instead of many sorts of words, and where the language of the tongue is unknown, that of the hands is understood, being universal, and common to all nations.

"The legs advance or retreat, to express desire, or aversion, love, or hatred, courage, or fear, and produce exultation, or leaping in sudden joy, and the stamping of the foot expresses earnestness, anger, and threatening.

"Especially the face, being furnished with a variety of muscles, does more in expressing the passions of the mind than the whole human frame besides. The change of colour (in white people) shows by turns anger by redness, and sometimes by paleness, fear likewise by paleness, and shame by blushing. Every feature contributes its part. The mouth open, shows one state of the mind, shut, another, the gnashing of the teeth, another. The forehead smooth, and eyebrows arched and easy, show tranquillity or joy. Mouth opens the mouth towards the ears, crisps the nose, half shuts the eyes, and sometimes fills them with tears. The forehead wrinkled into frowns, and the eyebrows overhanging the eyes, like clouds, fraught with tempest, show a mind agitated with fury. Above all, the eye shows the very spirit in a visible form. In every different state of mind it assumes a different appearance. Joy brightens and opens it, grief half closes, and drowns it in tears, hatred and anger flash from it like lightning, love darts from it in glances, like the orient beam, jealousy and squinting envy dart their contagious blasts from the eye, and devotion raises it to the skies, as if the soul of the holy man were going to take its flight to heaven.

"The force of attitude and looks alone appears in a wondrously striking manner in the works of the painter and statuary, who have the delicate art of making the flat canvass and rocky marble utter every passion of the human mind, and touch the soul of the spectator, as if the picture or statue spoke the pathetic language of Shakspeare. It is no wonder, then, that masterly action joined with powerful elocution should be irresistible. And the variety of expression by looks and gestures is so great that, as it is well known, a whole play can be represented without a word spoken.

"Though it may be alleged, that a great deal of gesture or action at the bar or in the pulpit, especially the latter, is not wanted, nor is quite in character, it is yet certain, that there is no part of the man that has not its proper attitude. The eyes are not to be rolled along the ceiling, as if the speaker thought himself in duty bound to take care how the flies behave themselves. Nor are they to be constantly cast down upon the ground, as if he were before his judge receiving sentence of death. Nor

to be fixed upon one point, as if he saw a ghost. The arms of the preacher are not to be needlessly thrown out, as if he were drowning in the pulpit, or brandished after the manner of the ancient pugilists or boxers, exercising themselves by fighting with their own shadow, to prepare them for the Olympic contests. Nor, on the contrary, are his hands to be pocketed up, nor his arms to hang by his sides as lank as if they were both withered. The head is not to stand fixed, as if the speaker had a perpetual crick in his neck. Nor is it to nod at every third word, as if he were acting Jupiter, or his would-be son Alexander.*

"A judicious speaker is master of such a variety of decent and natural motion, and has such a command of attitude, that he will not be long enough in one posture to offend the eye of the spectator. The matter he has to pronounce will suggest the propriety of changing from time to time his look, his posture, his motion, and tone of voice, which if they were to continue too long the same, would become tedious and unsome to the beholders. Yet he is not to be every moment changing posture, like a harlequin, nor throwing his hands about as if he were showing legerdemain tricks.

"Modesty ought ever to be conspicuous in the behaviour of all who are obliged to exhibit themselves before the eye of the public. Whatever of gesture or exertion of voice such persons use, they ought to appear plainly to be drawn into them by the importance, spirit, or humour of the matter. If the speaker uses any arts of delivery which appear plainly to be studied, the effect will be, that his awkward attempts to work upon the passions of his hearers by means of which he is not master will render him odious and contemptible to them. With what stiff and pedantic solemnity do some public speakers utter thoughts so trifling as to be hardly worth uttering at all! And what unnatural and unsuitable tones of voice and gesticulations do others apply in delivering what by their manner of delivering one would be apt to question, not only whether it is their own composition, but whether they really understand it."

The writer then proceeds to describe the principal PASSIONS and AFFECTIONS of the mind, and to give rules for the proper expression of them, with regard to looks, tones, and gestures. As the object of this Compilation is to teach READING, and not the histrionic art, we shall omit those descriptions and rules. We shall, however, in the First Part of our book avail ourselves of the PRACTICAL LESSONS which he has added in illustration of them, because we are convinced that they are admirably well calculated to make GOOD READERS. These lessons are contained in a book called "The Art of Speaking," which has been out of print for upwards of sixty years, at least, we have never been able to procure more than one copy of it, and the date of its publication is 1784. It is also described as the *Sixth Edition*, and was printed, as is stated, for the Dublin

* As represented in Dryden's Ode.

booksellers * In this compilation all the emphatic words are printed in *italics*, and the several passions and humours are noted in the margin as they occur From what has been said of the nature of EMPHASIS (page 32), it is obviously wrong to give one and the same mark to all the emphatic words in a sentence or passage This would lead the learner to pronounce them all with the same degree of force, though the relative importance of each in the same sentence must be different But though this would be a great fault in reading, yet it would be perfection itself, compared with the monotonous and drawling manner of reading which so many young persons are suffered to fall into at school Far better to pronounce the emphatic words with a little more or less force than they are entitled to, than to make no distinction whatever between the pronunciation of emphatic and non-emphatic words The GREAT RULE for GOOD READING, which we have so often repeated, will, if carefully attended to, enable the reader to guard against both these errors, and it will also, it is obvious, render it unnecessary to distinguish the emphatic words by *italics*, or by any other system of notation

But though we consider it unnecessary and objectionable to mark the emphatic words in every lesson, as has been done in 'The Art of Speaking,' yet we are convinced that a proper use of a few such lessons would do more to break up the rigid monotony of *school-reading* than any precepts or instructions that could be given With this view we have inserted a considerable number of these lessons in the First Part of our Compilation, to which the reader can refer

* We have assumed that the compilation called "The Art of Speaking" was by Sheridan, though his name does not appear in the title-page The "*Essay*" prefixed to it, and to which constant reference is made throughout the "*Lessons*," appears among Sheridan's works Walker was not aware that this compilation was by Sheridan, as appears from the following observations, which we have quoted from his "*Elements of Elocution*"—"In the following explanation and description of the passions I have been greatly indebted to a very ingenious performance called 'The Art of Speaking,' this work, though not without its imperfections, is on a plan the most useful that has hitherto been adopted. The passions are first described, then passages are produced which contain the several passions, and these passions are marked in the margin as they promiscuously occur in the passage." In other parts of the same work he names Sheridan when speaking of his writings

LITERARY CLASS BOOK.

PART FIRST.¹

I — HISTORICAL NARRATION ²

THE *Trojans* (³ if we may believe *tradition*) were Narration the *first founders* of the *Roman commonwealth*, who under the conduct of *Aeneas*, having made their *escape* from their own ruined country, arrived in *Italy*, and there for some time led a *rambling* and *unsettled life*, without any *fixed* place of abode, among the *natives*, and *uncultivated* people, who had neither *laws* nor regular *government*, but were wholly *free* from all *rule* or *restraint*. This *mixed multitude*, however, *crowding* together into *one city*, though originally *different* in *extraction*, *language*, and *customs*, united into one body, in a *surprisingly*⁴ *short* space of time. And as their little state came to be *improved* by *additional numbers*, by *policy*, and by

[¹ This part of our Compilation consists of lessons selected from Sheridan's "Art of Speaking." The emphatic or more important words in each sentence are printed in *italics*, and the several passions and humours are marked in the margin as they occur. The NOTES at foot are also by Sheridan, with the exception of those included between brackets, which have been added by us — See page 82.]

² Narration requires very little of what is properly called *expression* in pronouncing it, I have, however, ordered the *emphatical words* in this, and all the *lessons*, to be printed in *italics*, for the reader's help.

³ Of the manner of pronouncing matter contained in a *parenthesis*, see the Essay, p. 19.

⁴ A small *elevation* of the voice will be proper here, to express moderate *wonder*.

Narration extent of *territory*, and seemed likely to make a *figure* among the *nations*; according to the common *course* of *things*, the appearance of *prosperity* drew upon them the *envy* of the *neighbouring states*; so that the princes and people who *bordored* upon them began to seek occasions of *quarrelling* with them. The *alliances* they could form were but *few*; for most of the *neighbouring states* *avoided embroiling* themselves on their account. The Romans seeing that they had *nothing to trust to* but their *own conduct*, found it necessary¹ to *bestir themselves* with great *diligence*, to make *vigorous preparations*, to *excite one another*, to face their *enemies* in the *field*, and to hazard their *lives* in defence of their *liberty*, their *country*, and their *families*. And when by their valour they had *repulsed the enemy*, they gave assistance to their *allies*, and gained friendships by *often giving*² and *seldom demanding favours* of that sort. They had, by this time, established a *regular form of government*, to wit, the *monarchical*, and a *senate*, consisting of men *advanced in years*, and grown *wise by experience*, though *infirm of body*, *consulted* with their *kings* upon all *important matters*, and, on account of their age and care of their country, were called *Fathers*. Afterwards, when *kingly power*, which was originally established for the *preservation of liberty*, and the *advantage of the state*, came to degenerate into *lawless tyranny*, they found it necessary to *alter the form of government*, and to put the *supreme power* into the hands of *two chief magistrates* to be held for *one year only*; hoping, by *this con-*

¹ This sentence is to be spoken somewhat *quicker* than the rest, to express *earnestness*.

² The words *often giving*, and *seldom demanding*, being in antithesis to one another, must be expressed with such an *emphasis* as may point out the antithesis, or opposition.

trivance, to prevent the *bad effects* naturally arising from the *exorbitant* licentiousness of princes, and the *undefeasible tenure* by which they *generally imagine* they hold their *sovereignty*, &c.—*Sallust*.¹

II.—NARRATION.

DIONYSIUS, the tyrant of Sicily, showed *how far* he *Narration*. was from being *happy*, even whilst he *abounded* in *riches*, and all the *pleasures* which *riches* can *procure*. Damocles, one of his flatterers, was complimenting him upon his *power*, his *treasures*, and the *magnificence* of his *royal state*, and affirming, that no monarch *ever* was *greater* or *happier* than *he*. “Have you a *Questioning*. mind, Damocles,” says the king, “to *taste* this *happiness*, and know by *experience* what my *enjoyments* are, of which you have so *high* an *idea*?” Damocles *gladly* accepted the *offer*, upon which the king ordered that a *royal banquet* should be prepared, and a *gilded couch* placed for him, covered with rich embroidery, and side-boards loaded with *gold* and *silver plate* of *immense value*. Pages of extraordinary *beauty* were ordered to wait on him at table, and to obey his commands with the *greatest readi-*

¹ The reader is, once for all, desired to take notice, that I have not scrupled to *alter* both the *sense* and the *words* in many, if not most, of the following passages, taken both from the ancients and the moderns. For my design was to put together a set of lessons *useful for practice*, which did not restrict me to the *very words* of any author. I have endeavoured to make each lesson a *complete piece*, which obliged me to insert matter of my own. I have excluded *improper sentiments*, and have substituted *modern expressions* for some antiquated ones which I thought young people would be puzzled to understand, and I have inserted a few *fancies* which occurred to me in copying out some of the passages, to render them more diverting to youth, whose taste long experience has given me some knowledge of.

ness and the most *profound submission*. Neither *ointments*, *chaplets of flowers*, nor rich *perfumes* were wanting. The table was loaded with the most *exquisite delicacies* of *every kind*. Damocles fancied himself amongst the *gods*. In the midst of all his happiness he sees let down from the roof exactly over his neck,¹ as he lay indulging himself in state, a *glittering sword* hung by a single hair. The sight of *destruction* thus *threatening* him from on high soon put a *stop* to his *joy and revelling*. The *pomp* of his *attendants*, and the *glitter* of the *carved plate*, gave him no longer *any pleasure*. He *dreads* to *stretch* forth his hand to the *table*. He throws off the chaplet², of roses. He *hastens* to *remove* from his *dangerous situation*, and at last *begs* the *king* to restore him to his *form* & *humble condition*, having no desire to enjoy any longer such a *dreadful* kind of happiness.

III — ARGUING ²

No one who has made the *smallest progress* in *mathematics* can avoid observing, that *mathematical demonstrations* are accompanied with *such a kind* of *evidence* as overcomes obstinacy *insuperable* by many *other* kinds of reasoning. Hence it is that so many learned men have laboured to illustrate other sciences with *this* sort of evidence; and it is certain, that the study of mathematics has given light to sciences *very*

¹ The ancients reclined on *couches* while at dinner.

² *Arguing* requires a cool, sedate, attentive aspect, and a clear, slow, emphatical accent, with much demonstration by the hand. It differs from *Teaching* in this, that the look of authority is not wanting in *Arguing*. [Walker says, "*Arguing* assumes somewhat of authority, as if fully convinced of the truth of what it pleads for, and sometimes rises to great vehemence and energy of assertion."]

little connected with them. But *what* will not wrong-headed men abuse! This advantage, which *mathematical reasoning* has for discovering *truth*, hath given occasion to *some* to reject *truth itself*, though supported by the most *unexceptionable arguments*. Contenting that nothing is to be taken for *truth* but what is proved by *mathematical demonstration*, they in many cases take away *every criterion* of truth, while they boast that they defend the only *infallible one*.

But how easy is it to show the absurdity of such Questioning
a way of philosophizing? Ask those gentlemen whether they have any more *doubt* that there were in former times such men as *Alexander* and *Cæsar*, than whether *all the angles* of a plane triangle amount to the sum of *one hundred and eighty degrees*, they *cannot pretend* that they believe the *latter at all more firmly* than the *former*, yet they have *geometrical demonstration* for the *latter*, and nothing more than mere *moral evidence* for the *former*. Does not this show that many things to be received are *actually* received even by *themselves*, for *truth*, for *certain truth*, which are not capable of *mathematical demonstration*?

There is, therefore, an evidence *different* from Arguing
mathematical, to which we *cannot deny* our *assent*, and it is called by later philosophers *moral evidence*, as the *persuasion* arising from it is called *moral certainty*—a certainty as *real* and as much to be *depended upon* as *mathematical*, though of a *different species*. Nor is there any more *difficulty* in conceiving how this may be than in conceiving that two buildings may be both *sufficiently substantial*, and to all the intents and purposes of buildings *equally so*, though the one may be of *marble* and the other of *Portland stone*.

The object of mathematics is *quantity*. The

a *twinge* of the *toothache*, or an *affront* from an *inferior*, make the mighty *Cæsar* forget that he was emperor of the world?—*Montaigne*.

VI.—COMPLAINT

Humorous petition of a French gentleman to the king, who had given him a title, to which his income was not equal, by reason of the weight of the taxes levied from his estate. [After acknowledging the honour done him by the king's conferring on him a title, he goes on as follows]

YOUR Majesty has only made me *more unhappy* by giving me a title; for there is nothing more *pitiable* than a gentleman laden with a *knapsack*. This *empty sound*, which I was such a *fool* as to be *ambitious* of, does not keep away *hunger*. I know well enough, that *glory* makes us *live* after we are dead, but in *this world* a man has but a *poor* time of it, if he has not a bit of *bread* to put in his mouth. I had but a *little* bit of land on the banks of the Rhone, on which I made a *shift* to *live*. But as it is *now tired*, *anybody* may have it from me; for I suppose I shall soon, with my *title* and *estate*, be glad of an *alms-house* for my *seat*. I have no *resources*, if there be a prosecution commenced against me, as they threaten, but in your Majesty's *goodness*. If indeed my fate is to be decided by *that*, I am in no danger, but shall *laugh* at them *all*. If your Majesty were to seize my *poor patrimony whole*, what would a few *acres* of *marsh land* be to the mighty monarch of *France* and *Navarre*? It bears nothing but *willows*. and your Majesty values *no trees* but the *laurel*. I therefore *beseech* your Majesty to give me leave to enjoy what my *little spot brings in*, without *deduction*. All that a *poor subject* asks of your Majesty is, that your Majesty would *ask nothing of him*.

VII — PETITIONING WITH DEJECTION.

Presented to the French king by a disgraced minister

BEING *weary* of the *useless life* I live at present, I Dejection.
 take the liberty of *imploring*, with *profound submission*,
 your *Majesty*, that I may have leave to seek an
honourable death in your Majesty's *service*. After
 the *disappointments* and *reverses* of *fortune* which I
 have had to *struggle* with, my *expectations* of rising Humble re-
again to *prosperity* are brought *low enough*. But it monstrance.
 would be a satisfaction to me that my *real character*
 were *known* to your Majesty, which if it were, I
 flatter myself I should have your Majesty's *indul-*
gence, nay your *esteem*. Refuse not, most *gracious* Beseeching.
Sovereign, the means for gaining this end to a man
 who is ready to shed his *blood* in proof of his *loyalty*
 and *affection* to your Majesty. Were my own *private*
interest alone concerned, I should be peculiarly
cautious how I intruded upon your Majesty with
 these *solicitations*. But as the *only happiness* I desire Earnest soli-
 in this *world* is to have an opportunity of *serving* my citation
king and *country*, I *humbly hope* I may be *forgiven*, &
 though I *urge* my *suit* with some *warmth* and *import-*
unity. I do not *presume*, *Sire*, to claim a *total ex-*
emption from *hardship*. I pretend to *no right* to
 live a life of *indulgence*. All I *ask* is, to change
one punishment for *another*. And I *beseech* your
 Majesty to have some consideration for my *past ser-*
vices; and that a *year's imprisonment*, *five years'*
exile, the *ruin* of my *fortune*, the *submission* with
 which I have *borne* these *punishments*, and the *zeal*
 I *still* am ready to show for your Majesty's *service*,
 may plead in my favour, and *disarm* your Majesty
 of your *indignation* against me. It is true, that in Humble re-
 making your Majesty the offer of my life, I offer monstrance.
 what is of *little value* even to *myself*. But it is all

I *have* to offer. The misfortune I have lain under, these *six years*, of your *Majesty's displeasure*, has rendered life *so insipid* to me, that, *besides* the honour of losing it in your *Majesty's service*, the prospect of an *end* being by *death* put to my *vexations*, makes the thought of my dissolution *pleasing* to me. If it *should seem good* to your Majesty to finish my distresses the *other way*, I mean by your most *gracious pardon*, the obligation will be *still greater*, and to the *zeal* I have for your Majesty's *interest*, I shall think myself obliged to add *gratitude* suitable to so *important a favour*. May *heaven* touch the *heart* of your *Majesty*, that you may *at last* forgive your *sincerely penitent subject*. *No one* knows better than your Majesty that it is *as great* to *forgive* as to *punish*. If I *alone* am doomed to have *no benefit* from that goodness, which extends to *so many*, my lot must be *peculiarly calamitous*.

VIII —DISCOURSING—INFORMATION.

Part of Socrates's speech to Montaigne, translated from the French "Dialogues of the Dead"

Antiquity is an object of a *peculiar sort* · distance magnifies it. If you had been personally acquainted with *Aristotle*, *Phocion*, and *me*, you would have found *nothing in us* very *different* from what you may find in people of your *own age*. What commonly prejudices us in *favour* of *antiquity* is, that we are prejudiced *against* our *own times*. We *raise* the ancients, that we may *depress* the moderns. When *we ancients* were *alive*, we *esteemed* our *ancestors* *more* than they *deserved*. And our *posterity* esteem *us* *more* than *we* *deserve*. But the *very truth* of the matter is, our *ancestors*, and *we* and our *posterity*, are *all very much alike*.

IX.—A LOVE-SICK SHEPHERD'S COMPLAINT.

<i>Ah-well-a-day how long must I endure</i>	Lamenta-
<i>This pining pain?¹ Or who shall speed my cure?</i>	tion.
<i>Fond love no cure will have; seeks no repose,</i>	Anguish.
<i>Delights in grief, nor any measure knows</i>	
<i>Lo! now the moon begins in clouds to rise,</i>	Complaint.
<i>The bright'ning stars bespangle all the skies,</i>	
<i>The winds are hush'd; the dews distil; and sleep</i>	
<i>Hath clos'd the eyelids of my weary sheep</i>	
<i>I only with the prowling wolf constrain'd</i>	Anguish
<i>All night to wake With hunger he is pain'd,</i>	
<i>And I with love His hunger he may tame,</i>	
<i>But who can quench,² O cruel Love! thy flame?</i>	
<i>Whilom did I, all as this poplar fan,³</i>	Lamenta-
<i>Upraise my heedless head, devoid of care;</i>	tion
<i>'Mong rustic routs the chief for wanton game;</i>	
<i>Nor could they merry make, till Lobbin came.</i>	
<i>Who better seen than I in shepherds' arts,</i>	
<i>To please the lads, and win the lasses' hearts?</i>	
<i>How deftly to mine oaten reed so sweet</i>	
<i>Wont they upon the green to shift their feet!</i>	
<i>And unlearn'd in the dance how would they yearn</i>	
<i>Some well-devised tale from me to learn!</i>	
<i>For many a song, and tale of mirth, had I</i>	
<i>To chase the loitering sun adown the sky</i>	
<i>But ah! since Lucy coy deep unought her spite</i>	
<i>Within my heart, unmindful of delight,</i>	
<i>The jolly youths I fly; and all alone</i>	
<i>To rocks and woods pour forth my fruitless moan</i>	

¹ The words *pining pain* cannot be spoken too slowly² These four lines are to be spoken slowly, and with a torpid uniformity of tone.³ The speaker is to seem roused here, as by a sudden pang.⁴ These four words to express extreme anguish⁵ A stop before and after the words, *O cruel love*, which are to be expressed with exclamation of anguish.

Oh! *leave thy cruelty*, relentless fair,
 Ere, lingering long, I *perish* through *despair*
 Had *Rosalind* been mistress of my mind,
Though not so fair, she *would* have prov'd more kind
 Oh, *think*, unwitting maid! while yet is time,
 How flying years impair the youthful prime!
 Thy virgin bloom will not *for ever* stay,
 And flow'rs, though left ungather'd, *will decay*.
 The flow'rs, anew, returning seasons bring;
 But faded *beauty* has *no second spring*,
 '—My words are wind!—She, *deaf* to all my cries,
 Takes *pleasure* in the *mischief* of her eyes

A Philips

X —AUTHORITY AND FORBIDDING.

Jupiter forbids the gods and goddesses taking any part in the
 contention between the Greeks and Trojans

AURORA now, fair daughter of the dawn,
 Sprinkled with rosy light the dewy lawn;
 When Jove conven'd the senate of the skies,
 Where high Olympus' cloudy tops arise
 The *sire of gods* his awful silence broke,
 The *heav'ns attentive* trembled as he spoke
 "Celestial states! immortal gods! give ear;²
 Hear our decree; and reverence what ye hear,
 The fix'd decree, which not all heav'n can move,
 Thou Fate! fulfil it, and ye, Pow'rs, approve,
 What god shall enter yon forbidden field,
 Who yields assistance, or but wills to yield.
 Back to the skies with shame he shall be driv'n
 Gash'd with dishonest wounds, the scorn of heav'n,

¹ A long pause.

² There are three pretty long pauses to be made in this line,
 at the words *states*, *gods*, and *ear*.

Or from our *sacred hill* with *fury* thrown
Deep, in the dark *Tartarean gulph* shall *groan*;
 With *burning chains* fix'd to the *brazen floors*,
 And *lock'd* by *hell's* *inevitable doors*;
 As *deep* beneath th' *infernal centre* *hurld*,
 As from that centre to th' *ethereal world*.
 Let each *submissive*, *dread* those *dire abodes*,
 Nor *tempt* the *vengeance* of the *god of gods*
 League *all* your *forces*, then, ye *Pow'rs above*,
 Your *strength unite* against the *might of Jove*.
 Let *down* our *golden everlasting chain*,
 Whose *strong embrace* holds *heav'n and earth* and
man.
 Strive *all*, of *mortal and immortal birth*,
 To *drag* by this the *thunderer* down to *earth*.
 Ye *strive in vain*. If I but *stretch* this *hand*,
 I *heave* the *gods*, the *ocean*, and the *land*,
 I *fix* the *chain* to *great Olympus' height*,
 And the *vast world* hangs *trembling* in my *sight*.
 For *such* I *reign unbounded*, and *above*,
 And *such* are *men*, and *gods*, compar'd to *Jove*"

Threatening

Challenging.

Contempt.

 XI — CONTEMPT OF THE COMMON OBJECTS OF PURSUIT.

Honour and *shame*, from *no condition* rise;
 Act well your *part*, *there* all the *honour* lies.
 Fortune in *men* has some *small diff'rence* made;
 One *flaunts* in *rags*; one *flutters* in *brocade*;
 The *cobbler* *apron'd*, and the *parson* *gown'd*;
 The *friar* *hooded*, and the *monarch* *crown'd*
 "What *differ* more (you cry) than *crown* and *cowl*?
 I'll *tell* you, friend! A *wise man* and a *fool*."

Teaching

Questioning

Informing

¹ This line ("I'll tell you, friend," &c) may be expressed in a sort of important *half-whisper*, and with significant *looks* and *nods*, as if a grand secret was told

- Teaching You'll *find*, if once the *wise man* acts the monk;
Or, *cobbler-like*, the *person* will be *drunk*;
- Approbation *Worth* makes the *man*, and *want* of it the *fellow*;
- Contempt The *rest* is all but *leather* or *pinella*
Boast the *pure blood* of an *illustrious race*
In *quiet flow* from *Lucrece* to *Lucrece*:
But by your *father's worth*, if *yours* you *rate*,
Count me those only, who were *good* and *great*.
Go! if your *ancient* but *ignoble blood*
Has crept through *scoundrels* ever since the *flood*.
Go! and pretend, your family is *young*,
Nor own, your fathers have been *fools* so long.
What can ennoble *sots*, or *slaves*, or *cowards*?
Alas! not *all* the *blood* of all the *Howards*.
Look next on *greatness*. Say, where *greatness* lies?
- Questioning Where, but among the *heroes* and the *wise*?
- Sneer *Heroes* are much the *same*, it is agreed,
From *Macedonia's madman* to the *Swede*;
- Contempt. The whole *strange purpose* of their lives to *find*,
Or *make*—an *enemy* of all *mankind*.
Not one looks *backward*; *onward* still he goes,
Yet ne'er looks *forward*, farther than his *nose*
No less alike the *politic* and *wise*;
²All *sly*, *slow* things, with *circumspective* eyes.
Men in their *loose*, *unguarded hours* they take;
Not that *themselves* are *wise*, but *others weak*.
But grant that *those* can *conquer*; *these* can *cheat*;
- Remon- 'Tis phrase *absurd* to call a *villain great*
stance.
- Aversion Who *wickedly* is *wise*, or *madly brave*,
Is but the *more* a *fool*, the *more* a *knave*
- Approbation Who *noble ends* by *noble means* obtains,
Or, failing, *smiles* in *exile*, or in *chains*,

¹ I have put a *pause* after *make*, though contrary to general rules, to mark the *antithesis* between *find* and *make* more distinctly

² "All *sly*, *slow* things," to be pronounced very *slowly*, and with a *cunning* look

Like good *Aurelius* let him reign, or bleed Admiration.
Like *Socrates*, that man is great indeed.

What's fame? A fancied life in others' breath; Deprecating
A thing beyond us, ev'n before our death.

Just what you hear you have; and what's unknown,
The same (my lord!) if *Tully's* or your own

All, that we feel of it, begins and ends,

In the small circle of our foes or friends,

To all besides as much an empty shade,

An *Eugene* living, as a *Cæsar* dead;

Alike on when, or where, they shone, or shone,

Or on the *Rubicon* or on the *Rhine*.

A wit's a feather, and a chief a rod;

An honest man's the noblest work of God

Fame but from death a villain's name can save,

As justice tears his body from the grave;

When what t' oblivion better were resign'd,

Is hung on high to poison half mankind.

All fame is foreign, but of true desert;

Plays round the head, but comes not to the heart

One self-approving hour whole years outweighs

Of stupid starers, and of loud huzzas;

And more true joy *Marcellus* exil'd feels,

Than *Cæsar* with a senate at his heels.

In parts superior what advantage lies?

Tell (for you can) what is it to be wise?

'Tis but to know how little can be known;

To see all others' faults, and feel our own.

Condemn'd in business, or in arts, to drudge

Without a second, and without a judge.

Truths would you teach, to save a sinking land,

All fear; none aid you; and few understand.

Painful pre-eminence! yourself to view

Above life's weakness, and its comforts too.

Bring then these blessings to a strict account,

Make fair deductions, see to what they mount,

Contempt

Approbation

Aversion

Blaming

Contempt

Admiration

Contempt

Questioning

Respect

Concern

Suffering

Arguing

- How much of *other each* is sure to *cost* ;
 How *each* for *other* oft is wholly *lost* ,
 How inconsistent *greater* goods with *these* ;
 How sometimes *life* is risk'd, and always *ease* ;
 Think , and if *still* such things thy envy call,
 Questioning, Say, wouldst thou be the *man* to whom they *fall* ?
 Contempt To sigh for *ribands* if thou art so silly,
 Mark how they grace *Lord Umbra*, or *Su Bully*.
 Is *yellow dirt* the passion of thy life ?
 Look but on *Gripus*, or on *Gripus' wife*.
 Concern If *parts* allure thee, think how *Bacon* shin'd,
 The *wisest*, *brightest*, *meanest* of mankind .
 Contempt Or ravish'd with the *whistling of a name*,
 Aversion See *Cromwell* damn'd to *everlasting fame* ;
 Teaching If all *united* thy ambition call,
 From *ancient story* learn to *scorn* them all.

Pope

XII —HORRORS OF WAR.

- Trepidation Now had the Grecians snatch'd a *short repast*,
 And buckled on their shining arms in *haste*,
 Perplexity. Troy rous'd as soon ; for on that *dreadful day*
 The fate of *fathers*, *wives*, and *infants* lay.
 Trepidation The gates unfolding pour forth all their train ,
Squadrons on *squadrons* cloud the dusty plain ;
Men, *steeds*, and *chariots* shake the *trampling ground* ;
 The *tumult thickens*, and the *skies resound*
¹And now with *shouts* the *shocking*² *armies* clos'd,
 To *lances* *lances*, *shields* to *shields* oppos'd ,
Host against *host* their shadowy legions drew ;
 The *sounding darts* in *won tempests* flew,

¹ To be spoken quick and loud

[² *Shocking* ; that is, the *encountering* armies *Shock* is derived from *shake*, and properly means a *concussion*]

Victors and vanquish'd join promiscuous cries;
Triumphant shouts and dying groans arise;
 With *streaming blood* the slipp'ry fields are dy'd, Horror.
 And *slaughter'd heroes swell the dreadful tide.*
 Long as the morning beams increasing bright,
 O'er heav'n's clear azure spread the sacred light,
Promiscuous death the fate of war confounds,
 Each adverse battle gor'd with *equal* wounds.
 But when the sun the height of heav'n ascends,
 The *sue* of gods his *golden scales* suspends
 With *equal hand*, in these explores the fate Awe.
 Of *Greece* and *Troy*, and pois'd the mighty weight.
Press'd with its load the *Grecian* balance lies
 Low sunk on earth, the *Trojan* strikes the *skies*
 Then *Jove* from *Ida's* top his *horror* spreads, Horror
 The *clouds* burst *dreadful* o'er the *Grecian* heads;
 Thick *lightnings* flash, the muttering *thunder* rolls,
 Their *strength* he *withers*, and *unmans* their *souls*.
 Before his *wrath* the *trembling* hosts retire,
 The *god* in *terrors*, and the *skies* on *fire*.

Pope's Homer.

XIII —SUBLIME AND TERRIBLE DESCRIPTION.

The fight about Patroclus's body broken off by Achilles's
 appearing on the rampart, unarmed, and calling aloud

THE hero rose;
 Her *ægis* *Pallas* o'er his shoulder *throus*, Admiration.
 Around his brows a *golden cloud* she *spread*.
 A *stream* of *glory* flam'd above his head
 As when from some beleagu'rd town arise,
 The *smokes* *high-curling* to the *shad'd* *skies*,
 (Seen from some *island* o'er the main arise
 When men distress'd hang out the sign of war,)
 With *long-projected* *beams* the *seas* are *light*,
 And heav'n's wide *arch* reflects the *ruddy* *light*,

So from Achilles' head the *splendours* rise,
 Reflecting blaze on blaze against the *skies*.
Forth march'd the chief, and, distant from the crowd,
*High on the rampart*¹ rais'd his voice aloud.
 With her own shout Minerva swells the sound,
 Troy starts astonish'd, and the shores rebound.
 As the loud trumpet's brazen mouth from far,
 With shrilling clangor sounds th' alarm of war,
 So high his dreadful voice the hero rear'd;
 Trepidation.² Hosts dropp'd their arms, and trembled as they heard,
 And back the chariots roll, and coursers bound,
 And steeds and men lie mingled on the ground.
 Terror Aghast they see the living lightnings play,
 And turn their eyeballs from the flashing ray;
 Thrice from the trench his brazen voice he rais'd;
 And thrice they fled confounded and amaz'd;
 Twelve in the tumult wedg'd untimely rush'd
 On their own spears, by their own chariots crush'd.
 While shielded from the darts, the Greeks obtain
 The long-disputed carcase of the slain

Pope's Homer.

XIV —CONJUGAL AFFECTION WITH DISTRESS.

The parting scene between Hector and Andromache.

Complains with affection. Too daring prince! Ah, whither dost thou run?
 Ah, too forgetful of thy wife and son!
 And think'st thou not how wretched we shall be.
 Fear A widow I, an helpless orphan be!
 For sure such courage length of life denies,
 And thou must fall, thy virtue's sacrifice.
 Greece in her single heroes strove in vain.
 Now hosts oppose thee, and thou must be slain!

¹ The reader will hardly need to be told, that such matter ought to be expressed with a *raised voice*

² These three lines to be spoken *quicker* than the rest

Oh, *grant* me, *gods* ! ere Hector meets his doom, Deprecation.

All I can ask of *heav'n*, an *early tomb* !

So shall my days in *one sad tenor* run,
And *end* with *sorrows*, as they first begun.

No *parent* now remains my *griefs* to share, Lamenting

No *father's aid*, no *mother's* tender care

Yet while my *Hector* still *survives*, I see Comfort

My *father*, *mother*, *brethren*, all in thee

Alas ! my *parents*, *brothers*, *kindred*, all, Apprehension

Once more will *perish*, if my *Hector* full

Thy *wife*, thy *infant*, in thy *danger* share,

Oh, *prove* a *husband's* and a *parent's* care Entreating

That quarter most the skilful *Greeks* annoy, Apprehension

Where you wild *fig-trees* join the wall of *Troy*

Thou from *this tow'r* defend th' *important post*,

There Agamemnon points his *deadful host*,

That pass *Tydid*, *Ajax*, strive to gain,

And *there* the *vengeful Spartan* fires his train

Thrice our bold foes the *fierce attack* have giv'n,

Or led by *hopes*, or *dictated* from *heav'n*.

Let *others* in the field their arms employ ; Entreating

But *stay* my *Hector* *here*, and guard his *Troy*."

The chief replied, " *That* post shall be my care ; Courage

Nor *that* alone, but *all* the works of war.

How would the *sons* of *Troy*, in arms *renoun'd*,

And *Troy's* proud *dames*, whose garments sweep the
ground,

Attant the *lustre* of my *former name*,

Should *Hector* *basely* quit the *field* of *fame* ? Aversion

My *early youth* was bred to *warlike* pains, Courage.

My *soul* *impels* me to the *martial* plains

Still *foremost* let me *stand* to guard the *throne*,

To save my *father's* *honours* and my *own*.

Yet *come* it will ! the *day* decreed by *fates* ! Apprehension.

(How my *heart* trembles, while my *tongue* relates !)

- Patriotic
grief The day when *thou, imperial Troy* ' must bend;
Must see thy *warriors full, thy glories end*
Grief with
affection And yet no *presage due* so wounds my mind,
My *mother's death, the ruin of my kind*;
Not *Priam's hoary hairs defil'd with gore*,
Not *all my brothers gasping on the shore*,
As *thine, Andromache* '—thy *griefs I dread* '
I see thee *trembling, weeping, captive led*,
In *Argive looms* our *battles to design*,
And *woes, of which so large a part was thine*.
There while you *groan* beneath the *load of life*,
- Insulting. They cry, '*Behold the mighty Hector's wife* '
Some *haughty Greek*, who lives thy *tears to see*,
Embitters all thy woes by naming me.
- Pity The thoughts of *glory past, and present shame*,
A *thousand griefs* shall *waken at the name* '
May I *lie cold* before that *dreadful day*,
Press'd with a *load of monumental clay* '
Thy *Hector, wrapt in everlasting sleep*,
Shall neither *hear thee sigh, nor see thee weep* "
- Narration Thus having spoke, th' *illustrious chief* of *Troy*
Stretch'd his fond arms to clasp the lovely boy '.
- Tenderness. The *babe* clung, *crying*, to his *nurse's breast*
Scar'd with the dazzling helm and nodding crest.
With *secret pleasure* each *fond parent smil'd*,
And *Hector hastened to relieve his child*;
The *glittering terrors* from his *brows unbound*,
And plac'd the *beaming helmet* on the *ground*.
Then *kiss'd the child, and lifting high in air*,
Thus to the *gods preferr'd a parent's prayer*
- Intercession. "O *Thou, whose glory fills th' ethereal throne*,
And all ye *deathless Pow'rs* ! *protect my son* '
Grant him, like me, to purchase just renown,
To *guard the Trojans, to defend the crown*,
Against his *country's foes the war to wage*,
And *rise the Hector of the future age* '

So when *triumphant* from *successful toils*
 Of *heroes slain*, he bears the *reeking spoils*,
 Whole *hosts* may hail him with *deserv'd acclaim*,
 And say, 'This chief transcends his *father's fame*.'
 While *pleas'd* amidst the gen'ral shouts of Troy,
 His *mother's conscious heart o'erflows* with joy."

He spoke, and fondly *gazing* on her *charms*,
 Restor'd the *pleasing burden* to her *arms*;
 Soft on her *fragrant breast* the *babe* she *laid*,
 Hush'd to *repose*, and with a *smile survey'd*.
 The *troubled pleasure* soon *chastis'd* with *fear*,
 She mingled with the *smile* a *falling tear*.

Tenderness.

Apprehen-
sion

 XV — MOURNFUL DESCRIPTION.

From Æneas's account of the Sack of Troy

All were *attentive* to the *godlike man*,
 When from his lofty couch he thus *began*:
 Great *queen!* what you command me to relate
 Renews the *sad remembrance* of our *fate*;
 An *empire* from its *old foundations rent*,
 And *ev'ry wo* the *Trojans underwent*;
 A *pop'lous city* made a *desert place*;
 All that I *saw*, and part of which I *was*,
 Not *ev'n* the *hardest* of our *foes* could hear,
 Nor *stern Ulysses* tell without a *tear*.

Attention

Respect.
Grief.

'Twas now the *dead of night*, when *sleep repairs*
 Our *bodies worn* with *toils*, our *minds* with *cares*,
 When *Hector's ghost* before my sight *appears*;
 Shrouded in *blood* he *stood*, and *bath'd* in *tears*.
 Such as when by the *fierce Pelides slain*,
 Thessalian coursers *dragg'd* him o'er the *plain*.
 Swoll'n were his *feet*, as when the *thongs* were *thrust*
 Through the *pric'd limbs*: his *body black* with *dust*

Horror

Pity.

- Unlike that *Hector*, who *return'd* from *toils*
 Of *war* *triumphant* in *Æacian* *spoils*;
 Or him, who made the *fainting* *Greeks* *retu* *e*,
Hurling amidst their *fleets* the *Phygyan* *fire*.
 His hair and beard were *clotted* *stiff* with *gore*;
 The *'ghastly* *wounds* he for his *country* *bore*,
 Now *stream'd* *afresh*.
 I *wept* to see the *visionary* *man*,
 And whilst my *trance* *continu'd*, thus *began*.
 O *light* of *Trojans*, and *support* of *Troy*,
 Thy *father's* *champion*, and thy *country's* *joy* !
O *long* *expected* by thy *friends* ! from *whence*
 Art thou so *late* *return'd* to our *defence* ?
Alas ! what *wounds* are *these* ? What *new* *disgrace*
Deforms the *manly* *honours* of thy *face* ?
 The *spectre*, *groaning* from his *inmost* *breast*,
 This *warning* in these *mournful* *words* *express'd*;
Haste, goddess-born ! *Escape*, by *timely* *flight*,
 The *flames* and *horrors* of this *fatal* *night* !
 The *foes* *already* have *possess'd* our *wall* !
Troy *nods* from *high*, and *totters* to her *fall*.
Enough is *paid* to *Priam's* *royal* *name*,
Enough to *country*, and to *deathless* *fame*.
 If by a *mortal* *arm* my *futher's* *throne*
 Could have been *sav'd*, this *arm* the *feat* had *done*.
Troy now *commends* to *thee* her *future* *state*,
 And gives her *gods* *companions* of thy *fate*
 Under their *umbrage*² *hope* for *happier* *walls*,
 And follow where thy *various* *fortune* *calls*.
³He said, and brought from forth the *sacred* *choir*,
 The *gods*, and *relics* of th' *immortal* *fire*.

¹ "The *spectre*," &c. These two lines, and the ghost's speech, are to be spoken in a *deep and hollow voice*, *slowly and solemnly*, with *little rising or falling*

[² "*Umbrage*" is here used in its primary sense, namely, *shade* ; protection, *auspices*]

³ "He said, and," &c. Here the voice resumes its usual key.

Now peals of shouts come thund'ring from afar, *Trepidation,*
 Cries, threats, and loud lament, and mingled war.
 The noise approaches, though our palace stood
 Aloof from streets, embosom'd close with wood;
 Louder and louder still, I hear th' alarms
 Of human cries distinct, and clashing arms.
 Fear broke my slumbers.

I mount the terrace, thence the town survey,
 And listen what the swelling sounds convey.
 Then Hector's faith was manifestly clear'd;
 And Grecian fraud in open light appear'd
 The palace of Deiphobus ascends
 In smoky flames, and catches on his friends.
 Ucalegon¹ burns next; the seas are bright
 With splendours not their own, and shine with sparkling light.

New clamours and new clangours now arise,
 The trumpet's voice, with agonizing cries.
 With frenzy seiz'd I run to meet th' alarms, *Courage.*
 Resolv'd on death, resolv'd to die in arms.

But first to gather friends, with whom to oppose,
 If fortune favour'd, and repel the foes,
 By courage rous'd, by love of country fir'd,
 With sense of honour and revenge inspir'd

Pantheus, Apollo's priest, a sacred name, *Trepidation.*
 Had 'scap'd the Grecian swords, and pass'd the flame.
 With relics loaded to my doors he fled,
 And by the hand his tender grandson led

What hope, O Pantheus? Whither can we run? *Questioning*
 Where make a stand? Or what may yet be done?
 Scarce had I spoke, when Pantheus, with a groan,
 "Troy—is no more! Her glories now are gone. *Grief.*

[¹ "Ucalegon burns next" In imitation of the original, the owner of the house is, by *metonymy*, put for the house itself.]

[² "Troy is no more" Such short periods, comprehending much in few words, may often receive additional force by a short pause between the *nominative* and the *verb*.

Awe The *fatal day*, th' appointed hour is come,
 When *wrathful Jove's* irrevocable doom
Transfers the Trojan state to Grecian hands.
 Horror. Our city's wrapt in flames, the foe commands.
 To sev'ral posts their parties they divide ;
 Some block the narrow streets, some scour the wide.
 The bold they kill, th' unwary they surprise,
 Who fights meets death, and death finds him who
flies.

Dryden's *Vulgi*.

XVI.—ASKING, REPROOF, APPROBATION.

A troop came next, who crowns and armour wore,¹
 And proud defiance in their looks they bore
 Cringing "For thee," they cried, "amidst alarms and strife,
 We sail'd in tempests down the stream of life,
 For thee whole nations fill'd with fire and blood,
 And swam to empire through the purple flood.
 "Those ills we dur'd, thy inspiration own ;
 What virtue seem'd, was done for thee alone."
 Reproof "Ambitious fools!" the queen replied and frown'd,
 "Be all your deeds in dark oblivion drown'd
 There sleep forgot with mighty tyrants gone,
 Your statues moulder'd and your names unknown"
 Wonder. A sudden cloud straight snatch'd them from my sight,
 And each majestic phantom sunk in night
 Then came the smallest tribe I yet had seen ;
 Plain was their dress, and modest was their mien.

¹ The pupil, if he has not read the "*Temple of Fame*," (from which this extract is taken,) must be informed of the plot of the poem, viz. The author represents numbers of the pursuers of fame, as repairing, in crowds, to the temple of that goddess, in quest of her approbation, who are differently received by her, according to their respective merits, &c.

² "Those ills," &c. The meaning of this line (which is not too obvious) is, "Our being guilty of such extravagances, shows how eager we were to obtain a name"

"Great idol of mankind! We neither claim
The praise of merit, nor aspire to fame,
But safe in deserts from th' applause of men,
Would die unheard of, as we liv'd unseen.
'Tis all we beg thee to conceal from sight
Those acts of goodness which themselves requite.
Oh, let us still the secret joy partake,
To follow virtue ev'n for virtue's sake."

Indifference.

Delight

"And live these men who slight immortal fame?
Who then with incense shall adore our name?
But, mortals! know 'tis still our greatest pride
To blaze those virtues which the good would hide
Rise, Muses! Rise! Add all your tuneful breath!
These must not sleep in darkness and in death."

Wonder

Informing.

Exalting

She said. 'In air the trembling music floats,
And on the winds triumphant suell the notes,
So soft, though high; so loud, and yet so clear,
Ev'n list'ning angels lean from heav'n to hear.
To furthest shores th' ambrosial spirit flies,
Sweet to the world, and grateful to the skies.

Pleasing
description.

While thus I stood intent to see and hear,
One came, methought, and whisper'd in my ear

"What could thus high thy rash ambition raise?
Art thou, fond youth! a candidate for praise?"

Questioning
with reproof.

"True, said I, not void of hopes I came;
For who so fond, as youthful bards, of fame?
But few, alas! the casual blessing boast,
So hard to gain, so easy to be lost.

Apology.

Concern.

How vain that second life in others' breath,
Th' estate which wits inherit after death!
Ease, health, and life, for this they must resign
(Unsure the tenure, and how vast the fine!)

¹ To be spoken as *melodiously* as possible

² "What could thus high," &c., must be spoken with a lower voice than the foregoing

- The *great man's curse*, without the *gains*, endure,
 Though *wretched*, *flatten'd*, and though *envied*, *poor*.
 All *luckless wits* their enemies profess'd,
 And all *successful*, *jealous friends* at best.
- Indifference. Nor *fame* I *slight*, nor for her *favours call*,
 She comes *unlook'd* for, if she comes *at all*.
 But if the *purchase* costs so *dear a price*,
- Apprehension of evil As *soothing folly* or *exalting vice*;
 And if the *Muse* must *flatter lawless sway*,
 And follow still, where *fortune* leads the way;
 Or if no *basis* bear my *rising name*,
 But the *fall'n ruins* of *another's fame*;
- Reprecation. Then *teach* me, *heav'n*, to *scorn* the *guilty bays*,
 Drive from my *breast* that *wretched lust* of *praise*.
Unblemish'd let me *live*, or *die unknown*,
Oh, grant me *honest fame*; or grant me *none*!
Pope.
-

XVII —SATIRICAL DESCRIPTION.

- Sneer, or mock praise. 'Tis from *high life high characters* are drawn.
 A saint in *crape* is twice a saint in *lawn*
 A *judge* is *just*; a *chanc'llor*—*juster still*,
 A *gownman*, *learn'd*, a *bishop*—what you *will*,
Wise, if a *minister*; but if a *king*,
More wise, *more just*, *more learn'd*, *more every thing*.
- Teaching 'Tis *education* forms the common mind;
 Just as the *twig* is *bent*, the *tree's inclin'd*.
- Boasting. ¹*Boastful* and *rough*, your *first son* is a *squire*,
 Smooth The next a *tradesman*, *meek*, and *much a liar*,
 Strut. *Tom struts* a *soldier*, *open*, *bold*, and *brave*;
 Sneak. *Will sneaks* a *scriv'ner*, an *exceeding knave*.
-

¹ Though these lines contain *descriptions*, or *characters*, they may be expressed with *action*, almost as if they were *speeches*. This first line "*Boastful and rough*," &c., may be spoken with the action of *boasting*; and so for the rest.

Is he a *churchman*? Then he's fond of *pow'r*,
 A *Quaker*? ^a*Sly*. A *Presbyterian*? ^b*Sour*.
 A smart *free-thinker*? All things in an hour
 Ask men's *opinions*—Scoto now shall tell
 How *trade* increases, and the *world* goes well.
Strike off his *pension* by the setting sun,
 And *Britain*, if not *Europe*, is *undone*.

Pride
^a Formal.
^b Peevish.
 Foppery

Manners with *fortunes*, *humours* turn with *climes*, Teaching.
Tenets with *books*, and *principles* with *times*
Search then the *ruling passion*. *There* alone
 The *wild* are constant, and the *cunning* known.
 This *clue* once found unravels all the rest,
 The *prospect* clears, and *Wharton* stands *confest*;
Wharton! the *scorn*^c and *wonder*^d of our days,
 Whose *ruling passion* was the *lust of praise*.
Born with whate'er could *win* it from the *wise*,
Women and *fools* must *like* him, or he *dies*.
 Though *wond'ring* *senates* hung on all he *spoke*,
 The *club* must *hail* him *master* of the *joke*.
 Shall parts so *various* aim at nothing *new*?
 He'll shine a *Tully* and a *Wilmot* too.

^c Contempt.
^d Admiration

Eager.
 Admiration.
 Contempt

A *salmon's belly*, *Helluo*,¹ was thy *fute*;²
 The *doctor* call'd, declares all help *too late*.
 "Mercy," cries *Helluo*, "*mercy* on my *soul*!"
 Is there no *hope*? *Alas!* then *bring* the *jowl*!"³
 "*Odious!* In *woollen!* 'Twould a *saint* *provoke*,"
 Were the *last words* that poor *Narcissa* *spoke*.
 "No; let a *charming* *chintz* and *Brussels* *lace*,
 Wrap my *cold limbs*, and *shade* my *lifeless face*.
 One *need not*, sure, be *ugly*, though one's *dead*:
 And—*Betty*—give this *cheek*—a *little*—*red*."

Trepidation
 Deprecation.
 Grief with
 sickness.
 Aversion.
 Weakness.
 Expiring.

¹ "*Helluo*" signifies *glutton*

² That is, a surfeit of fresh salmon was thy death

³ The glutton will continue to indulge his appetite (so indeed will every habitual offender in every kind) in spite of all consequences.

The courtier smooth, who forty years had shin'd
 An humble servant to all human kind,
 Just brought out *this*, when scarce his tongue could
stir,

Civil with weakness	"If——where I'm going——I could—— <i>serve</i> you, sir," "I <i>give</i> , and I <i>devise</i> ," old Euclio said,
Grief	And sigh'd, "my <i>lands</i> and <i>tenements</i> to Ned "
Weeping	"Your <i>money</i> , sir?" "My <i>money</i> , sir!— <i>What—all?</i> Why—if I <i>must</i> ——(then wept)—I give it— <i>Paul</i> " "The <i>manor</i> , sir?"—"The <i>manor</i> !" "Hold," he cried,
Weak.	"I <i>cannot—must not</i> part with <i>that</i> "—and died
Dignity	And <i>you</i> , brave Cobham! at your <i>latest breath</i> Shall feel your <i>ruling passion strong in death</i> . Such in <i>that</i> moment, as in <i>all</i> the <i>past</i> ,
Praying	"Oh, <i>save</i> my <i>country</i> , <i>heav'n!</i> " shall be your <i>last</i> <i>Pope</i>

XVIII —VEXATION—PERTNESS—CRINGING.

Pope's complaint of the impertinence of scribblers

Gratitude.	<i>Friend</i> ¹ to my <i>life</i> ! (which did not <i>you</i> <i>prolong</i> ,
Vexation.	² The <i>world</i> had <i>wanted</i> many an <i>idle</i> song) What <i>drop</i> , or <i>nostrum</i> , can this <i>plague</i> remove? Or <i>which</i> must end me; a <i>fool's</i> <i>wrath</i> or <i>love</i> ? A <i>dire</i> dilemma! <i>Either</i> way I'm <i>sped</i> , If <i>foes</i> , they <i>write</i> , if <i>friends</i> , they <i>read</i> me dead. <i>Seiz'd</i> , and <i>tied</i> down to judge, how <i>wretched</i> I! Who <i>can't</i> be <i>silent</i> , and who <i>will not lie</i> . To <i>laugh</i> were want of <i>goodness</i> and of <i>grace</i> ; And to be <i>grave</i> exceeds all <i>pow'r</i> of <i>face</i> . I sit with <i>sad</i> <i>civility</i> ; I read With <i>serious</i> <i>anguish</i> , and an <i>aching</i> head;

¹ Dr. Arbuthnot, his friend and physician

² "The *world* had *wanted* " Thus far ought to be spoken with great emphasis, as if somewhat very important were coming, and the remaining part of the line, "many an *idle* song," in a ludicrous manner.

Then drop, at last, but in <i>unwilling ears</i> ,	
This <i>saving counsel</i> , "Keep your piece <i>nine years</i> " ¹	Advising
" <i>Nine years</i> " cries he, who high in Drury-lane,	Offered with surprise
Lull'd by soft zephyrs through the <i>broken pane</i> ,	
Rhymes ere he wakes, and prints before <i>term ends</i> ,	
Oblig'd, by <i>hunger</i> —and <i>request of friends</i>	
"The piece, you think, is <i>incorrect</i> ? Why <i>take it</i> ."	Pertness
I'm <i>all submission</i> , what you'd <i>have it, make it</i> ."	Cringing
<i>Three things</i> another's <i>modest wishes bound</i> ;	Vexation
<i>My friendship</i> , and a <i>prologue</i> , and <i>ten pound</i>	Cringing
Pitholeon ² sends to me; "You know his <i>Grace</i>	
"I want a <i>patron</i> —Ask him for a <i>place</i> "	
"Pitholeon <i>libell'd</i> me"— ³ But here's a <i>letter</i>	^a Offence.
Informs you, sir, 'twas when he knew <i>no better</i> .	^b Cringing.
Dare you <i>refuse</i> him? ³ Cui ³ invites to <i>dine</i> ,	Threatening.
He'll write a <i>journal</i> , or he'll turn <i>divine</i> ."	
Bless me! A <i>packet</i> ! "'Tis a <i>stranger</i> <i>sues</i> ,	Surprise.
A <i>verse</i> in <i>tragedy</i> , an <i>orphan muse</i> ."	
If I <i>dislike</i> it, " <i>Furies</i> ! <i>death</i> , and <i>rage</i> !"	Anger
If I approve, " <i>Commend it</i> to the <i>stage</i> "	Cringing
<i>There, thank my stars</i> , my <i>whole commission ends</i> ,	Comfort.
The <i>play's</i> and I are, <i>luckily</i> , no <i>friends</i>	
Fir'd, that the <i>house reject</i> him, "'S <i>death</i> , I'll	Anger.
<i>print it</i> ,	
And shame the <i>fools</i> —Your <i>ut'rest</i> , sir, with <i>Lintot</i> "	Cringing
" <i>Lintot</i> (dull rogue!) will think your price too	Excuse.
<i>much</i> "	
"Not, sir, if you <i>revise</i> it and <i>retouch</i> ."	Cringing.
All my <i>demurs</i> but <i>double</i> his <i>attacks</i> .	Vexation.
At last he whispers, "Do; and we go <i>snacks</i> ."	Wheeling
Glad of a <i>quarrel</i> , straight I <i>clap</i> the <i>door</i> .	Offence.
" <i>Sir</i> , let me see you and your <i>works no more</i> "	Dismissing with anger.

¹ Alluding to Horace's "Nonumque prius metur in annum "

² Pitholeon The name of a foolish ancient poet.

³ "Cui invites," &c.¹ Mr Popo was, it seems, ill used by Cui, a bookseller, by the writer of a journal or newspaper, and by a ' parson much bemused in beer."

XIX —POLITE CONVERSATION.

The scene between Mr Bevil and Indiana, in which she endeavours to find out whether he has any other regard for her than that of rational esteem, or Platonic love —Steele

Respect.

Bevil.—Madam, your most *obedient* How do you do to-day? I am afraid you *wished* me *gone* last night before I *went* But *you* were partly to *blame*. For *who* could *leave* you in the *agreeable* humour you were in?

Indiana.—If *you* were pleased, sir, we were *both* pleased, for your company, which is *always* agreeable, was *more peculiarly* so last night.

Bev.—*My* company, madam! You *rally* I said very *little*

Ind.—Too little you *always* say, sir, for my *improvement* and for my *credit*, by the *same* token, that I am afraid you gave me an opportunity of saying *too much* last night; and unfortunately, when a woman is in the talking vein she wants *nothing* so much as to have *leave* to *expose herself*

Bev.—I hope, madam, I shall always have the sense to give *you* leave to expose yourself, as you call it, without *interruption* [Bowing respectfully.]

Ind.—If I had *your talents*, sir, or your *power*, to make my *actions* speak for me, I might be *silent*, and yet pretend to somewhat *more* than being agreeable But as it is——

Humility

Bev.—Really, madam, I know of *none* of my *actions* that deserve your *attention*. If I might be *vain* of any thing, it is, that I have *understanding* enough to mark *you out*, madam; from *all* your *sex* as the most *deserving* object of my *esteem*.

Anxiety

Ind. [Aside]—A *cold word*! Though I cannot *claim* even his *esteem*. [To him] Did I think, sir, that your esteem for me proceeded from any thing

Respect.

in me, and not altogether from *your own generosity*, I should be in danger of *forfeiting* it

Bev — How so, madam?

Ind — *What* do you *think*, sir, would be so likely to puff up a weak woman's *vanity* as the *esteem* of a man of *understanding*? *Esteem* is the result of *cool reason*, the voluntary *tribute* paid to inward *worth*. *Who*, then, would not be *proud* of the *esteem* of a person of *sense*, which is always *unbrassed*, whilst *love* is often the effect of *weakness*. [Looking hard at Bevil, who casts down his eyes respectfully] *Esteem* arises from a *higher* source, the substantial *merit* of the *mind*.

Bev.—True, madam; and *great minds only* can *command* it [Bowing respectfully.] The utmost *pleasure* and *pride* of my *life*, madam, is, that I endeavour to *esteem* you as—I *ought*.

Ind — [Aside.]—As he *ought*! Still more perplex- Apprehen-
ing! He neither *saves* nor *kills* my *hope*. I will sion
try him a little *farther*. [To him] Now, I think Questioning
on it, I must beg your *opinion*, sir, on a point which
created a *debate* between my *aunt* and me, just *before*
you came in. She would *needs* have it, that no man
ever does any *extraordinary kindness* for a *woman*
but from *selfish* views

Bev — Well, madam, I cannot say, but I am in Respect,
the *nuir*, of her *opinion*, if she means by *selfish views*
what *some* understand by the *phrase*, that is, his
own *pleasure*; the *highest* pleasure *human nature* is
capable of, that of being conscious that from *his*
superfluity, an *awcent* and *virtuous spirit*, a person
whom he thinks one of the *prime ornaments* of the
creation, is raised *above* the *temptations* and *sorrows*
of *life*, the pleasure of seeing *satisfaction*, *health*,
and *gladness* *brighten* in the countenance of one he
values above *all mankind*. What a man bestows in

such a way, may, I think, be said, in *one sense*, to be laid out with a *selfish* view as much as if he spent it in what is called the *pleasures* of the *world*; with *this difference*, that he shows a *better taste* in *expense*. Nor should I think this any such *extraordinary* matter of *heroism* in a man of an *easy fortune*. *Every gentleman* ought to be capable of this, and I doubt not but *many are*. For I hope there are *many* who take more delight in *reflection* than *sensation*—in *thinking* than in *eating* —But *what* am I *doing*? [Pulls out his watch hastily] My hour with Mr. Myrtle is *come* —Madam, I must take my leave *abruptly*; but if you please, will do myself the pleasure of waiting on you in the *afternoon*. Till when, madam, your most obedient.—[Exit]

Sudden re-
collection

XX.—ANGER—RECONCILIATION

The scene between Mr. Bevil and Mr. Myrtle —*Steele*.

Complai-
sance

Bevil.—Sir, I am *extremely obliged* to you for this *honour*.

Anger.

Myrtle —The *time* and *place*, our *long acquaintance*, and many other *circumstances* which *affect* me on this *occasion*, *oblige* me, without *ceremony* or *conference*, to desire that you will *comply* with the request in my *letter*, of which you have *already acknowledged* the *receipt*.

Complai-
sance

Bev.—Sir, I *have received* a *letter* from you in a *very unusual style*. But as I am *conscious* of the *integrity* of my behaviour with respect to you, and intend that *every thing* in *this matter* shall be your *own seeking*, I shall *understand nothing* but what you are pleased to *confirm face to face*. You are therefore to take it for *granted*, that I have *forgotten* the contents of your *epistle*.

Myrt.—Your *cool behaviour*, Mr. Bevil, is agree- Anger.
able to the *unworthy use* you have made of my *sini-*
plenty and *frankness* to you And I see your
moderation tends to your *own* advantage, not *mine*,
to your *own safety*, not to *justice* for the *wrongs*
you have done your *friend*.

Bev.—My *own safety*, Mr Myrtle?

Offence

Myrt.—Your *own safety*, Mr Bevil.

Reproof

Bev.—Mr. Myrtle, there is *no disguising* any Displeasure
longer, that I *understand* what you would *force* me
to You *know* my *principle* upon that *point*; and Firmness
you have *often* heard me express my *disapprobation*
of the *savage* manner of deciding quarrels, which
tyrannical *custom* has introduced, to the breach of
all laws, both *divine* and *human*.

Myrt.—Mr *Bevil*, Mr *Bevil*! It would be a Reproach-
good first *principle* in those who have so *tender* a ^{ing}
conscience that way, to have as much *abhorrence* at
doing injuries as——[Turns away abruptly]

Bev.—As what?

Myrt.—As *fear* of *answering* them.

Irritating

Bev.—Mr Myrtle, I have *no fear* of answering Self-vindi-
any injury I have done *you*; because I have *meant* cation
you none, for the *truth* of which I am ready to
appeal to *any indifferent person*, even of *your own*
choosing But I own I am afraid of doing a *wicked* Seriousness.
action, I mean of *shedding your blood*, or *giving you*
an opportunity of *shedding mine*, *cold* I am not
afraid of *you*, Mr Myrtle, but I own I am afraid Pious vene-
of *Him* who *gave* me this *life* in *trust*, on *other con-* ration
ditions, and with *other designs*, than that I should
hazard, or *throw it away*, because a *rash inconside-*
rate man is pleased to be *offended*, without *knowing*
whether he is *injured* or not. *No*—I *will not*, Courage.
for *your*, or *any man's* humour, commit a *known*
crime—a *crime* which I *cannot repair*, or which may,

in the *very act*, cut me off from all *possibility* of *repentance*

Rage
insulting. Myrt—Mr Bevil, I must tell you, this *coolness*, this *moralizing*, shall not *cheat* me of my love. You may *wish* to preserve your life, that you may wed *Lucinda*. And I have reason to be *indifferent* about it, if I am to *lose all that* from which I expect *any joy* in life. But I shall first try *one means* toward recovering her, I mean by *showing* her what a *doughtless hero* she has chosen for her husband.

Firmness. Bev.—Show me but the least *glimpse* of argument that I am *authorized* to *contend* with you at the peril of the *life* of one of us, and I am *ready* upon your *own terms*. If *this* will not *satisfy* you, and you will make a *lawless assault* upon me, I will *defend* myself as against a *ruffian*. There is *no such terror*, Mr. Myrtle, in the *anger* of those who are *quickly hot*, and *quickly cool* again, they *know not how or why* I *defy* you to show wherein I have *wronged* you.

Irritating. Myrt—Mr Bevil, it is easy for *you* to talk *coolly* on this occasion. You who *know not*, I suppose, *what it is to love*, and from your *large fortune* and your *specious outward carriage*, have it in your *power* to obtain the hand of a *woman of honour*, without much *trouble* or *anxiety*—you *know nothing* of what it is to be *alarmed*, *distracted*, with the *terror* of losing what is *dearer* than *life*. You are *happy*. Your *marriage* goes on like *common business*, and, in the *interim*, you can amuse yourself with making love to *Indiana*.

Anger. Bev.—You have *touched* me beyond the *patience* of a *man*; and the defence of *spotless innocence* will, I hope, excuse my *accepting* your *challenge*, or at least my *obliging* you to retract your *unworthy reflections*. I *will not*, if I can avoid it, *shed* your

blood, nor shall you mine, but Indiana's unprotected innocence I will defend Who waits?

Authority

Serv.—Did you call, sir?

Submission.

Bev — Yes, go call a coach

Command-

Serv.—Su—Mr Myrtle—Gentlemen—You are friends—I am but a servant—But—

ing
Trepidation

Bev — Call a coach [Exit Serv.]

with sub-
mission

[A long pause They walk sullenly about the room]

Anger

[Aside]—Shall I (though provoked beyond suffrance) recover myself at the entrance of a third person, and that my servant too; and shall I not have a due respect for the dictates of my own conscience, for what I owe to the best of fathers, and to the defenceless innocence of my lovely Indiana, whose very life depends on mine?

Recollection

[To Mr Myrtle]—I have, thank heaven, had time to recollect myself, and have determined to convince you, by means I would willingly have avoided, but which yet are preferable to murderous duelling, that I am more innocent of nothing than of revalling you in the affections of Lucinda Read this letter, and consider what effort it would have had upon you to have found it about the man you had murdered

Remon-
strance

[Myrtle reads, and discovers that Bevul, so far from preventing his marriage with Lucinda, was doing all he could to promote it]—Oh, I want no more to justify your innocence, my injured worthy friend. I see her dear name at the bottom—I see that you Shame have been far enough from designing any obstacle to my happiness, while I have been treating my benefactor as my betrayer. Oh, Bevul, with what words shall I—

Remorse
Confusion

Bev —There is no need of words. To convince is more than to conquer If you are but satisfied that I meant you no wrong, all is as it should be.

Benevolence

- Anguish Myrt —But *can* you *for give*—such *madness*?
- Remorse Bev.—Have not I *myself* *offended*? I had almost
- Benevolence been as *guilty* as *you*, though I had the *advantage* of
- and forgiv- *you*, by *knowing* what you did not *know*.
- ing
- Anguish Myrt —That I should be such a *precipitate*
- Remorse *wretch*!
- Forgiving Bev —*Prithee*, no more.
- Self-congratulation, Myrt.—*How many friends* have *died* by the hands
- with horror of *friends*, merely for want of *temper*! What do I
- Entreating, a *precipice* have I *escaped*! Oh, my *friend*!—Can
- with re- you *ever*—*forgive*—can you *ever* again look upon me
- morse —with an *eye* of *favour*?
- Benevolence Bev.—Why should I *not*? Any man may *mis-*
- take. Any man may be *violent* where his *love* is
- concerned. I was *myself*
- Admiration Myrt —Oh, *Bevil*! You are capable of *all* that
- is *great*, *all* that is *heroic*.
- [Enter a servant to Bevil, and gives a letter]

XXI —INCULCATING—COMMANDING—ENTREATING—
WARNING

The dying charge of Micipsa, King of Numidia, to Jugurtha, whom he had adopted, and made joint-heir to his kingdom, with his two sons, Adherbal and Hiempsal

- Faunting to You *know*, Jugurtha, that I *received* you under my
- an attitude *protection* in your *early youth*, when left a *helpless*
- and *hopeless orphan*. I advanced you to *high honours*
- in my *kingdom*, in the full *assurance* that you would
- prove *grateful* for my *kindness* to you, and that if I
- came to have *children* of my own, you would study
- to *repay* to *them* what you *owed* to me Hitherto I
- have had *no reason* to *repent* of my *favours* to you;
- for, to *omit* all former instances of your *extraordi-*
- Commenda- *nary merit*, your late *behaviour* in the *Numantian war*
- dation has *reflected* upon me and my *kingdom* a new and

distinguished glory You have, by your *valour*, rendered the *Roman commonwealth*, which before was well affected to our interest, much more friendly In Spain you have raised the honour of my name and crown, and you have surmounted what is justly reckoned one of the greatest difficulties, having, by your merit, silenced envy My dissolution seems now to be fast approaching. I therefore beseech and conjure you, my dear Jugurtha, by this right hand, Entreating by the remembrance of my past kindness to you; by the honour of my kingdom, and by the majesty of the gods—be kind to my two sons, whom my favour to you has made your brothers, and do not think of forming a connexion with any stranger to the prejudice of your relations. It is not by arms, nor by treasures, that a kingdom is secured, but by well- Warning affected subjects and allies And it is by faithful and important services that friendship (which neither gold Teaching will purchase nor arms extort) is secured But what friendship is more perfect than that which ought to Remon- obtain between brothers? What fidelity can be stance, expected among strangers, if it is wanting among relations? The kingdom I leave you is in good condition, if you govern it properly, if otherwise, it is Warning weak—for by agreement, a small state increases, by division, a great one goes to ruin It will lie upon you, Jugurtha, who are come to riper years, more Inculcation. than your brothers, to provide, that no misconduct produce any bad effect. And if any difference should arise between you and your brothers (which may the gods avert!) the public will charge you, however Devotion. innocent you may be, as the aggressor, because your years and abilities give you the superiority. But I firmly persuade myself, that you will treat them with kindness, and that they will honour and esteem you Hope as your distinguished virtue deserves.

XXII —COMPLAINING—ENTREATING

The speech of Adherbal, son of Micipsa, King of Numidia, complaining to the Roman Senate, and imploring assistance against the violence of Jugurtha, adopted, and left co-heir of the kingdom, by Micipsa, with himself and Hiempsal, which last Jugurtha had procured to be murdered —*Sallust*

- Explaining. FATHERS, it is known to you, that the King *Micipsa*, my *father*, on his *death-bed*, left in charge to *Jugurtha*, his *adopted son*, conjointly with my unfortunate brother *Hiempsal* and *myself*, the children of his *own body*, the *administration* of the kingdom of
- Submission. Numidia, directing us to consider the *Senate* and *people* of *Rome* as *proprietors* of it. He charged us to use our *best endeavours* to be serviceable to the Roman commonwealth in *peace* and *war*, assuring us, that your protection would prove to us a *defence* against *all enemies*, and would be instead of *armies*, *fortifications*, and *treasures*.
- Grief. While my brother and I were thinking of *nothing* but how to *regulate* ourselves according to the *directions* of our *deceased father*, *Jugurtha*—the most
- Complaining *infamous* of *mankind*!—*breaking through all ties* of *gratitude*, and of *common humanity*, and *trampling* on the *authority* of the *Roman commonwealth*, procured the *murder* of my unfortunate *brother*, and has *driven me* from my *throne* and *native country*, though he knows I *inherit*, from my grandfather *Massinissa*, and my father *Micipsa*, the *friendship* and *alliance* of the *Romans*.
- Grief. For a *prince* to be reduced, by *villany*, to my *distressful* circumstances, is *calamity enough*, but my misfortunes are *heightened* by the consideration, that I find myself obliged to *solicit* your *assistance*, fathers, for the *services* done you by my *ancestors*; not for any I have been able to render you in my

own person Jugurtha has put it out of my power Complaining
 to deserve any thing at your hands, and has forced
 me to be *burdensome* before I could be *useful* to you.
 And yet, if I had *no plea* but my *undeserved misery*,
 who, from a *powerful prince*, the *descendant* of a race
 of *illustrious monarchs*, find myself, without *any fault*
 of my *own*, *destitute* of every *support*, and reduced to
 the *necessity* of begging *foreign assistance* against
 an *enemy*, who has *seized* my *throne* and *kingdom*—
 if my *unequalled distresses* were all I had to *plead*, it Submission.
 would become the *greatness* of the Roman *common-* Entreating
wealth, the *arbitress* of the *world*, to *protect* the
injured, and to *check* the *triumph* of *daring wicked-*
ness over *helpless innocence*. But, to *provoke* your Even i.g. to
vengeance to the *utmost*, Jugurtha has *driven* me vindictive-
 from the very *dominions* which the *senate* and *people*
 of *Rome* gave to my *ancestors*, and from *whence*
 my *grandfather* and my *father*, under your *auspices*,
 expelled *Syphax* and the *Carthaginians*. Thus,
 fathers, your *kindness* to our *family* is *defeated*, and
 Jugurtha, in *injuring* me, throws *contempt* on you.

O wretched prince! O cruel reverse of fortune! Lamenting
O father Micipsa! is this the *consequence* of your
generosity—that he whom your *goodness* raised to an
equality with your *own children* should be the *mur-*
derer of your *children*? *Must*, then, the *royal house* Horror.
 of *Numidia* always be a scene of *havoc* and *blood*? Lamenting
 While *Carthage* remained, we suffered, as was to be
expected, all sorts of *hardships*, from their *hostile*
attacks; our *enemy* near, our only *powerful ally*, the
Roman commonwealth, at a *distance*; while we were
so circumstanced, we were *always* in *arms* and in
action. When that *scourge* of *Africa* was *no more*, Glimmering
 we *congratulated* ourselves on the *prospect* of *estab-* hope
lished peace, but instead of *peace*, behold the *king-*
 dom of *Numidia* *drenched* with *royal blood*, and the *Horror*.

only surviving son of its late king flying from an adopted murderer, and seeking that safety in foreign countries which he cannot command in his own kingdom

- Anguish. *Whither—oh, whither shall I fly? If I return to*
 Distrust *the royal palace of my ancestors, my father's throne*
 Dread. *is seized by the murderer of my brother What can*
I there expect, but that Jugurtha should hasten to
 Horror. *imbue in my blood those hands which are now reek-*
ing with my brother's? If I were to fly for refuge,
 Distrust *or for assistance, to any other court, from what prince*
can I hope for protection, if the Roman commonwealth
gives me up? From my own family or friends I
 Grief. *have no expectations My royal father is no more*
He is beyond the reach of violence, and out of hear-
ing of the complaints of his unhappy son Were my
brother alive, our mutual sympathy would be some
alleviation; but he is hurried out of life in his early
youth by the very hand which should have been the
last to injure any of the royal family of Numidia
 Horror. *The bloody Jugurtha has butchered all whom he*
suspected to be in my interest Some have been
destroyed by the lingering torment of the cross,
others have been given a prey to wild beasts, and
their anguish made the sport of men more cruel than
wild beasts. If there be any yet alive, they are shut
up in dungeons, there to drag out a life more intol-
erable than death.
- Submission. *Look down, illustrious senators of Rome, from that*
 Intimating. *height of power to which you are raised, on the*
unexampled distresses of a prince, who is, by the
 Submission. *cruelty of a wicked intruder, become an outcast from*
 Cautioning. *all mankind Let not the crafty insinuations of him*
 Horror. *who returns murder for adoption, prejudice your*
judgment Do not listen to the wretch who has
butchered the son and relations of a king, who gave

him power to sit on the *same throne* with his *own sons* I have been informed that he *labours* by his *emissaries* to *prevent* your *determining* any thing against him in his *absence*, pretending that I *magnify* my *distress*, and that I might, for him, have *stayed* in *peace* in my *own kingdom*. But, if *ever* the *time come* when the *due vengeance* from *above* shall *overtake* him, he will then *dissemble* in the *very same* manner as *I do*. Then he who *now*, *hardened* in wickedness, *triumphs* over those whom his *violence* has laid *low*, will, in his *turn*, *feel distress*, and suffer for his *impious ingratitude* to my *father*, and his *blood-thirsty cruelty* to my *brother*.

Oh, *murdered, butchered brother* ! ' Oh, *dearest* to my *heart*—*now gone* for *ever* from my *sight* —But *why* should I *lament* his *death* ? He is indeed *deprived* of the *blessed light* of *heaven*, of *life*, and *kingdom* at *once* by the *very person* who ought to have been the *first* to *hazard* his *own life* in *defence* of any one of *Micipsa's family* · but, as *things are*, my *brother* is not so much *deprived* of these *comforts* as delivered from *terror*, from *flight*, from *exile*, and the *endless train* of *miseries* which render *life* to me a *burden* He lies full *low*, *gored* with wounds and *festering* in his *own blood*. But he lies in *peace* He *feels none* of the *miseries* which *rend* my *soul* with *agony* and *distraction*, whilst I am set up a *spectacle* to all *mankind* of the *uncertainty* of *human affairs*. So far from having it in my *power* to *revenge* his *death*, I am not master of the means of *securing* my *own life* So far from being in a condition to *defend* my *kingdom* from the *violence* of the *usurper*, I am obliged to apply for *foreign protection* for my *own person*

Fathers' Senators of Rome ! the *arbiters* of the world ! To you I *fly* for *refuge* from the *murderous*

Accusation.

Complaining

Lamenting.

Horror

Anguish.

Vehement solicitation.

Urgent entreaty. *fury of Jugurtha* By your *affection* for your *children*, by your *love* for your *country*, by your *own virtues*, by the *majesty* of the *Roman commonwealth*, by all that is *sacred*, and all that is *dear* to you, *deliver* a *wretched prince* from *undeserved, unprovoked injury*, and save the *kingdom* of *Numidia*, which is your *own property*, from being the *prey* of *violence, usurpation, and cruelty*.

XXIII — EXHORTATION.

The speech of Galgacus, the general of the Caledonii,¹ in which he exhorts the army he had assembled, in order to expel the Romans, to fight valiantly against their foes under Julius Agricola — *Tacitus*

Courage	COUNTRYMEN AND FELLOW-SOLDIERS, when I consider the <i>cause</i> for which we have <i>drawn</i> our <i>swords</i> , and the <i>necessity</i> of striking an <i>effectual blow</i> before we <i>sheathe</i> them again, I feel joyful <i>hopes</i> arising in my <i>mind</i> , that <i>this day</i> an <i>opening</i> shall be made for the <i>restoration</i> of British <i>liberty</i> , and for <i>shaking off</i> the infamous <i>yoke</i> of Roman <i>slavery</i> Caledonia is yet <i>free</i> The <i>all-grasping</i> power of Rome has not yet been able to seize <i>our liberty</i> But it is only to be <i>preserved</i> by <i>valour</i> . By <i>flight</i> it <i>cannot</i> , for the <i>sea</i> confines us, and <i>that</i> the more <i>effectually</i> , as being possessed by the <i>fleets</i> of the <i>enemy</i> As it is by <i>arms</i> that the <i>brave</i> acquire <i>immortal fame</i> , so it is by <i>arms</i> that the <i>sordid</i> must <i>defend</i> their <i>lives</i> and <i>properties</i> , or <i>lose</i> them. You are the very <i>men</i> , my friends, who have hitherto set <i>bounds</i> to the unmeasurable <i>ambition</i> of the <i>Romans</i> In consequence of your
Vexation	
Courage	
Warning	
Encouraging.	

¹ The Caledoni were, according to Ptolemy, the inhabitants of the interior parts of what before the union was called Scotland, now North Britain.

inhabiting the more *inaccessible* parts of the island, you have hitherto been *free* from the common *disgrace* and the common *sufferings*. You lie almost out of the reach of *fame itself*, but you *must not* Warning. *expect* to enjoy this untroubled *security* any longer, unless you *bestir* yourselves so *effectually* as to put it out of the *power* of the *enemy* to *search* out your *retreats*, and *disturb* your *repose*. If you *do not*, *curiosity alone* will set them a *prying*, and they will conclude that there is something *worth* the *labour* of *conquering* in the *interior parts* of the island, merely because they have *never seen* them. What is *little known* is often *coveted*, because so *little known*. And you are not to *expect* that you should *escape* the *ravage* of the general *plunderers* of *mankind*, by any sentiment of *moderation* in them. When the *countries* which are more *accessible* come to be *subdued*, they will then *force* their way into those which are *harder* to come at. And if they should conquer the Accusation. *dry land* over the *whole world*, they will then think of carrying their arms beyond the *ocean*, to see whether there be not certain *unknown regions* which they may *attack*, and *reduce* under *subjection* to the *Roman empire*. For we see, that if a country is thought to be *powerful* in *arms* the Romans *attack* it, because the conquest will be *glorious*, if *inconsiderable* in the *military art*, because the victory will be *easy*, if *rich*, they are drawn thither by the hope of *plunder*; if *poor*, by the desire of *fame*. The *east* and the *west*, the *south* and the *north*, the face of the *whole earth*, is the *scene* of their *military achievements*, the *world* is too *little* for their *ambition* and their *avarice*. They are the *only nation* ever known to be *equally* desirous of conquering a *poor* kingdom as a *rich* one. Their *supreme joy* seems to be *ravaging*, *fighting*, Honor and *shedding* of *blood*, and when they have *unpeo-*

pled a region, so that there are none left alive able to bear arms, they say they have given peace to that country

Honor	Nature itself has peculiarly <i>endowed to all men, their wives and their children</i> But it is known to you, my countrymen, that the conquered <i>youth</i> are daily <i>drafted off to supply</i> the deficiencies in the <i>Roman army</i> The <i>wives, the sisters, and the daughters</i> of the <i>conquered</i> are either exposed to the <i>violence</i> , or at least corrupted by the <i>arts</i> , of these
Accusation	<i>cruel spoilers</i> The <i>fruits</i> of our <i>industry</i> are <i>plundered</i> to make up the <i>tributes</i> imposed on us by <i>oppressive avarice</i> <i>Britons</i> sow their fields, and the
Complaining	<i>greedy Romans</i> reap them Our <i>very bodies</i> are <i>worn out</i> in carrying on their <i>military works</i> , and our <i>toils</i> are <i>rewarded</i> by them with <i>abuse</i> and <i>stripes</i> Those who are <i>born to slavery</i> are <i>bought and man-</i>
Indignation.	<i>tained by their master</i> But <i>this</i> unhappy country <i>pays</i> for being <i>enslaved</i> , and <i>feeds</i> those who <i>enslave</i> it And our <i>portion of disgrace</i> is the <i>bitterest</i> , as the inhabitants of <i>this island</i> are the <i>last</i> who have
Accusation.	fallen under the <i>galling yoke</i> Our native <i>bent</i> against <i>tyranny</i> is the <i>offence</i> which most sensibly <i>irritates</i> those <i>lordly usurpers</i> Our <i>distance</i> from the <i>seat of government</i> , and our <i>natural defence</i> by the <i>surrounding ocean</i> , render us <i>obnoxious</i> to their <i>suspensions</i> , for they know that <i>Britons</i> are <i>born</i> with an instinctive <i>love of liberty</i> , and they conclude, that we must be <i>naturally</i> led to think of taking the <i>advantage</i> of our <i>detached situation</i> to <i>disengage</i> our-
Warning.	selves, <i>one time or other</i> , from their <i>oppression</i>
Courage	Thus, my countrymen and fellow-soldiers, <i>suspected and hated</i> , as we ever <i>must be</i> by the <i>Romans</i> , there is no <i>prospect</i> of our enjoying even a tolerable state of <i>bondage</i> under them. Let us, then, in the name of all that is <i>sacred</i> , and in defence of all that

is dear to us, resolve to exert ourselves, if not for glory, at least for safety; if not in vindication of British honour, at least in defence of our lives. How commendable near were the Brigantines¹ to shaking off the yoke—led on too, by a woman? They burned a Roman settlement, they attacked the dreaded Roman legions in their camp. Had not their partial success drawn them into a fatal security, the business would have been done. And shall not we of the Caledonian region, whose territories are yet free, and whose strength entire—shall not we, my fellow-soldiers, attempt something which may show these foreign ravagers that they have more to do than they think of before they can be masters of the whole island?

But, after all, who are these mighty Romans? Are they gods, or mortal men like ourselves? Do we not see that they fall into the same errors and weaknesses as others? Does not peace effeminate them? Does not abundance debauch them? Does not luxury enervate them? Do they not even go to excess in the most unmanly vices? And can you imagine that they who are remarkable for their vices are likewise remarkable for their valour? What, then, do we dread?—Shall I tell you the very truth, my fellow-soldiers! It is by means of our intestine divisions that the Romans have gained so great advantages over us. They turn the mismanagement of their enemies to their own praise. They boast of what they have done, and say nothing of what we might have done, had we been so wise as to unite against them.

What is this formidable Roman army? Is it not composed of a mixture of people from different coun-

¹ The Brigantines, according to Ptolemy, inhabited what is now called Yorkshure, the bishopric of Durham, &c.

	<i>ties, some more, some less, disposed to military achievements, some more, some less, capable of bearing fatigue and hardship. They keep together, while they are successful. Attack them with vigour, distress them; and you will see them more disunited among themselves than we are now. Can any one</i>
Courage.	<i>imagine, that Gauls, Germans, and—with shame I must add, Britons, who basely lend, for a time, their limbs and their lives to build up a foreign tyranny—</i>
Regret.	<i>can any one imagine that these will not be longer enemies than slaves! or that such an army is held together by sentiments of fidelity or affection? No the only bond of union among them is fear. And, whenever terror ceases to work upon the minds of that mixed multitude, they who now fear will then hate their tyrannical masters. On our side there is every</i>
Courage	<i>possible incitement to valour. The Roman courage is not, as ours, inflamed by the thought of wives and children in danger of falling into the hands of the enemy. The Romans have no parents, as we have, to reproach them if they should desert their infirm old age. They have no country here to fight for</i>
Contempt	<i>They are a motley collection of foreigners, in a land wholly unknown to them, cut off from their native country, hemmed in by the surrounding ocean, and given, I hope, a prey into our hands beyond all possibility of escape. Let not the sound of the Roman name affright your ears; nor let the glare of gold or silver upon their armour dazzle your eyes. It is not by gold or silver that men are either wounded or defended, though they are rendered a richer prey to the conquerors. Let us boldly attack this disunited rabble, we shall find among themselves a reinforcement to our army. The degenerate Britons, who are incorporated into their forces, will, through shame of their country's cause deserted by them, quickly</i>
Courage.	

serve the Romans, and come over to us. The *Gauls*, remembering their *former liberty*, and that it was the *Romans* who deprived them of it, will forsake their *tyrants*, and join the *assertors of freedom*. The *Germans* who remain in their army will follow the example of their countrymen, the *Usipii*, who so lately *deserted*. And *what* will there be then to fear? A few *half-garrisoned forts*, a few municipal towns Contempt. uninhabited by *worn-out old men*, *discord* universally prevailing, occasioned by *tyranny* in those who *command*, and *obstinacy* in those who should *obey*. On our side, an *army united in the cause of their country*, Courage their *wives*, their *children*, their *aged parents*, their *liberties*, their *lives*. At the head of this army—I hope I do not offend against *modesty* in saying, there Apology. is a *general* ready to *exert all his abilities*, such as they are, and to hazard his *life* in leading you to *victory* and to *freedom*.

I conclude, my countrymen and fellow-soldiers, Encouraging with putting you in mind, that on your *behaviour* ing. *this day* depends your future *enjoyment of peace and liberty*, or your *subjection to a tyrannical enemy*, with all its *grievous consequences*. When, therefore, you come to *engage*—think of your *ancestors*—and think of your *posterity*.

XXIV —BLUNT REPROOF—WARNING—OFFERING—
FRIENDSHIP.

The speech of the Scythian ambassadors to Alexander, who was preparing war against them.—Q *Curtius*

If your *person* were as *gigantic* as your *desires*, the *Respect* world would not *contain* you. Your *right hand* would touch the *east*, and your *left* the *west* at the *same time*. You *grasp at more* than you are *equal to*. From *Europe* you *reach Asia* from *Asia* you

- lay hold on Europe* And if you should conquer *all mankind*, you seem disposed to wage war with *woods* and *snows*, with *rivers* and wild *beasts*, and to attempt to *subdue nature*. But have you considered the usual *course of things*? Have you reflected, that *great trees* are many *years* in *growing* to their height, and are *cut down* in an *hour*? It is foolish to think of the *fruit only*, without considering the *height* you have to *climb* to come at it. Take *care*, lest, while you *strive* to reach the *top*, you *fall* to the *ground* with the *branches* you have laid *hold on*. The *lion*, when *dead*, is *devoured* by *ravens*, and *rust consumes* the *hardness* of *iron*. There is nothing so *strong* but it is in *danger* from what is *weak*. It will, therefore, be your *wisdom* to take care how you venture beyond your *reach*. Besides, what have you to do with the *Scythians*, or the *Scythians* with you? We have never invaded *Macedon* why should you attack *Scythia*? We inhabit *vast deserts* and *pathless woods*, where we do not want to hear of the name of *Alexander*. We are not disposed to *submit* to *slavery*, and we have no ambition to *tyrannize* over *any nation*. That you may understand the *genius* of the *Scythians*, we present you with a yoke of *oxen*, an *arrow*, and a *goblet*. We use these *respectively* in our commerce with *friends* and with *foes*. We give to our *friends* the *corn*, which we raise by the labour of our *oxen*. With the *goblet* we join with them in pouring *drink-offerings* to the *gods*; and with *arrows* we attack our *enemies*. We have *conquered* those who have attempted to *tyrannize* over us in our *own country*, and likewise the kings of the *Medes* and *Persians*, when they made *unjust war* upon us; and we have opened to ourselves a way into *Egypt*. You pretend to be the *punisher* of *robbers*, and are *yourself* the *general*
- Warning
- Contempt.
- Warning
- Remonstrance.
- Courage
- Accusation.

robber of mankind You have taken *Lydia*; you have seized *Syria*, you are master of *Persia*; you have subdued the *Bactrians*, and attacked *India*. All this will not satisfy you, unless you lay your greedy and insatiable hands upon our flocks and our herds. How imprudent is your conduct? You grasp at riches, the possession of which only increases your avarice. You increase your hunger by what should produce satiety, so that the more you have, the more you desire. But have you forgot how long the conquest of the *Bactrians* detained you? While you were subduing them, the *Sogdians* revolted. Your victories serve no other purpose than to find you employment by producing new wars, for the business of every conquest is two-fold—to win, and to preserve. And though you may be the greatest of warriors, you must expect, that the nations you conquer will endeavour to shake off the yoke as fast as possible. For what people chooses to be under foreign domination? If you will cross the *Tanais*, you may travel over *Scythia*, and observe how extensive a territory we inhabit. But to conquer us is quite another business. Your army is loaded with the cumbersome spoils of many nations. You will find the poverty of the *Scythians*, at one time, too nimble for your pursuit, and, at another time, when you think we are fled far enough from you, you will have us surprise you in your camp; for the *Scythians* attack with no less vigour than they fly. Why should we put you in mind of the vastness of the country you will have to conquer? The deserts of *Scythia* are commonly talked of in *Greece*, and all the world knows that our delight is to dwell at large, and not in towns or plantations. It will therefore be your wisdom to keep, with strict attention, what you have gained. Catching at more, you may lose what you have.

Remon-
strance.

Instruction.

Warning.

Courage.

Warning.

Threatening.

Remon-
strance

Advising

Warning

	have a proverbial saying in Scythia, "That <i>fortune</i> has no <i>feet</i> , and is furnished only with <i>hands</i> to <i>distribute</i> her <i>capricious favours</i> , and with <i>fins</i> to <i>elude</i> the <i>grasp</i> of those to whom she has been <i>bountiful</i> ."
Reproof	You give yourself out to be a <i>god</i> , the son of <i>Jupiter</i>
Contempt	<i>Hammon</i> It suits the character of a god to <i>bestow favours</i> on mortals; not to <i>deprive</i> them of what they <i>have</i> But if you are <i>no god</i> , reflect on the <i>precarious condition</i> of <i>humanity</i> You will thus show <i>more wisdom</i> than by <i>dwelling</i> on those subjects, which have <i>puffed up</i> your <i>pride</i> , and made you <i>forget yourself</i> . You see how <i>little</i> you are likely to gain by attempting the <i>conquest</i> of <i>Scythia</i> .
Offering	On the <i>other</i> hand, you may, if you please, have in
Friendship	us a <i>valuable alliance</i> We <i>command</i> the <i>borders</i> of
Instruction	both <i>Europe</i> and <i>Asia</i> There is <i>nothing</i> between us and <i>Bactria</i> but the river <i>Tanais</i> , and our territory extends to <i>Thrace</i> , which, as we have heard, <i>borders</i> on <i>Macedon</i> If you decline attacking us in a <i>hostile</i> manner, you may have our <i>friendship</i> <i>Nations</i> which have never been at <i>war</i> are on an <i>equal footing</i> . But it is in <i>vain</i> that <i>confidence</i> is reposed in a <i>conquered</i> people. There can be no <i>sincere friendship</i> between the <i>oppressors</i> and the <i>oppressed</i> Even in <i>peace</i> , the <i>latter</i> think themselves <i>entitled</i> to the <i>rights</i> of <i>war</i> against the <i>former</i> .
Offering	We will, if you think good, enter into a <i>treaty</i> with you according to <i>our manner</i> , which is, not by <i>signing</i> , <i>sealing</i> , and taking the <i>gods</i> to <i>witness</i> , as is the <i>Grecian custom</i> ; but by doing <i>actual services</i> The
Bluntness	<i>Scythians</i> are not used to <i>promise</i> , but to <i>perform</i> without <i>promising</i> . And they think an <i>appeal</i> to the <i>gods</i> <i>superfluous</i> ; for that those who have <i>no regard</i> for the esteem of <i>men</i> will not <i>hesitate</i> to <i>offend</i> the <i>gods</i> by <i>perjury</i> . You may therefore <i>consider</i> with <i>yourself</i> , whether you had <i>better</i> have a people of
Advising	

such a character (and so situated as to have it in their power either to serve you or to annoy you, according as you treat them) for allies, or for enemies.

XXV — REFLECTION ON LOST HAPPINESS—SELF-CON-
DEMNATION—HORROR—DESPERATION.

Satan's Soliloquy, from "Milton's Paradise Lost"

<i>O thou that, with surpassing glory crown'd,</i>	Admiration
<i>Look'st from thy sole dominion, like the god</i>	
<i>Of this new world, at whose sight all the stars</i>	
<i>Hide then diminish'd heads, to thee I call,</i>	
<i>But with no friendly voice, and add thy name,</i>	Hatred
<i>O Sun, to tell thee how I hate thy beams,</i>	
<i>That bring to my remembrance from what state</i>	Painful re-
<i>I fell, how glorious once above thy sphere,</i>	flection.
<i>Till pride and worse ambition threw me down,</i>	Self-con-
<i>Warring in heav'n against heaven's matchless King.</i>	demnation
<i>Ah, wherefore? He deserv'd no such return</i>	Vindicta on
<i>From me, whom he created what I was</i>	of an enemy
<i>In that bright eminence, and with his good</i>	
<i>Upbraided none nor was his service hard</i>	
<i>What could be less than to afford him praise,</i>	
<i>The easiest recompense, and pay him thanks?</i>	
<i>How due! yet all his good proved ill in me,</i>	Self-con-
<i>And wrought but malice lifted up so high,</i>	demnation
<i>I disdain'd subjection, thought one step higher</i>	Pride
<i>Would set me high'st, and in a moment quit</i>	
<i>The debt immense of endless gratitude,</i>	
<i>So burdensome still paying, still to owe.</i>	
<i>Forgetful what from him I still receiv'd,</i>	Self-con-
<i>And understood not, that a grateful mind</i>	demnation
<i>By owing, owes not, but still pays, at once</i>	
<i>Indebted, and discharged, what burden then?</i>	
<i>Oh, had his pow'ful destiny ordain'd</i>	Anguish

Reflection on lost hap- piness.	Me some <i>inferior angel</i> , I had stood Then <i>happy</i> , no <i>unbounded hope</i> had rais'd <i>Ambition</i> Yet <i>why not?</i> some <i>other pow'r</i> As great might have <i>aspir'd</i> , and <i>me</i> , though <i>mean</i> , <i>Drawn</i> to his <i>part</i> . But <i>other pow'rs</i> as great <i>Fell</i> not, but stand <i>unshaken</i> , from <i>within</i> , Or from <i>without</i> , to all <i>temptations arm'd</i>
Self-con- demnation	Hadst thou the same <i>free-will</i> , and <i>pow'r</i> to <i>stand</i> ? Thou <i>hadst</i> : <i>whom</i> hast thou, then, or <i>what</i> t'accuse, But heav'n's <i>free love</i> dealt equally to all?
Blasphemy	Be then his <i>love accurs'd</i> ! since <i>love</i> or <i>hate</i> ,
Rage.	To me alike it deals <i>eternal woe</i> .
Self-con- demnation	Nay, curs'd be <i>thou</i> , since against <i>his</i> , <i>thy will</i> Chose <i>freely</i> what it now so justly <i>ruet</i> .
Desperation	<i>Me miserable!</i> <i>which way</i> shall I <i>fly</i> <i>Infinite wrath</i> , and <i>infinite despair</i> ? <i>Which way I fly</i> is <i>hell</i> , <i>myself</i> am <i>hell</i> ; And in the <i>lowest deep</i> , a <i>lower deep</i> Still <i>threat'ning</i> to devour me, opens wide, To which the <i>hell</i> I suffer, seems a <i>heav'n</i> — Oh, then, at <i>last</i> , <i>relent</i> . Is there <i>no place</i> Left for <i>repentance</i> ? <i>None</i> for <i>pardon left</i> ?
Pride	<i>None</i> left, but by <i>submission</i> ; and that <i>word</i> <i>Disdain</i> forbids me, and my <i>dread of shame</i> Among the <i>spirits beneath</i> , whom I <i>seduc'd</i> With <i>other promises</i> , and <i>other vaunts</i> Than to <i>submit</i> , boasting I could <i>subdue</i>
Anguish.	Th' <i>Omnipotent</i> . <i>Al, me!</i> <i>they</i> little know How <i>dearly</i> I abide that boast so vain, Under what <i>torments</i> inwardly I <i>groan</i> , While they <i>adore</i> me on the throne of <i>hell</i> , With <i>diadem</i> and <i>sceptre</i> high <i>advanc'd</i> , The <i>lower</i> still I fall, only <i>supreme</i> In <i>misery</i> , such <i>joy ambition</i> finds.
Pride	But say I <i>could repent</i> , and <i>could obtain</i> , By act of <i>grace</i> , my <i>former state</i> ; how <i>soon</i>

Would height recall *high thoughts*, how soon *unsay*
 What feign'd *submission* swore? *Ease* would recant
Vows made in *pain*, as *violent* and *void*.

For *never* can *true reconciliation* grow
 Where *wounds* of *deadly hate* have *pierc'd* so *deep*:

Malice

Which would but lead me to a *worse relapse*,

And *heavier fall*: so should I purchase *dear*

Short intermission bought with *double smart*

This *knows* my *Punisher*, therefore as *far*

Hopeless
anguish

From *granting* *he*, as *I* from *begging* *peace*

All hope excluded thus, *behold* instead

Malice.

Of *us outcast*, *exil'd*, his *new delight*,

Mankind created, and for *them* this *world*.

So *farewell*, *hope*, and with *hope farewell fear*,

Fixed
despair.

Farewell, *remorse*, all *good* to me is *lost*;

Evil, be thou my *good*; by thee at least

Divided empire with *heav'n's King* I hold,

By thee, and *more than half*, perhaps, shall reign,

Malice bent
on mischief.

As *man*, ere long, and *this new world* shall *know*.

XXVI.—CONSULTATION.

The speech of Satan, in his infernal palace of Pandemonium, in which he proposes to the consideration of his angels, in what manner it would be proper to proceed, in consequence of their defeat and fall — *Milton*

Pow'rs and *dominions*! *deities* of *heav'n*!

Dignity with
distress

For since *no deep* within her gulf can *hold*

Immortal vigour, though *oppress'd* and *fall'n*

I *give* not *heav'n* for *lost* From this *descent*

Courage

Celestial virtues rising will *appear*

More *glorious*, and more *dread*, than from *no fall*,

And trust *themselves* to fear no *second* fate.

Me though just *right*, and the fix'd *laws* of *heav'n*,

Authority

Did *first* create your *leader*, next *free choice*,

With what *besides*, in *council* or in *fight*,

Apprehen- sion.	Hath been <i>achiev'd</i> of merit; yet this <i>loss</i> Thus far, at least, <i>recover'd</i> hath much more <i>Establish'd</i> in a <i>safe, unenvied throne</i> , Yielded with <i>full consent</i> . The <i>happier state</i> In <i>heav'n</i> , which follows <i>dignity</i> , might draw <i>Envy</i> from each <i>inferior</i> ; but <i>who</i> here Will <i>envy</i> whom the <i>highest place</i> exposes <i>Foremost</i> to stand against the <i>Thunderer's arm</i> , Your <i>bulwark</i> , and condemns to <i>greatest share</i>
Courage	Of <i>endless pain</i> ? With this <i>advantage</i> then To <i>union</i> , and firm <i>faith</i> , and firm <i>accord</i> , <i>More</i> than can be in <i>heav'n</i> , we now <i>return</i> To claim our just <i>inheritance</i> of <i>old</i> , <i>Surer</i> to <i>prosper</i> , than <i>prosperity</i>
Confidence	Could have <i>assur'd</i> us; and by what <i>best way</i> , Whether of <i>open war</i> , or <i>covert guile</i> , We now <i>debate</i> Who can <i>advise</i> may <i>speak</i>

XXVII — FIERCENESS — DESPERATION

The speech of the fallen angel Moloch, exciting the infernal
crew to renew the war against heaven

Courage	<i>My</i> sentence is for <i>open war</i> ^a Of <i>wiles</i> ,
Contempt.	<i>More inexperienced, I</i> boast not. Them let <i>those</i> Contrive, who <i>need</i> , or <i>when</i> they need—not now.
Courage.	For while <i>they</i> sit <i>contriving</i> , shall the <i>rest</i> , <i>Millions</i> that stand in <i>arms</i> , and <i>longing wait</i>
Contempt	The <i>signal</i> to <i>ascend</i> , sit <i>lung'ring</i> here
Rage	<i>Heav'n's fugitives</i> , and for their dwelling-place Accept this <i>dark opprobrious den</i> of <i>shame</i> , The <i>prison</i> of <i>his tyranny</i> , who <i>reigns</i>
Fierceness	By our <i>delay</i> ?— ¹ <i>No!</i> let us rather choose,

¹ "No, let us," &c, to "But perhaps," can hardly be spoken too energetically, if the dignity of the speaker be kept up in pronouncing the passage. At the words, "But perhaps," &c, the speaker composes himself again.

Arm'd with hell flames and fury, all at once **Courage.**
O'er heav'n's high tow'rs to force resistless way,
Turning our tortures into horrid arms
Against our torturer. When to meet the noise
Of his terrific engine, he shall hear
Infernal thunder, and for lightning see
Black fire, and horror, shot with equal rage
Amongst his angels, and his throne itself
Mix'd with Tatanæan sulphur and strange fire,
His own invented torments — But perhaps **Recollection.**
The way seems difficult, and steep to scale
With upright wing against a higher foe —
Let such bethink them, if the sleepy denck
Of that forgetful lake benumb not still,
That, in our proper motion, we ascend
Up to our native seat. Descent and fall
To us is adverse. Who but felt of late,
When our fierce foe hung on our broken rene,
Insulting, and pursu'd us through the deep,
With what compulsion, and laborious flight **Slowness.**
We sunk thus low? — Th' ascent is easy then — **Arguing**
Th' event is fear'd — Should we again provoke
Our stronger, some worse way his wrath may find
To our destruction, if there be in hell
Fear to be worse destroy'd — What can be worse **Complaining**
Than to dwell here, driv'n out from bliss, condemn'd
In this abhorred deep to utter woe,
Where pain of unextinguishable fire
Must exercise us without hope of end,
The vassals of his anger, when the scourge
Inexorable, and the torturing hour
Calls us to penance? — More destroy'd than thus
We must be quite abolish'd, and expire.
 What fear we then? — What doubt we to incense **Fierceness.**
 His utmost ire? which, to the height enrag'd,
 Will either quite consume us, and reduce

- Complaining To *nothing* this *essential*, *happier* far
Than *miserable* to have *eternal* being.
- Courage. Or if our *substance* be indeed *divine*,
And *cannot* cease to *be*, we are, at *worst*.
- Malice On *this side* *nothing*. And by *proof* we *feel*
Our *pow'r* *sufficient* to *disturb* his *heav'n*,
And with perpetual *inroads* to *alarm*.
Though *inaccessible*, his *fatal* *throne*:
Fury Which, if not *victory*, is yet *revenge*.¹
-

XXVIII — CONSIDERATION — DISSUASION.

The speech of the fallen angel Belial, in answer to Moloch.

- Deliberation I should be *much* for *open* *war*, O Peers,
As *not behind* in *hate*, if what was *urg'd*,
Main *reason* to persuade *immediate* *war*,
- Apprehension, Did not *dissuade* me *most*, and seem to *cast*
Ominous *conjecture* on the *whole* *success*;
When *he* who *most* *excels* in *feats* of *arms*,
In what he *counsels*, and in what *excels*
Mistrustful, grounds his *courage* on *despair*,
And *utter* *dissolution*, as the *scope*
Of all his *aim*, after some *dire* *revenge*.
- Arguing. First, *what* *revenge*?—The *tow'rs* of *heav'n* are *fill'd*
Apprehension With *armed* *watch*, that render *all* *access*
Impregnable. Oft on the *bord'ring* *deep*
Encamp their *legions*; or with *obscure* *wing*,
Scout *far* and *wide* into the *realm* of *night*,
Scorning *surprise*—Or could we *break* our *way*
By *force*, and at our *heels* *all* *hell* should *rise*
With *blackest* *insurrection* to *confound*

¹ The voice, instead of falling towards the end of this line, as usual, is to rise, and in speaking the word *revenge*, the fiercer of the whole speech ought, as it were, to be expressed in one word.

Heav'n's purest light, yet our great enemy	Awe.
All incorruptible would on his throne	
Sit unpolled, and th' ethereal mould,	
Incapable of stain, would soon expel	
Her mischief, and purge off the baser fire	
Victorious Thus repuls'd, our final hope	Horror
Is flat despair. we must exasperate	
Th' almighty victor to spend all his rage,	
And that must end us; that must be our cure,	
To be no more—Sad cure!—For who would lose,	
Though full of pain, this intellectual being,	
Those thoughts that wander through eternity,—	
To perish rather, swallowed up and lost	
In the wide womb of uncreated night,	
Devoid of sense and motion?—But will he,	Arguing.
So wise, let loose at once his utmost ire,	
Belike through impotence, or unaware,	
To give his enemies their wish, and end	
Them in his anger, whom his anger saves	
To punish endless?—"Wherefore cease we then,"	Courage
Say they who counsel war; "we are deceived,	Anguish
Reserv'd, and destin'd to eternal woe;	
Whatever doing, what can we suffer more?	
What can we suffer worse?" ^a Is this then worst,	Despair
Thus sitting, thus consulting, thus in arms?	^a Arguing
What! when we fled away, pursu'd and struck	Terror.
With heav'n's afflicting thunder and besought	
The deep to shelter us? This hell then seem'd	
A refuge from those wounds or when we lay	
Chain'd on the burning lake? That sure was worse	
What if the breath that kindled these grim fires,	Apprehen-
Awak'd, should blow them into sevenfold rage,	sion.
And plunge us in the flames? Or from above	
Should intermitted vengeance arm again	
His red right hand to plague us? What, if all	Horror.
Her stores were open'd, and this firmament	

- Horror** Of hell should spout her cataracts of fire,
Impendent horrors, threat'ning hideous fall
One day upon our heads, while we, perhaps,
Designing, or exhorting glorious war,
Caught in a fiery tempest shall be hurl'd,
Each on his rock transfix'd, the sport and prey
Of wrecking whirlwinds, or for ever sunk
Under yon boiling ocean, wrapt in chains,
- Anguish.** There to converse with everlasting groans,
Unrespited, unpitied, unrepriev'd,
Ages of hopeless end?—This would be worse —
- Dissuasion.** War, therefore, open or conceal'd alike
My voice dissuades.
- Remonstrance with contempt.** “ Shall we then live thus vile? The race of heav'n
Thus trampled, thus expell'd, to suffer here
Chains and these torments!’ Better these than worse,
- Arguing.** By my advice To suffer, as to do,
Our strength is equal, nor the law unjust
That so ordains. This was at first resolv'd,
If we were wise, against so great a foe
Contending, and so doubtful what might fall
- Contempt.** I laugh, when those, who at the spear are bold,
And venturous, if that fail them, shrink and fear
What yet they know must follow; to endure
Exile, or ignominy, or bonds, or pain,
The sentence of their conqueror. This is now
- Encouraging** Our doom; which if with courage we can bear,
Our foe supreme, in time, may much remit
His anger, and, perhaps, thus far remov'd,
Not mind us, not offending, satisfied
With what is punish'd; whence these raging fires
Will slacken, if his breath stir not their flames.
Our purer essence then will overcome
Their noxious vapour, or murr'd, not feel.
Or chang'd, at length, and to the place conform'd
In temper, and in nature, will receive

*Familiar the fierce heat, and void of pain;
This horror will grow mild, this darkness light,
Besides what hope the never-ending flow
Of future days may bring; what chance, what change,
Worth waiting; since our present lot appears—
For happy though but ill, for ill not worst,
If we procure not to ourselves more woe*

Encourag-
ing

XXIX —ANGER—THREATENING.

Satan's speech to Death stopping his passage through the gate
of hell, with the answer —*Milton*

"Whence, and what art thou, execrable shape'
That dar'st, though grim and terrible, advance
Thy msccreated front athwart my way
To yonder gates? through them I mean to pass,
That be assur'd, without leave ask'd of thee
Retire,¹ or taste thy folly, and learn by proof,
Hell-born! not to contend with spirits of heav'n."

Anger.

Resolution.

Contempt

Threatening

To whom the goblin full of wrath replied,
"Art thou that traitor angel, art thou he
Who first broke peace in heav'n, and faith, till then
Unbroken, and in proud rebellious arms
Drew after him the third part of heav'n's sons,
Conjur'd against the Highest, for which both thou
And they outcast from God, are here condemn'd
To waste eternal days in woe and pain?
And reckon'st thou thyself with spirits of heav'n,
Hell-doom'd! and breath'st defiance here, and scorn,
Where I reign king, and to enrage thee more,
Thy king and lord? Back to thy punishment,
False fugitive! and to thy speed add wings,
Lest with a clap of scorpions I pursue
Thy ling'ring, or with one stroke of this dart
Strange horror seize thee, and pangs unfelt before"

Anger

Contempt.

Anger.

Pride

Threatening

¹ "Retire" is to be spoken as a whole sentence, and with the
greatest force of threatening

XXX —DEPRECATION—SURPRISE

The speech of Sin to Satan, to prevent a hostile encounter between the latter and Death

Exclamation	"O father, what intends thy hand," she cried,
Reproof.	"Against thy only son? What fury, O son,
	Possesses thee to bend that mortal dart
	Against thy father's head? And know'st for whom,
Vexation.	For Him who sits above and laughs the while
	At thee ordain'd his drudge, to execute
	Whate'er his wrath, which he calls justice, bids,
Alarm	His wrath; which one day will destroy ye both."
Narration	She spoke, and at her words the hellish pest
	Forbore, then these to her Satan return'd.
Surprise.	"So strange thy outcry, and thy words so strange
	Thou interposest, that my sudden hand
Recollection	Prevented, spares to tell thee yet by deeds
	What it intends; till first I know of thee,
	What thing thou art, thus double form'd and why
	In this infernal vale first met, thou call'st
	Me father, and that phantasm call'st my son,
	I know thee not; nor ever saw, till now,
Aversion.	Sight more detestable than him and thee"

XXXI.—DOUBTING—VEXATION—DEEP REFLECTION.

Hamlet's soliloquy upon his finding that the king, his father, was murdered by his uncle; in which he considers the consequence of putting an end to a burdensome life —*Shakespeare*.

Anxiety.	To be,—or not to be? ¹ —that is the question—
	Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
	The stings and arrows of outrageous fortune;
Courage.	Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,

¹ "To be,—or not to be" The thought, at length, would run thus: "Is death the total destruction of consciousness? Or do the dead still continue to think and act, though in a different manner from that of the present state?" The thought in the second line is different, viz, "Whether is it truly heroic to put an end to life when it becomes irksome?"

And by opposing, *end* them?—To *die*—to *sleep*—
*No more*¹—and by a *sleep* to say we *end*
 The *heart-ache*, and the *thousand natural shocks*
 That *flesh* is *heir* to —'Tis a *consummation*
Devoutly to be *wish'd*—To *die*—to *sleep*—
 To *sleep*?—perchance to *dream*—*ay, there's* the rub!
 For in that *sleep* of *death* what *dreams* may come,
 When we have *shuffled off* this *mortal coil*,
 Must give us *pause* There's the *respect*
 That makes *calamity* of so *long life*.
 For *who* would *bear* the *ups* and *scorns* of time,
 Th' *oppressor's wrong*, the *proud man's contumely*,
 The *pangs* of *love despis'd*, the *law's delay*,
 The *insolence of office*, and the *spurns*,
 That *patient's merit* of the *unworthy*^b takes;
 When he *himself* might his *quietus* make
 With a *bare bodkin*? Who would *fandels*² *bear*,
 And *groan* and *sweat* under a *weary life*,
 But that the *dread* of *something after death*
 (That *undiscover'd country*, from whose *bourn*³
No traveller returns) *puzzles the will*,
 And makes us rather *bear* those *ills we have*,
 Than *fly* to *others*, which we *know not of*?
 Thus *conscience* does make *cowards* of us all;
 And thus the *native hue* of *resolution*
 Is *sicklied o'er* with the *pale cast of thought*,
 And *enterprises* of great *pith* and *moment*,
 With *this regard* then *currents turn* *any*,
 And *lose* the *name* of *action*.

Deep
thought-
fulness
Vexation.

Thought-
fulness
Apprehen-
sion

Vexation.

Anguish

^a Meekness,
^b Aversion

Courage.
Complaiant
Fear

Resignation

¹ "But to *die*—to *sleep*—no more" The pauses must be equal The sense at length being, "Is dying only falling asleep, and nothing else"

² "*Fandels*" That is, *burdens*

³ "*Whose bourn*." That is, *border*, or *boundary*.

XXXII — PLOTTING—CRUELTY—HORROR

Macbeth, full of his bloody design against good King Duncan,
fancies he sees a dagger in the air — *Shakspeare*.

- Surprise. Is this a *dagger*, which I see before me,
Courage. The *handle* tow'rd my *hand*? Come, let me *clutch*
thee—
- Wonder. I *have* thee *not*, and yet I *see* thee *still*
Horror. Art thou *not*, *fatal vision*, sensible
To *feeling* as to *sight*? or art thou but
A *dagger* of the *mind*, a *false creation*
Proceeding from the *heat-oppressed brain*?
I see thee *yet*, in form as *palpable*
As *this* which now I *draw*—
- Horror. Thou *marshall'st* me the *way* that I was *going*;
And *such* an *instrument* I was to *use*.—
Mine eyes are made the *fools* o' th' *other* senses,
Or else *worth* all the rest— I see thee *still*,
Horror. And on thy blade and dudgeon, *gouts*¹ of *blood*,
Doubting Which *was not* so *before*.—There's *no such thing* —
Horror. It is the *bloody business*, which informs
Plotting Thus to mine *eyes*—Now o'er one half the world
Nature seems *dead*, and *wicked dreams* abuse
The curtain'd *sleep*; now *witchcraft* celebrates
Horror. *Pale Hecate's offerings* and *midnight murder*,
Thus with his *stealthy pace*, tow'rd his design
Guilt. Moves like a *ghost*—Thou *sure* and *firm-set* *earth*,
Hear *not* my *steps*, which way they *walk*, for fear
Thy very *stones* *prate* of my *whereabout*;
And *take* the present *horror* from the time
Which now *suits* with it—While I *threat*, he *lives*—
I *go*, and it is *done*; the bell invites me—[*Bell rings*]
Hear it *not*, *Duncan*! for it is a *knell*
That *summons thee* to *heaven*, or to *hell*.

¹ "Gouts" That is, drops.

LITERARY CLASS BOOK.

PART SECOND.

WE shall commence this part of our Compilation with the PASSAGES which Walker has used in illustrating his "Description of the Passions." While approving generally of the plan adopted in "The Art of Speaking," he thought that it would be an improvement upon it "to subjoin EXAMPLES to each PASSION and EMOTION, which contain scarcely any passion or emotion but that described; and that by thus keeping one passion in view at a time, the pupil would more easily acquire the imitation of it than by passing suddenly to those passages where they are scattered promiscuously in small portions."¹ As his "Descriptions of the Passions" are based upon those given in "The Art of Speaking," we shall omit them for the reasons which we have already assigned (page 81). The most of the "Examples," however, which he has given in illustration of them, we shall

¹ "This is the case," he adds, "with the author to whom I am so much indebted for the description of the passions, and with those who have servilely copied him. The instance of a single passion which I have selected may be augmented at pleasure; and when the pupil has acquired the expression of each passion singly, he should analyze his composition, and carefully mark it with the several passions, emotions, and sentiments it contains, by which means he will distinguish and separate what is often mixed and confounded and be prompted to force and variety at almost every sentence. I am well aware, that the passions are sometimes so slightly touched, and often melt so insensibly into each other, as to make it somewhat difficult precisely to mark their boundaries; but this is no argument against our marking them where they are distinct and obvious, nor against our suggesting them to those who may not be quite so clear-sighted as ourselves."—*Elements of Eloquence*.

insert here, because we consider them peculiarly well adapted for EXERCISES in READING We have also added several other PASSAGES illustrative of the emotions of the mind, tones of voice, and different styles of reading.

I —CHEERFULNESS IN RETIREMENT.

Now, my co-mates, and brothers in exile,
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods
More free from peril than the envious court?
Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,
The seasons' difference; as the icy fang,
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,
Which, when it bites and blows upon my body
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile and say,
This is no flattery; these are counsellors
That feelingly persuade me what I am.
Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in its head;
And this our life exempt from public haunts,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.

As You Like It.

II —INVOKING MIRTH AS A GODDESS.

BUT come, thou Goddess, fair and free,
In heav'n yclep'd Euphrosyne,
And of men heart-easing Mirth;
Whom lovely Venus at a birth,
With two sister Graces more,
To ivy-crowned Bacchus bore:
Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful Jollity,

Quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles,
 Nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles,
 Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
 And love to live in dimples sleek;
 Sport, that wrinkled Care derides,
 And Laughter holding both his sides:
 Come and trip it as ye go,
 On the light fantastic toe;
 And in thy right hand bring with thee
 The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty.—*Milton.*

III —LAUGHTER ON SEEING A SHREWD BUFFOON.

A FOOL, a fool! I met a fool i' th' forest,
 A motley fool, a miserable valet!
 As I do live by food I met a fool,
 Who laid him down, and bask'd him in the sun,
 And rail'd on lady Fortune in good terms;
 In good set terms—and yet a motley fool.
 Good morrow, fool, quoth I No, sir, quoth he,
 Call me not fool, till heav'n hath sent me fortune.
 And then he drew a dial from his poke,
 And looking on it with lachrymose eye,
 Says very wisely, it is ten o'clock:
 Thus may we see, quoth he, how the world wags;
 'Tis but an hour ago since it was nine,
 And after one hour more 'twill be eleven;
 And so from hour to hour we ripe and ripe,
 And then from hour to hour we rot and rot;
 And thereby hangs a tale When I did hear
 The motley fool thus moral on the time,
 My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,
 That fools should be so deep contemplative,
 And I did laugh, sans intermission,
 An hour by his dial. O noble fool!
 A worthy fool! Motley's the only wear.

As You Like It.

IV.—RALLYING A PERSON FOR BEING MELANCHOLY.

LET me play the fool
With Mirth and Laughter, so let wrinkles come,
And let my liver rather heat with wine,
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.
Why should a man, whose blood is warm within,
Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster ?
Sleep when he wakes, and creep into the jaundice
By being peevish ? I tell thee what, Antonio,
(I love thee, and it is my love that speaks.)
There are a sort of men whose visages
Do cream and mantle like a standing pond,
And do a wilful stillness entertain,
With purpose to be dress'd in an opinion
Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit,
As who should say, I am Sir Oracle,
And when I ope my lips, let no dog bark !
I'll tell thee more of this another time ;
But fish not with this melancholy bait
For this fool's gudgeon, this opinion.
Come, good Lorenzo, fare ye well a while,
I'll end my exhortation after dinner.

Merchant of Venice

V.—SCOFFING AT SUPPOSED COWARDICE.

SATAN beheld their plight,
And to his mates thus in derision call'd :
O friends, why come not on those victors proud ?
Erewhile they fierce were coming and when we,
To entertain them fair with open front
And breast, (what could we more ?) propounded terms
Of composition, straight they chang'd their minds,
Flew off, and into strange vagaries fell,
As they would dance yet for a dance they seem'd
Somewhat extravagant and wild, perhaps

For joy of offer'd peace; but I suppose,
If our proposals once again were heard,
We should compel them to a quick result.

Paradise Lost.

VI.—JOY, OR SATISFACTION INEXPRESSIBLE.

IMOINDA, oh! this separation
Has made you dearer, if it can be so,
Than you were ever to me you appear
Like a kind star to my benighted steps,
To guide me on my way to happiness;
I cannot miss it now. Governor, friend,
You think me mad but let me bless you all
Who any ways have been the instruments
Of finding her again. Imoinda's found!
And every thing that I would have in her.
I have a thousand things to ask of her,
And she as many more to know of me,
But you have made me happier, I confess,
Acknowledge it, much happier, than I
Have words or power to tell you. Captain, you.
E'en you, who most have wrong'd me, I forgive
I will not say you have betrayed me now,
I'll think you but the minister of fate,
To bring me to my lov'd Imoinda here
Let the fools
Who follow Fortune live upon her smiles;
All our prosperity is plac'd in love;
We have enough of that to make us happy.
This little spot of earth you stand upon,
Is more to me than the extended plains
Of my great father's kingdom; here I reign
In full delight, in joys to pow'r unknown,
Your love my empire, and your heart my throne.

Southern's Oroonoto

VII —JOY APPROACHING TO TRANSPORT.

O Joy, thou welcome stranger! twice three years
I have not felt thy vital beam, but now
It warms my veins, and plays about my heart;
A fiery instinct lifts me from the ground,
And I could mount!

Young.

VIII —JOY BORDERING ON SORROW

Desdemona.—My dear Othello!

Othello —It gives me wonder great as my content,
To see you here before me O my soul's joy!
If after every tempest come such calms,
May the winds blow till they have waken'd death!
And let the labouring bark climb hills of seas
Olympus high, and duck again as low
As hell's from heav'n! If it were now to die,
'Twere now to be most happy, for I fear
My soul hath her content so absolute,
That not another comfort like to this
Succeeds in unknown fate.

Othello

IX —LOVE

WHAT you do

Still betters what is done. When you speak, sweet,
I'd have you do it ever. When you sing,
I'd have you buy and sell so; so give alms,
Pray so; and, for the ordering your affairs,
To sing them too. When you do dance, I wish you
A wave o' the sea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that; move still, still so,
And own no other function: each your doing,
So singular in each particular,
Crowns what you are doing in the present deeds,
That all your acts are queens.

Winter's Tale

X — PITY IN PLAINTIVE NARRATION.

York — And thus in triumph rode along the Duke,
While all tongues cried — God save thee, Bolingbroke!

Duchess — Alas! poor Richard, where rides he the while?

York — As in a theatre the eyes of men,
After a well-graced actor leaves the stage,
Are idly bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious;
Even so, or with much more contempt, men's eyes
Did scowl on Richard; no man cried God save him!
No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home;
But dust was thrown upon his sacred head,
Which with such gentle sorrow he shook off —
His face still combating with tears and smiles,
The badges of his grief and patience, —
That had not God, for some strong purpose, steel'd
The hearts of men, they must perforce have melted,
And barbarism itself have pitied him
But heav'n hath a hand in those events,
To whose high will we bound our calm contents.

Richard II.

XI — PITY FOR A DEPARTED FRIEND

ALAS! poor Yorick! I knew him, Horatio, a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy: he hath borne me on his back a thousand times, and now how abhorred in my imagination it is! my gorge rises at it. Here hung those lips that I have kissed I know not how oft. Where be your gibes now? your gambols? your songs? your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar? Not one now to mock your own grinning? Quite chop-fallen? Now get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour she must come; make her laugh at that — *Hamlet.*

XII.—HOPE.

BUT thou, O Hope, with eyes so fair,
 What was thy delighted measure?
 Still it whisper'd promis'd pleasure,
 And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail;
 Still would her touch the strain prolong,
 And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
 She called on Echo still through all the song;
 And where her sweetest theme she chose
 A soft responsive voice was heard at every close,
 And Hope, enchanted, smil'd, and wav'd her golden hair

Collins.

XIII —HOPE OF GOOD TIDINGS.

O HOPE, sweet flatterer, whose delusive touch
 Sheds on afflicted minds the balm of comfort;
 Relieves the load of poverty; sustains
 The captive bending with the weight of bonds,
 And smoothes the pillow of disease and pain;
 Send back th' exploring messenger with joy,
 And let me hail thee from that friendly grove.

Glover.

XIV —HATRED CURSING THE OBJECT HATED

POISON be their drink!
 Gall, worse than gall, the daintiest meat they taste!
 Their sweetest shade a grove of cypress trees!
 Their sweetest prospects murd'ring basilisks!
 Their softest touch as smart as lizards' stings!
 Their music frightful as the serpent's hiss!
 And boding screech-owls make the concert full!
 All the foul terrors of dark-seated hell.

Henry VI.

XV.—HATRED OF A RIVAL IN GLORY.

He is my bane, I cannot bear him;
 One heaven and earth can never hold us both;
 Still shall we hate, and with defiance deadly
 Keep rage alive till one be lost for ever;
 As if two suns should meet in one meridian,
 And strive in fiery combat for the passage.—*Rome.*

XVI.—ANGER AND THREATENING.

Kent.—Royal Lear,
 Whom I have ever honoured as my king,
 Lov'd as my father, as my master followed——
Lear.—Kent, on thy life, no more.
Kent.—Be Kent unmannerly when Lear is mad.
 What wouldst thou do, old man? Reverse thy doom;
 Or whilst I can vent clamour from my throat,
 I'll tell thee thou dost evil.
Lear.—Hear me, rash man!—on thy allegiance hear me.
 Since thou hast striven to make us break our vow,
 (Which nor our nature nor our place can bear,)
 We banish thee for ever from our sight
 And kingdom. If, when three days are expired,
 Thy hated trunk be found in our dominions,
 That moment is thy death.—Away!
 By Jupiter, this shall not be revoked *King Lear*

XVII.—NARRATIVE IN SUPPRESSED ANGER.

My liege, I did deny no prisoners.
 But I remember when the fight was done,
 When I was dry with rage and extreme toil,
 Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,
 Came there a certain lord, neat, trimly dress'd,

Fresh as a bridegroom, and his chin, new reap'd,
Show'd like a stubble land at harvest-home.
He was perfumed like a milliner;
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held
A pouncet-box, which ever and anon
He gave his nose, and took't away again;—
Who, therewith angry when it next came there,
Took it in snuff—and still he smil'd and talk'd,
And as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,
He called them—untaught knaves, unmannerly,
To bring a slovenly unhandsome coise
Betwixt the wind and his nobility.
With many holiday and lady terms,
He questioned me. among the rest demanded
My prisoners, in your majesty's behalf
I then all smarting with my wounds, being gall'd
To be so pestered with a popinjay,
Out of my grief and my impatience
Answer'd neglectingly—I know not what—
He should, or should not,—for he made me mad,
To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,
And talk so like a waiting gentlewoman,
Of guns, and drums, and wounds (heav'n save the mark!)
And telling me the sovereign'st thing on earth
Was parmacity for an inward bruise;
And that it was great pity, so it was,
That villanous saltpetre should be digg'd
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
Which many a good tall fellow had destroy'd
So cowardly; and but for these vile guns,
He would himself have been a soldier.
This bald, unjointed chat of his, my lord,
I answer'd indirectly as I said,
And I beseech you, let not his report,
Come current for an accusation,
Betwixt my love and your high majesty.—*Henry IV.*

XVIII.—REVENGE

If it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge. He hath disgraced me, and hindered me of half a million, laughed at my losses, mocked at my gains, scorned my nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies, and what's his reason? I am a Jew. Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is? if you prick us, do we not bleed? if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poison us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? if we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility? Revenge. If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by Christian example? Why, revenge. The villainy you teach me I will execute; and it shall go hard, but I will better the instruction.—*Merchant of Venice.*

XIX.—DETERMINED REVENGE

I know not. if they speak but truth of her
These hands shall tear her, if they wrong her honour,
The proudest of them shall well hear of it
Time hath not yet so dried this blood of mine,
Nor age so eat up my invention,
Nor fortune made such havoc of my means,
Nor my bad life 'reft me so much of friends,
But they shall find awak'd in such a kind,
Both strength of limb and policy of mind,
Ability in means, and choice of friends
To quit me of them thoroughly.

Much Ado about Nothing.

XX —EAGER REVENGE

OH, I could play the woman with mine eyes,
And braggart with my tongue!—But, gentle heaven,
Cut short all intermission. front to front,
Bring thou this fiend of Scotland, and myself;
Within my sword's length set him; if he 'scape,
Heaven forgive him too! *Macbeth.*

XXI.—UNRESTRAINED FURY.

ALIVE! in triumph! and Mercutio slain!
Away to heaven respective lenity,
And fire-ey'd fury be my conduct now!—
Now, Tybalt, take the villain back again
That late thou gav'st me! for Mercutio's soul
Is but a little way above our heads
Staying for thine to keep him company,
And thou, or I, or both, shall follow him.
Romeo and Juliet

XXII.—REPROACHING WITH STUPIDITY AND INGRATITUDE.

WHEREFORE rejoice? What conquest brings he home?
What tributaries follow him to Rome,
To grace in captive bonds his chariot wheels?
You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!
Oh, you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,
Knew ye not Pompey? Many a time and oft
Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,
Your infants in your arms, and there have sat
The live-long day, with patient expectation,
To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome:
And when you saw his chariot but appear,

Have you not made an universal shout,
That Tyber trembled underneath his banks,
To hear the replication of your sounds,
Made in his concave shores ?
And do you now put on your best attire ?
And do you now cull out a holiday ?
And do you now strew flowers in his way,
That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood ?
Be gone !
Run to your houses ; fall upon your knees,
Pray to the gods to intermit the plague
That needs must light on this ingratitude.

Julius Cæsar.

XXIII.—REPROACHING WITH WANT OF FRIENDSHIP.

Cassius —Do not presume too much upon my love,
I may do that I shall be sorry for.

Brutus —You have done that you should be sorry for.
There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats ;
For I am arm'd so strong in honesty,
That they pass by me, as the idle wind,
Which I respect not I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you denied me ;
For I can raise no money by vile means ;
No, Cassius, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash
By any indirection I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions,
Which you denied me. Was that done like Cassius ?
Should I have answer'd Caius Cassius so ?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous
To lock such rascal-counters from his friends,
Be ready, gods ! with all your thunderbolts,
Dash him to pieces.

Julius Cæsar.

XXIV.—REPROACHING WITH WANT OF MANLINESS.

O PROPER stuff!

This is the very painting of your fears;
 This is the air-drawn dagger, which you said,
 Led you to Duncan. Oh, these flaws and starts
 (Impostors to true fear) would well become
 A woman's story, at a winter's fire,
 Authoriz'd by her grandam. Shame itself!
 Why do you make such faces? When all's done,
 You look but on a stool. *Macbeth.*

XXV.—FEAR FROM A DREADFUL OBJECT.

ANGELS and ministers of grace defend us!—
 Be thou a spirit of health or goblin damn'd,
 Bring with thee airs from heav'n, or blasts from hell,
 Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
 Thou com'st in such a questionable¹ shape
 That I will speak to thee; I'll call thee Hamlet,
 King, father, royal Dane. Oh, answer me!—
 Save me, and hover o'er me with your wings,
 You heavenly guards!—what would your gracious figure?
Hamlet.

XXVI —HORROR AT A DREADFUL APPARITION.

How ill this taper burns! ha! who comes here?
 I think it is the weakness of my eyes
 That shapes this monstrous apparition—
 It comes upon me! Art thou any thing?
 Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,
 That mak'st my blood cold, and my hair to stare?
 Speak to me what thou art. *Julius Cæsar.*

¹ "Questionable" here means *inviting question*.

XXVII —DEEP OR SETTLED GRIEF.

SEEMS, madam! nay, it is. I know not seems.
'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,
Nor customary suits of solemn black,
Nor windy suspiration of forc'd breath;
No, nor the fruitfui river in the eye,
Nor the dejected 'haviour of the visage,
Together with all forms, modes, shows of grief
That can denote me truly: These indeed seem,
For they are actions that a man might play;
But I have that within which passeth show,
These but the trappings and the suits of woe

Hamlet.

XXVIII —GRIEF DEPLORING LOSS OF HAPPINESS.

Oh, now for ever,
Farewell the tranquil mind! farewell content!
Farewell the plumed troop and the big war
That make ambition virtue! Oh, farewell!
Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,
The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,
The royal banner, and all quality,
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war!
Farewell! Othello's occupation's gone

Othello.

XXIX —GRIEF APPROACHING TO DISTRACTION.

Thou canst not speak of what thou dost not feel.
Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love,
An hour but married, Tybalt murder'd,
Doting like me, and like me banished,
Then mightst thou speak, then mightst thou tear thy hair,
And fall upon the ground as I do now
Taking the measure of an unmade grave

Romeo and Juliet.

XXX.—GRIEF CHOKING EXPRESSION

Macduff.—My children too!—

Rosse.—Wife, children, servants, all that could be found!

Macduff.—And I must be from thence! my wife kill'd too?

Malcolm.—Be comforted

Let's make us medicines of our great revenge,

To cure this deadly grief.

Macduff.—He has no children!

What, all my pretty ones? Did you say all?

Malcolm.—Endure it like a man.

Macduff.—I shall.

But I must also feel it as a man.

I cannot but remember such things were

That were most precious to me: did heav'n look on,

And would not take their part? sinful *Macduff*,

They were all struck for thee! naught that I am!

Not for their own demerits, but for mine

Fell slaughter on their souls.

Macbeth.

XXXI.—REMORSE AND REPROACH.

OH, when the last account 'twixt heaven and earth

Is to be made, then shall this hand and seal

Witness against us to damnation!

How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds

Makes ill deeds done! Hadst not thou been by,

A fellow by the hand of nature mark'd,

Quoted, and sign'd to do a deed of shame,

This murder had not come into my mind:

But taking note of thy abhorr'd aspect,

Finding thee fit for bloody villany

Apt, liable to be employed in danger,

I faintly broke with thee of Arthur's death;

And thou to be endeared to a king,

Mad'st it no conscience to destroy a prince.—*King John*

XXXII.—DESPAIR.

King Henry.—How fares my lord? speak, Beaufort, to thy sovereign.

Cardinal Beaufort—If thou be'st Death I'll give thee England's treasure,

Enough to purchase such another island,
So thou wilt let me live and feel no pain.

King Henry.—Ah, what a sign it is of evil life,
When death's approach is seen so terrible!

Warwick.—Beaufort, it is thy sovereign speaks to thee

Cardinal Beaufort.—Bring me to my trial when you will.

Died he not in his bed? where should he die?

Can I make men live, whether they will or no?—

Oh! torture me no more, I will confess.—

Alive again? then show me where he is,

I'll give a thousand pounds to look upon him—

He hath no eyes, the dust hath blinded them—

Comb down his hair, look! look! it stands upright,

Like lime-twigs set to catch my winged soul!

Give me some drink, and bid the apothecary

Bring the strong poison that I bought of him.

King Henry.—O thou eternal Mover of the heavens,

Look with a gentle eye upon this wretch,

Oh, beat away the busy meddling fiend

That lays strong siege unto this wretch's soul,

And from his bosom purge this black despair!

Warwick.—See how the pangs of death do make him grin.

Salisbury.—Disturb him not, let him pass peaceably.

King Henry—Peace to his soul, if God's good pleasure be!

Lord Cardinal, if thou think'st on heav'n's bliss,

Hold up thy hand, make signal of thy hope,—

He dies and makes no sign: O God, forgive him!

Warwick—So bad a death argues a monstrous life

King Henry—Forbear to judge, for we are sinners all

Henry VI.—Second Part.

XXXIII.—SURPRISE AT UNEXPECTED EVENTS.

GONE to be married! gone to swear a peace!
False blood to false blood join'd! Gone to be friends!
Shall Louis have Blanche? and Blanche those provinces?
It is not so: Thou hast mis-spoke, mis-heard;
Be well advis'd, tell o'er thy tale again:
It cannot be! thou dost but say, 'tis so:
I trust, I may not trust thee; for thy word
Is but the vain breath of a common man.
Believe me, I do not believe thee, man;
I have a king's oath to the contrary.
Thou shalt be punished for thus frightening me.
What dost thou mean by shaking of thy head?
Why dost thou look so sadly on my son?
What means that hand upon that breast of thine?
Why holds thine eye that lamentable rheum,
Like a proud river peering o'er his bounds?
Be these sad signs confirmers of thy words?
Then speak again; not all thy former tale,
But this one word, whether thy tale be true.

King John.

XXXIV.—AMAZEMENT AT STRANGE NEWS.

Old men and beldames, in the streets,
Do prophesy upon it dangerously
Young Arthur's death is common in their mouths;
And when they talk of him they shake their heads,
And whisper one another in the ear;
And he that speaks doth gripe the hearer's wrist;
Whilst he that hears makes fearful action,
With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling eyes.
I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus,
The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool,

With open mouth swallowing a tailor's news ;
 Who, with his shears and measure in his hand,
 Standing on slippers, (which his nimble lase
 Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet,)
 Told of a many thousand warlike French,
 That were embattled and rank'd in Kent.
 Another lean unwash'd artificer
 Cuts off his tale, and talks of Arthur's death.

King John.

XXXV — PERPLEXITY.

HEAVEN for his mercy ! what a tide of woes
 Comes rushing on this woful land at once !
 I know not what to do — I would to heav'n
 (So my disloyalty had not provok'd him to it)
 The king had cut off my head with my brother's.—
 What, are these posts despatch'd for Ireland ?—
 How shall we do for money for these wars ?—
 Come, sister,—cousin, I would say ; pray pardon me.
 Go, fellow, get thee home, provide some carts,
 And bring away the armour that is there —
 Gentlemen, will you go to muster men ? If I know
 How, or which way, to order these affairs,
 Thus disorderly thrust into my hands,
 Never believe me Both are my kinsmen —
 The one's my sovereign, whom both my oath
 And duty bids defend, the other again
 Is my kinsman, whom the king has wrong'd,
 Whom conscience and my kindred bids to right.
 Well, somewhat we must do—Come, cousin, I'll
 Dispose of you go muster up your men,
 And meet me presently at Berkley castle—
 I should to Plashy too ;—
 But time will not permit.—All is uneven,
 And every thing is left at six and seven — *Richard II*

XXXVI.—VEXATION AT NEGLECTING ONE'S DUTY.

OH, what a rogue and peasant slave am I!
Is it not monstrous, that this player here,
But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,
Could force his soul so to his own conceit,
That, from her working, all his visage wann'd,
Tears in his eyes, distraction in his aspect,
A broken voice, and his whole function suiting
With forms to his conceit. And all for nothing!
For Hecuba!
What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,
That he should weep for her? What would he do,
Had he the motive and the cue for passion
That I have? He would drown the stage with tears,
And cleave the general ear with horrid speech,
Make mad the guilty, and appal the free,
Confound the ignorant, and amaze, indeed,
The very faculties of eyes and ears Yet I,
A dull and muddy-mettled rascal, peak,
Like John a-dreams, unpregnant of my cause,
And can say nothing—no, not for a king. *Hamlet*

XXXVII —MALICE AND REVENGE.

How like a fawning publican he looks:
I hate him, for he is a Christian,
But more for that in low simplicity,
He lends out money gratis, and brings down
The rate of usance here with us in Venice.
If I can catch him once upon the hip,
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.
He hates our sacred nation, and he rails
E'en there, where merchants most do congregate,
On me my bargains and my well-won thrift,
Which he calls interest. Cursed be my tribe
If I forgive him! *Merchant of Venice.*

XXXVIII — GRAVE DELIBERATION ON WAR AND PEACE.

FATHERS, we once again are met in council:
Cæsar's approach has summon'd us together,
And Rome attends her fate from our resolves.
How shall we treat this bold aspiring man?
Success still follows him, and backs his crimes.
Phaisalia gave him Rome. Egypt has since
Receiv'd his yoke, and the whole Nile is Cæsar's.
Why should I mention Juba's overthrow,
Or Scipio's death? Numidia's burning sands
Still smoke with blood 'Tis time we should decree
What course to take; our foe advances on us,
And envies us even Lybia's sultry deserts
Fathers, pronounce your thoughts; are they still fix'd
To hold it out and fight it to the last?
Or are your hearts subdu'd at length, and wrought,
By time and ill success, to a submission? *Cato*

XXXIX — EXHORTING

BUT wherefore do you droop? Why look you sad?
Be great in act as you have been in thought;
Let not the world see fear and sad distrust
Govern the motion of a kingly eye
Be stirring as the time; be fire with fire;
Threaten the threatener, and outface the brow
Of bragging horror: so shall inferior eyes,
That borrow their behaviours from the great,
Grow great by your example, and put on
The dauntless spirit of resolution,
Show boldness and aspiring confidence:
What! shall they seek the lion in his den?
And fright him there? and make him tremble there?
King John.

XL.—COURAGE—DESPERATE EXCITEMENT.

FIGHT, gentlemen of England! fight, bold yeomen!
 Draw, archers, draw your arrows to the head
 Spur your proud horses hard, and ride in blood;
 Amaze the welkin with your broken staves—
 A thousand hearts are great within my bosom:
 Advance our standards, set upon our foes;
 Our ancient word of courage, fair St. George,
 Inspire us with the spleen of fiery dragons!
 Upon them! Victory sits on our helmets — *Shakspeare*.

We shall insert here, as being the most appropriate place, Collins's celebrated "Ode on the Passions."

WHEN Music, heavenly maid! was young,
 While yet in early Greece she sung,
 The Passions oft, to hear her shell,
 Throng'd aound her magic cell;
 Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
 Possess'd beyond the Muse's painting,
 By turns they felt the glowing mind
 Disturb'd, delighted, rais'd, refin'd;
 Till once, 'tis said, when all were fir'd,
 Fill'd with fury, rapt, inspir'd,
 From the supporting myrtles round
 They snatch'd her instruments of sound;
 And as they oft had heard apart
 Sweet lessons of her forceful art,
 Each (for madness ruled the hour)
 Would prove his own expressive pow'r.

First FEAR his hand, its skill to try,
 Amid the chords, bewilder'd laid—
 And back recoil'd, he knew not why,
 E'en at the sound himself had made.

Next **ANGER** rush'd, his eyes on fire;
In lightnings own'd his secret stings:
In one rude clash he struck the lyre,
And swept with hurried hand the strings.

With woeful measures wan **DESPAIR**—
Low sullen sounds his grief beguil'd;
A solemn, strange, and mingled air;
'Twas sad by fits, by starts 'twas wild.

But thou, O **HOPE**! with eyes so fair,
What was thy delighted measure?
Still it whisper'd promis'd pleasure,
And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail!
Still would her touch the strain prolong;
And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
She call'd on Echo still through all the song;
And where her sweetest theme she chose,
A soft responsive voice was heard at every close;
And Hope enchanted smil'd, and wav'd her golden hair:

And longer had she sung—but with a frown
 REVENGE impatient rose;
He threw his blood-stain'd sword in thunder down,
And, with a withering look,
The war-denouncing trumpet took,
And blew a blast so loud and dread,
Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe;
And ever and anon he beat
The doubling drum with furious heat;
And though sometimes, each dreary pause between,
Dejected **PITY** at his side
Her soul-subduing voice applied,
Yet still he kept his wild unalter'd mien,
While each strain'd ball of sight seem'd bursting from
his head.

Thy numbers, JEALOUSY, to nought were fix'd;
Sad proof of thy distressful state;
Of differing themes the veering song was mix'd,
And now it courted LOVE, now raving call'd on HATE.

With eyes uprais'd, as one inspir'd,
Pale MELANCHOLY sat retir'd,
And from her wild sequester'd seat,
In notes by distance made more sweet,
Pour'd through the mellow horn her pensive soul,
And dashing soft from rocks around,
Bubbling runnels join'd the sound;
Through glades and glooms the mingled measure stole:
Or o'er some haunted stream with fond delay,
Round a holy calm diffusing,
Love of peace and lonely musing,
In hollow murmurs died away.

But, O! how alter'd was its sprighlier tone,
When CHEERFULNESS, a nymph of healthiest hue,
Her bow across her shoulder flung,
Her buskins gemm'd with morning dew,
Blew an inspiring air, that dale and thicket rung,
The hunter's call, to Fawn and Dryad known,
The oak-crown'd sisters, and their chaste-eyed queen,
Satyrs and sylvan boys, were seen
Peeping from forth their alleys green;
Brown Exercise rejoic'd to hear,
And Sport leap'd up, and seiz'd his beechen spear.

Last came Jox's ecstatic trial
He, with viny crown advancing,
First to the lively pipe his hand address'd;
But soon he saw the brisk, awakening viol,
Whose sweet entrancing voice he lov'd the best.
They would have thought, who heard the strain,

They saw, in Tempe's vale, her native maids,
Amidst the festal sounding shades,
To some unwearied minstrel dancing:
While, as his flying fingers kiss'd the strings,
Love fram'd with Mirth a gay fantastic round,
Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound,
And he, amidst his frolic play,
As if he would the charming air repay,
Shook thousand odours from his dewy wings

O Music! sphere-descended maid,
Friend of pleasure, wisdom's aid,
Why, Goddess! why, to us denied,
Lay'st thou thy ancient lyre aside?
As in that lov'd Athenian bow'r,
You learn'd an all-commanding pow'r;
Thy mimic soul, O nymph endear'd!
Can well recall what then it heard
Where is thy native simple heart,
Devote to virtue, fancy, art?
Arise, as in that elder time,
Warm, energetic, chaste, sublime!
Thy wonders in that godlike age
Fill thy recording Sister's page—
'Tis said, and I believe the tale,
Thy humblest need could more prevail,
Had more of strength, diviner rage,
Than all which charms this laggard age,
Even all at once together found,
Cecilia's mingled world of sound.
O bid our vain endeavours cease,
Revive the just designs of Greece;
Return in all thy simple state,
Confirm the tale her sons relate!

EXERCISES IN READING

ILLUSTRATIVE OF

THE RULES AND PRINCIPLES CONTAINED IN
THE INTRODUCTION.ANTITHETIC SENTENCES ¹

1. Temperance, by fortifying the mind and body, leads to happiness: intemperance, by enervating the mind and body, ends generally in misery.

2. A wise man feareth and departeth from evil; but the fool rageth, and is confident. The wicked is driven away in his wickedness; but the righteous hath hope in his death. Righteousness exalteth a nation; but sin is a reproach to any people.

3. Almost every object that attracts our notice, has its bright and its dark side. He who habituates himself to look at the dark side will sour his disposition, and consequently impair his happiness; while he who constantly beholds it on the bright side insensibly ameliorates his temper, and, in consequence of it, improves his own happiness, and the happiness of all around him.

4. Between fame and true honour a distinction is to be made. The former is a blind and noisy applause; the latter, a more silent and internal homage. Fame floats on the breath of the multitude; honour rests on the judgment of the thinking. Fame may give praise, while it withholds esteem; true honour implies esteem, mingled with respect.

¹ The learner should refer to the Introduction (page 37) for an explanation of *Antithesis* and *Emphasis*; also to Rule III., page 55, and the NOTES and EXAMPLES under it.

The one regards particular distinguished talents; the other looks up to the whole character.

5. A wise man endeavours to shine in himself; a fool to outshine others. The former is humbled by the sense of his own infirmities; the latter is lifted up by the discovery of those which he observes in others. The wise man considers what he wants; and the fool what he abounds in. The wise man is happy when he gains his own approbation; and the fool, when he recommends himself to the applause of those about him.

6. Europe was one great field of battle, where the weak struggled for freedom, and the strong for dominion. The king was without power, and the nobles without principle. They were tyrants at home, and robbers abroad. Nothing remained to be a check upon ferocity and violence.

7. Where opportunities of exercise are wanting, temperance may in a great measure supply its place. If exercise throws off all superfluities, temperance prevents them; if exercise clears the vessels, temperance neither satiates nor overstrains them; if exercise raises proper ferment in the humours, and promotes the circulation of the blood, temperance gives nature her full play, and enables her to exert herself in all her force and vigour; if exercise dissipates a growing distemper, temperance starves it.

8. Dryden knew more of man in his general nature; and Pope, in his local manners. The notions of Dryden were formed by comprehensive speculation; those of Pope, by minute attention. The style of Dryden is capricious and varied; that of Pope is cautious and uniform. Dryden obeys the motions of his own mind; Pope constrains his mind to his own rules of composition. Dryden is sometimes vehement and rapid; Pope is always smooth, uniform, and gentle. Dryden's page is a natural field, rising into inequalities, and diversified by the varied exuberance of abundant vegetation; Pope's is a velvet lawn, shaven by the scythe, and levelled by the roller. If the flights of Dryden are higher, Pope con-

tinues longer on the wing If of Dryden's fire the blaze is brighter; of Pope's the heat is more regular and constant. Dryden often surpasses expectation; and Pope never falls below it. Dryden is read with frequent astonishment; and Pope with perpetual delight.

9. I have always preferred cheerfulness to mirth. The latter I consider as an act, the former as a habit of the mind. Mirth is short and transient, cheerfulness fixed and permanent. Those are often raised into the greatest transports of mirth who are subject to the greatest depressions of melancholy; on the contrary, cheerfulness, though it does not give the mind such an exquisite gladness, prevents us from falling into any depths of sorrow. Mirth is like a flash of lightning, that breaks through a gloom of clouds and glitters for a moment; cheerfulness keeps up a kind of daylight in the mind, and fills it with a steady and perpetual serenity.

10. Never before were there so many opposing interests, passions, and principles committed to such a decision. On one side, a fixed attachment to the ancient order of things; on the other, a passionate desire of change; a wish in some to perpetuate, in others to destroy every thing; every abuse sacred in the eyes of the former, every foundation attempted to be demolished by the latter; jealousy of power shrinking from the slightest innovation, pretensions to freedom pushed to madness and anarchy; superstition in all its dotage, impiety in all its fury.

11. At the same time that I think discretion the most useful talent a man can be master of, I look upon cunning to be the accomplishment of little, mean, ungenerous minds. Discretion points out the noblest ends to us, and pursues the most proper and laudable methods of attaining them; cunning has only private selfish aims, and sticks at nothing which may make them succeed: discretion has large and extended views, and, like a well-formed eye, commands a whole horizon; cunning is a kind of short-sightedness, that discovers

the minutest objects which are near at hand, but is not able to discern things at a distance.

12. It was the boast of Augustus, that he found Rome of brick, and left it of marble. But how much nobler will be our Sovereign's boast when he shall have to say, that he found law dear, and left it cheap; found it a sealed book, left it an open letter; found it the patrimony of the rich, left it the inheritance of the poor; found it the two-edged sword of craft and oppression, left it the staff of honesty and the shield of innocence.

13. Nothing is more amiable than true modesty, and nothing more contemptible than the false; the one guards virtue, the other betrays it. True modesty is ashamed to do any thing that is repugnant to the rules of right reason; false modesty is ashamed to do any thing that is opposite to the humour of the company. True modesty avoids every thing that is criminal; false modesty, every thing that is unfashionable. The latter is only a general undetermined instinct, the former is that instinct, limited and circumscribed by the rules of prudence and religion.

14 The peasant complains aloud; the courtier repines in secret. In want, what distress! in affluence, what satiety! The great are under as much difficulty to expend with pleasure as the mean to labour with success. The ignorant, through ill-grounded hope, are disappointed; the knowing, through knowledge, despond. Ignorance occasions mistake, mistake, disappointment, and disappointment misery. Knowledge, on the other hand, gives true judgment of human things, and true judgment of human things gives a demonstration of their insufficiency to our peace.

15. How different is the view of past life, in the man who is grown old in knowledge and wisdom, from that of him who is grown old in ignorance and folly! The latter is like the owner of a barren country, that fills his eye with the prospect of naked hills and plains, which produce nothing very profitable or ornamental. the former beholds a beautiful and

spacious landscape, divided into delightful gardens, green meadows, fruitful fields; and can scarce cast his eye on a single spot of his possessions that is not covered with some beautiful plant or flower.

16. When Darius offered Alexander ten thousand talents to divide Asia equally with him, he answered, "The earth cannot bear two suns, nor Asia two kings." Parmenio, a friend of Alexander, hearing the great offers Darius had made, said, "Were I Alexander I would accept them." "So would I," replied Alexander, "were I Parmenio."

17. As there is a worldly happiness, which God perceives to be no other than disguised misery; as there are worldly honours, which, in his estimation, are reproach; so there is a worldly wisdom, which, in his sight, is foolishness. Of this worldly wisdom the characters are given in the Scriptures, and placed in contrast with those of the wisdom which is from above. The one is the wisdom of the crafty, the other that of the upright; the one terminates in selfishness, the other in charity; the one is full of strife and bitter envying, the other of mercy and good fruits.

18. A rich man beginning to fall is held up by his friends; but a poor man, being down, is thrust away by his friends. When a rich man is fallen he hath many helpers; he speaketh things not to be spoken, and yet men justify him. The poor man slipped, and they rebuked him; he spoke wisely, and could have no place. When a rich man speaketh, every man holdeth his tongue, and look, what he saith, they extol it to the clouds; but if a poor man speak they say, What fellow is this?

19. Where is the man that possesses, or indeed can be required to possess, greater abilities in war than Pompey? One who has fought more pitched battles than others have maintained personal disputes! carried on more wars than others have acquired knowledge of by reading! reduced more provinces than others have aspired to even in thought! whose youth was trained to the profession of arms, not by precepts

derived from others, but by the highest offices of command; not by personal mistakes in war, but by a train of important victories; not by a series of campaigns, but by a succession of triumphs!

20. The high and the low, the rich and the poor, approach, in point of real enjoyment, much nearer to each other than is commonly imagined. Providence never intended that any state here should be either completely happy, or completely miserable. If the feelings of pleasure are more numerous and more lively in the higher departments of life, such also are those of pain. If greatness flatters our vanity, it multiplies our dangers. If opulence increases our gratifications, it increases in the same proportion our desires and demands. If the poor are confined to a more narrow circle, yet within that circle lie most of those natural satisfactions which, after all the refinements of art, are found to be the most genuine and true.

21. My brave associates—partners of my toil, my feelings, and my fame! Can Rolla's words add vigour to the virtuous energies which inspire your hearts? No; you have judged as I have, the foulness of the crafty plea by which these bold invaders would delude you. Your generous spirit has compared, as mine has, the motives which, in a war like this, can animate their minds and ours. They, by a strange frenzy driven, fight for power, for plunder, and extended rule; we, for our country, our altars, and our homes. They follow an adventurer whom they fear, and obey a power which they hate; we serve a monarch whom we love, a God whom we adore.

22. What is the blooming tincture of the skin
To peace of mind, and harmony within?
What the bright sparkling of the finest eye,
To the soft soothing of a calm reply?
Can comeliness of form, or shape, or air,
With comeliness of words, or deeds compare?
No: those at first th' unwary heart may gain,
But these—these only can the heart retain

23. In all thy humours, whether grave or mellow,
Thou'rt such a touchy, testy, pleasant fellow—
Hast so much wit, and mirth, and spleen about thee,
There is no living with thee, nor without thee

24. Oh, could I flow like thee, and make thy stream
My great example, as it is my theme:
Though deep, yet clear; though gentle, yet not dull;
Strong, without rage; without o'erflowing, full.¹

25. 'Tis hard to say if greater want of skill
Appear in writing, or in judging ill;
But of the two, less dangerous is th' offence
To tire our patience than mislead our sense;
Some few in that, but numbers err in this,
Ten censure wrong for one who writes amiss;
A fool might once himself alone expose,
Now one in verse makes many more in prose
'Tis with our judgments as our watches, none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own.
In poets as true genius is but rare,
True taste as seldom is the critic's share.

26. All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul:
That chang'd through all, and yet in all the same,
Great in the earth as in th' ethereal frame,
Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Glow's in the stars, and blossoms in the trees;
Lives through all life, extends through all extent,
Spreads undivided, operates unspent;
Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part,
As full as perfect in a hair as heart; '

¹ Pope's inimitable parody on those beautiful lines deserves to be quoted in connexion with them. *Welsted* was one of the heroes of the *Duncuad*.

As full as perfect in vile man that mourns,
As the rapt seraph that adores and burns
To Him no high, no low, no great, no small;
He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all!

All nature is but art unknown to thee;
All chance direction which thou canst not see;
All discord, harmony not understood;
All partial evil, universal good;
And spite of pride, in erring reason's spite,
One truth is clear *Whatever is is right*

27 Cowards die many times before their death;
The valiant never taste of death but once.

28 Friends, Romans, Countrymen, lend me your ears,
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him
The evil that men do lives after them.
The good is oft interred with their bones:
So let it be with Cæsar! The noble Brutus
Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious.
If it were so, it was a grievous fault;
And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.

29. Before I speak the message of the Greeks,
Permit me, sir, to glory in the title
Of their ambassador; since I behold
Troy's vanquisher, and great Achilles' son.
Nor does the son fall short of such a father:
If Hector fell by him, Troy fell by you!
But what your father never would have done
You do You cherish the remains of Troy;
And by an ill-timed pity, keep alive
The dying embers of a ten years' war.
Have you so soon forgot the mighty Hector?
The Greeks remember his high-brandish'd sword,
That fill'd their state with widows and with orphans,
For which they call for vengeance on his son.
Comply then with the Grecians' just demands;
Sate their vengeance, and preserve yourself.

THE SERIES, OR ENUMERATION OF PARTICULARS.¹

1. I consider a human soul without education like marble in the quarry, which shows none of its inherent beauties till the skill of the polisher fetches out the colours, makes the surface shine, and discovers every ornamental cloud, spot, and vein that runs through the body of it.

2 Sincerity is to speak as we think, to do as we pretend and profess, to perform and make good what we promise, and really to be what we would seem and appear to be.

3. The brightness of the sky, the lengthening of the days, the increasing verdure of the spring, the arrival of any little piece of good news, or whatever carries with it the most distant glimpse of joy, is frequently the parent of a social and happy conversation.

4 He who resigns the world has no temptation to envy, hatred, malice, or anger, but is in constant possession of a serene mind he who follows the pleasures of it—which are in their very nature disappointing—is in constant search of care, solicitude, remorse, and confusion.

5 If we suppose that there are superior beings who look into the ways of men (as it is highly probable there are, both from reason and revelation), how different must be their notions of us from those which we are apt to form of one another!—A contemplation of God's work, a voluntary act of justice to our own detriment, a generous concern for the good of mankind, tears shed in silence for the misery of others, a private desire of resentment broken and subdued, an unfeigned exercise of humility or any other virtue, are such actions as are glorious in their sight, and denominate men great and reputable. The most famous among us are often looked upon with pity and contempt, or with indig-

¹ For an explanation of the several kinds of SERIES, the learner should refer to the Introduction, page 58 Note 6, under Rule II, page 52. will furnish him with a good general rule in all such cases

nation; while those who are more obscure are regarded with love, with approbation, and esteem.

6. In fair weather, when my heart is cheered, and I feel that exaltation of spirits which results from light and warmth, joined with a beautiful prospect of nature, I regard myself as one placed by the hand of God in the midst of an ample theatre, in which the sun, moon, and stars, the fruits also and vegetables of the earth, perpetually changing their positions or their aspects, exhibit an elegant entertainment to the understanding, as well as to the eye. Thunder and lightning, rain and hail, the painted bow, and the glazing comets, are decorations of this mighty theatre, and the sable hemisphere, studded with spangles, the blue vault at noon, the glorious gildings and rich colours in the horizon, I look on as so many successive scenes.

7. Complaisance renders a superior amiable, an equal agreeable, and an inferior acceptable. It smoothes distinction, sweetens conversation, and makes every one in the company pleased with himself. It produces good-nature and mutual benevolence, encourages the timorous, soothes the turbulent, humanizes the fierce, and distinguishes a society of civilized persons from a party of savages. In a word, complaisance is a virtue that blends all orders of men together in a friendly intercourse of words and actions, and is suited to that equality in human nature which every one ought to consider so far as is consistent with the order and economy of the world.

8. Should the greater part of people sit down and draw up a particular account of their time, what a shameful bill it would be! So much in eating, drinking, and sleeping. Beyond what nature requires, so much in revelling and wantonness; so much for the recovery of last night's intemperance; so much in gaming, plays, and masquerades, so much in paying and receiving formal and impertinent visits; so much in idle and foolish prating; so much in censuring and reviling of our neighbours; so much in dressing out our

bodies and in talking of fashions, and so much wasted and lost in doing nothing at all

9 If we would have the kindness of others, we must endure their follies. He who cannot persuade himself to withdraw from society, must be content to pay a tribute of his time to a multitude of tyrants, to the loiterer, who makes appointments he never keeps, to the consulter, who asks advice he never takes, to the boaster, who blusters only to be praised, to the complainer, who whines only to be pitied; to the projector, whose happiness is to entertain his friends with expectations which all but himself know to be vain; to the economist, who tells of bargains and settlements; to the politician, who predicts the consequence of deaths, battles, and alliances; to the usurer, who compares the state of the different funds; and to the talker, who talks only because he loves to be talking.

10. Vice is the cruel enemy which renders men destructive to men; which racks the body with pain, and the mind with remorse, which produces strife, faction, revenge, oppression, and sedition, which embroils society, kindles the flames of war, takes away peace from life, and hope from death; which brought forth death at first, and has ever since clothed it in all its terrors; which arms Nature and the God of Nature against us; and against which it has been the business of all ages to find out provisions and securities, by various institutions, laws, and forms of government.

11 It pleases me to think that I, who know so small a portion of the works of the Creator, and with slow and painful steps, creep up and down on the surface of this globe, shall, ere long, shoot away with the swiftness of imagination; trace out the hidden springs of nature's operations; be able to keep pace with the heavenly bodies in the rapidity of their career; be a spectator of the long chain of events in the natural and moral worlds; visit the several apartments of creation; know how they are furnished and how inhabited; comprehend the order and measure,

the magnitude and distances of those orbs, which, to us, seemed disposed without any regular design, and set all in the same circle; observe the dependents of the parts of each system; and (if our minds are big enough) grasp the theory of the several systems upon one another, from whence results the harmony of the universe

12. Delightful task! to rear the tender thought,
To teach the young idea how to shoot;
To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind,
To breathe th' enlivening spirit, and to fix
The generous purpose in the glowing breast

13. Dread o'er the scene the ghost of Hamlet's walks;
Othello rages; poor Monimia mourns;
And Belvidera pours her soul in love
Terror alarms the breast: the comely tear
Steals o'er the cheek Or else, the comic muse
Holds to the world a picture of itself,
And raises, sly, the fair impartial laugh
Sometimes, she lifts her strain, and paints the scenes
Of beautiful life; whate'er can deck mankind,
Or charm the heart, in generous Devil showed

14. See what a grace was seated on this brow;
Hyperion's curls; the front of Jove himself;
An eye like Mars to threaten and command;
A station like the herald Mercury
New-lighted on a heav'n kissing hill;
A combination and a form indeed,
Where every god did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man.

15 Then Commerce brought into the public walk
The busy merchant; the big warehouse built;
Rais'd the strong crane; chok'd up the loaded street
With foreign plenty; and thy stream, O Thames,
Large, gentle, deep, majestic king of floods!
Chose for his grand resort. On either hand,
Like a long wintry forest, groves of masts

Shot up their spires ; the bellying sheet between
Possess'd the breezy void ; the sooty hulk
Steer'd sluggish on ; the splendid barge along
Rowed, regular, to harmony ; around,
The boat, light-skimming, stretch'd its oary wings ;
While, deep, the various voice of fervent toil
From bank to bank increas'd ; whence ribb'd with oak,
To bear the British thunder, black and bold,
The roaring vessel rush'd into the main.

16 Ten thousand thousand fleet ideas, such
As never mingled with the vulgar dream,
Crowd fast into the philosophic mind.
As fast the correspondent passions rise,
As varied and as high : devotion, rais'd
To rapture and divine astonishment ;
The love of nature, unconfin'd, and chief,
Of human race, the large ambitious wish
To make them blest, the sigh for suffering worth
Lost in obscurity, the noble scorn
Of tyrant pride ; the fearless great resolve,
The wonder which the dying patriot draws,
Inspiring glory through remotest time ;
Th' awaken'd throb for virtue and for fame ;
The sympathies of love, and friendship dear ;
With all the social offsprings of the heart

17. At thirty, man suspects himself a fool,
Knows it at forty, and reforms his plan,
At fifty, chides his infamous delay ;
Pushes his prudent purpose to resolve,
In all the magnanimity of thought !
Resolves, and re-resolves, then—dies the same.

18 The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherits, shall dissolve ;
And, like the baseless fabric of a vision,
Leave not a wreck behind

SUSPENSION, OR A DELAYING OF THE SENSE¹

1 As beauty of person, with an agreeable carriage, pleases the eye, and that pleasure consists in observing that all the parts have a certain elegance, and are proportioned to each other; so does decency of behaviour obtain the approbation of all with whom we converse, from the order, consistency, and moderation of our words and actions.

2. Since it is certain that our hearts deceive us in the love of the world, and that we cannot command ourselves enough to resign it, though we every day wish ourselves disengaged from its allurements; let us not stand upon a formal taking of leave, but wean ourselves from them, while we are in the midst of them

3 To hear a judicious and elegant discourse from the pulpit, which would in print make a noble figure, murdered by him who had learning and taste to compose it, but, having been neglected as to one important part of his education, knows not how to deliver it otherwise than with a tone between singing and saying, or with a nod of his head, to enforce, as with a hammer, every emphatical word, or with the same unanimated monotony in which he was used to repeat *Quæ genus* at Westminster school; what can be imagined more lamentable? yet what more common!

4 The causes of good and evil are so various and uncertain, so often entangled with each other, so diversified by various relations, and so much subject to accidents which cannot be foreseen; that he who would fix his condition upon incontestable reasons of preference, must live and die inquiring and deliberating.

5. Besides the ignorance of masters who teach the first rudiments of reading, and the want of skill, or negligence in that article, of those who teach the learned languages;

¹ In all such cases the voice should be kept suspended till the sense has been completed.—See Rule I page 51, and the Notes and Examples under it.

besides the erroneous manner which the untutored pupils fall into, through the want of early attention in masters to correct small faults in the beginning, which increase and gain strength with years; besides bad habits contracted from imitation of particular persons, or the contagion of example, from a general prevalence of a certain tone or chaunt in reading or reciting, peculiar to each school, and regularly transmitted from one generation of boys to another: besides all these, which are fruitful sources of vicious elocution, there is one fundamental error in the method universally used in teaching to read, which at first gives a wrong bias, and leads us ever after blindfolded from the right path, under the guidance of a false rule.

6. If reason teaches the learned, necessity the barbarian, common custom all nations in general; and if even nature itself instructs the brutes to defend their bodies, limbs, and lives, when attacked, by all possible methods; you cannot pronounce this action criminal without determining at the same time, that whoever falls into the hands of a highwayman must of necessity perish either by his sword or your decisions. Had Milo been of this opinion, he would certainly have chosen to fall by the hands of Clodius, who had more than once, before this, made an attempt upon his life, rather than be executed by your order, because he had not tamely yielded himself a victim to his rage. But if none of you are of this opinion, the proper question is, not whether Clodius was killed? for that we grant: but whether justly or unjustly? an inquiry of which many precedents are to be found.

7. When the gay and smiling aspect of things has begun to leave the passages to a man's heart thus thoughtlessly unguarded; when kind and caressing looks of every object without, that can flatter his senses, have conspired with the enemy within, to betray him and put him off his defence; when music likewise hath lent her aid, and tried her power upon the passions; when the voice of singing men, and the voice of singing women, with the sound of the viol and the

late, have broken in upon his soul, and in some tender notes have touched the secret springs of rapture,—that moment let us dissect and look into his heart ;—see how vain, how weak, how empty a thing it is !

8 Seeing then that the soul has many different faculties or, in other words, many different ways of acting ; that it can be intensely pleased or made happy by all these different faculties, or ways of acting ; that it may be endowed with several latent faculties, which it is not at present in a condition to exert ; that we cannot believe the soul is endowed with any faculty which is of no use to it ; that whenever any one of these faculties is transcendently pleased, the soul is in a state of happiness ; and in the last place, considering that the happiness of another world is to be the happiness of the whole man, who can question but that there is an infinite variety in those pleasures we are speaking of ; and that this fulness of joy will be made up of all those pleasures which the nature of the soul is capable of receiving ?

9 In that soft season, when descending showers
Call forth the greens and wake the rising flowers ;
When opening buds salute the welcome day,
And earth, relenting, feels the genial ray ;
As balmy sleep had charmed my cares to rest,
And love itself was banish'd from my breast ;
A train of phantoms, in wild order rose,
And, join'd, this intellectual scene compose

10. He who through vast immensity can pierce,
See worlds on worlds compose one universe,
Observe how system into system runs,
What other planets circle other suns,
What varied beings people every star,
May tell why heav'n has made us as we are

11. Peace to all such ! but were there one whose fires
True genius kindles, and fair fame inspires ;
Blessed with each talent and each art to please,
And born to write, converse, and live with ease :

Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,
Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne,
View him with scornful, yet with jealous eyes,
And hate for arts that caus'd himself to rise,
Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
And, without sneering, teach the rest to sneer;
Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike;
Alike reserv'd to blame, or to commend,
A tim'rous foe, and a suspicious friend;
Dreading even fools, by flatterers besieg'd,
And so obliging, that he ne'er oblig'd,
Like Cato, give his little senate laws,
And sit attentive to his own applause;
While wits and templars every sentence raise,
And wonder with a foolish face of praise—
Who but must laugh, if such a man there be?
Who would not weep, if ATTICUS were he!

12. If ever you have looked on better days,
If ever been where bells have knoll'd to church,
If ever sat at any good man's feast,
If ever from your eyelids wiped a tear,
And know what 'tis to pity, and be pitied,
Let gentleness my strong enforcement be.
In the which hope, I blush, and hide my sword.

13 Of man's first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world, and all our woe,
With loss of Eden, till one greater man
Restore us, and regain the blissful seat,
Sing, heavenly Muse!

14. Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet,
With charm of earliest birds; pleasant the sun
When first on this delightful land he spreads
His orient beams on herb, tree, fruit, or flow'r,
Glist'ring with dew; fragrant the fertile earth

After soft showers ; and sweet the coming on
 Of grateful evening mild ; then silent night
 With this her solemn bud, and this fair moon,
 And these the gems of heav'n, her starry train .
 But neither breath of morn, when she ascends,
 With charm of earliest birds, nor rising sun
 On this delightful land ; nor herb, fruit, flow'r,
 Glist'ning with dew ; nor fragrance after show'rs,
 Nor grateful evening mild, nor silent night,
 With this her solemn bird, nor walk by moon
 Or glittering star light, without thee is sweet.

OF INTERROGATIVE SENTENCES.

1 You have obliged a man : very well ! what would you have more ? Is not the consciousness of doing good a sufficient reward ?

2 Searching every kingdom for the man who has the least comfort in life, where is he to be found ? In the royal palace. What ! His Majesty ? Yes ; especially if he be despotic.

3. Is there any one who will seriously maintain, that the taste of a Hottentot or a Laplander is as delicate and as correct as that of a Longinus or an Addison ? or, that he can be charged with no defect or incapacity, who thinks a common newswriter as excellent an historian as Tacitus ?

4. What shadow can be more vain than the life of a great part of mankind ? Of all that eager and bustling crowd we behold on earth, how few discover the path of true happiness ? How few can we find, whose activity has not been misemployed, and whose course terminates not in confessions of disappointments ?

5. Can honour set to a leg ? No. Or an arm ? No. Or take away the grief of a wound ? No. Honour hath no

¹ For the inflection of the voice in INTERROGATIVE SENTENCES, the learner should refer to the Introduction, pages 54 and 55

skill in surgery then? No. What is honour? A word. What is that word honour? Air. A trim reckoning! Who hath it? He that died o' Wednesday. Doth he feel it? No. Doth he hear it? No. It is insensible then? Yea, to the dead. But will it not live with the living? No. Why? Detraction will not suffer it. therefore I'll none of it. Honour is a mere 'scutcheon; and so ends my catechism

6 Can the soldier, when he girdeth on his armour, boast like him that putteth it off? Can the merchant predict that the speculation on which he has entered, will be infallibly crowned with success? Can even the husbandman, who has the promise of God that seed-time and harvest shall not fail, look forward with assured confidence to the expected increase of his fields? In those, and in all similar cases, our resolution to act can be founded on probability alone.

7. Consider, I beseech you, what was the part of a faithful citizen? of a prudent, an active, and an honest minister? Was he not to secure Eubœa, as our defence against all attacks by sea? Was he not to make Beotia our barrier on the midland side? the cities bordering on Peloponnesus our bulwark on that quarter? Was he not to attend with due precaution to the importation of corn, that this trade might be protected, through all its progress up to our own harbours? Was he not to cover those districts which we commanded, by seasonable detachments, as the Proconesus, the Chersonesus, and Tenedos? To exert himself in the assembly for this purpose, while with equal zeal he laboured to gain others to our interest and alliance, as Byzantium, Abydus, and Eubœa? Was he not to cut off the best and most important resources of our enemies, and to supply those in which our country was defective? And all this you gained by my counsels, and my administration.

8. Suppose a youth to have no prospect either of sitting in parliament, of pleading at the bar, of appearing upon the stage or in the pulpit; does it follow, that he need bestow no pains in learning to speak properly his native

language? Will he never have occasion to read, in a company of his friends, a copy of verses, a passage of a book or newspaper? Must he never read a discourse of Tillotson, or a chapter of the Whole Duty of Man, for the instruction of his children and servants? Cicero justly observes, that address in speaking is highly ornamental, as well as useful, even in private life. The limbs are parts of the body much less noble than the tongue, yet no gentleman grudges a considerable expense of time and money to have his son taught to use them properly, which is very commendable. And is there no attention to be paid to the use of the tongue, the glory of man?

9. Are you desirous that your talents and abilities may procure you respect? Display them not ostentatiously to public view. Would you escape the envy which your riches might excite? Let them not minister to pride, but adorn them with humility. There is not an evil incident to human nature for which the Gospel doth not provide a remedy. Are you ignorant of many things which it highly concerns you to know? The Gospel offers you instruction. Have you deviated from the path of duty? The Gospel offers you forgiveness. Do temptations surround you? The Gospel offers you the aid of heaven. Are you exposed to misery? It consoles you. Are you subject to death? It offers you immortality.

10. Life is short and uncertain: we have not a moment to lose. Is it prudent to throw away any of our time in tormenting ourselves or others, when we have so little for honest pleasures? Forgetting our weakness we stir up mighty enmities, and fly to wound as if we were invulnerable. Wherefore all this bustle and noise? The best use of a short life is, to make it agreeable to ourselves and to others. Have you cause of quarrel with your servant, your master, your king, your neighbour? Forbear a moment; death is at hand, which makes all equal. What has man to do with wars, tumults, ambushes? You would destroy your enemy?

You lose your trouble; death will do all your business while you are at rest. And, after all, when you have had your revenge, how short will be your joy or his pain? While we are among men, let us cultivate humanity let us not be the cause of fear or of pain to one another. Let us despise injury, malice, and detraction; and bear with an equal mind such transitory evils While we speak, while we think, death comes up, and closes the scene

11 I hold it to be an unquestionable position, that they who duly appreciate the blessings of liberty, revolt as much from the idea of exercising, as from that of enduring oppression How far this was the case with the Romans, you may inquire of those nations that surrounded them Ask them, "What insolent guard paraded before their gates, and invested their strong-holds?" They will answer, "A Roman legionary" Demand of them, "What greedy extortioner fattened by their poverty, and clothed himself by their nakedness?" They will inform you, "A Roman quæstor" Inquire of them, "What imperious stranger issued to them his mandates of imprisonment or confiscation, of banishment or death?" They will reply to you, "A Roman consul" Question them, "What haughty conqueror led through his city their nobles and kings in chains, and exhibited their countrymen, by thousands, in gladiators' shows for the amusement of his fellow-citizens?" They will tell you, "A Roman general." Require of them, "What tyrants imposed the heaviest yoke? enforced the most rigorous exactions? inflicted the most savage punishments, and showed the greatest gust for blood and torture?" They will exclaim to you, "The Roman people"

12. When will you, my countrymen, when will you rouse from your indolence, and bethink yourselves of what is to be done? When you are forced to it by some fatal disaster? When irresistible necessity drives you? What think you of the disgraces which are already come upon you? Is not the past sufficient to stimulate your activity? or, do you wait

for somewhat more forcible and urgent? How long will you amuse yourselves with inquiring of one another after news as you ramble idly about the streets? What news so strange ever came to Athens, as that a Macedonian should subdue this state and lord it over Greece?

13 To purchase heaven, has gold the power?
Can gold remove the mortal hour?
In life, can love be bought with gold?
Are friendship's pleasures to be sold?
No All that's worth a wish or thought
Fair virtue gives—unbribed, unbought.

14 Who taught the natives of the fields and wood
To shun their poison and to choose their food?
Prescient, the tides or tempests to withstand,
Build on the wave, or arch beneath the sand?
Who made the spider parallels design,
Sure as De Moivre, without rule or line?
Who bid the stoik, Columbus-like, explore
Heavens not his own, and worlds unknown before?
Who calls the council; states the certain day?
Who forms the phalanx, and who points the way?

15 Wrong'd in my love, all proffers I disdain;
Deceiv'd for once, I trust not kings again
Ye have my answer, what remains to do?
Your king, Ulysses, may consult with you.
What needs he the defence this arm can make?
Has he not walls no human force can shake?
Has he not fenc'd his guarded navy round
With piles, with ramparts, and a trench profound?
And will not these, the wonders he has done,
Repel the rage of Priam's single son?

16. Think you, a little dun can daunt mine ears;
Have I not, in my time, heard lions roar?
Have I not heard the sea, puff'd up with winds,
Rage like an angry boar, chafed with sweat?
Have I not heard great ordnance in the field,

And Heaven's artillery thunder in the skies? ·
 Have I not in a pitched battle heard
 Loud 'larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets' clang?
 And do you tell me of a woman's tongue—
 That gives not half so great a blow to th' car,
 As will a chestnut in a farmer's fire?

17. Know ye the land where the cyprus and myrtle
 Are emblems of deeds that are done in their clime,
 Where the rage of the vulture—the love of the turtle—
 Now melt into sorrow—now madden to crime?—

Know ye the land of the cedar and vine?
 Where the flowers ever blossom, the beams ever shune,
 Where the light wings of zephyr, oppress'd with perfume,
 Wax faint o'er the gardens of Gul in their bloom,
 Where the citron and olive are fairest of fruit,
 And the voice of the nightingale never is mute;
 Where the tints of the earth and the hues of the sky,
 In colour though varied, in beauty may vie,
 And the purple of ocean is deepest in dye;
 Where the virgins are soft as the roses they twine,
 And all, save the spirit of man, is divine'—
 'Tis the clime of the East—'tis the land of the Sun—
 Can he smile on such deeds as his children have done?
 Oh! wild as the accents of lovers' farewell
 Are the hearts which they bear, and the tales which they tell.

18. 'Tis done: dread winter spreads his latest glooms,
 And reigns tremendous o'er the conquer'd year.
 How dead the vegetable kingdom lies!
 How dumb the tuneful! horror wide extends
 His desolate domain Behold, fond man!
 See here thy pictur'd life, pass some few years,
 Thy flowering spring, thy summer's ardent strength,
 Thy sober autumn fading into age,
 And pale concluding winter comes at last,
 And shuts the scene. Ah! whither now are fled
 Those dreams of greatness? those unsolid hopes'

Of happiness? those longings after fame?
 Those restless cares? those busy bustling days?
 Those gay-spent, festive nights? those veering thoughts,
 Lost between good and ill, that shai'd thy life?
 All now are vanish'd! Virtue sole survives,
 Immortal never-failing friend of man,
 His guide to happiness on high.

19 But, first, whom shall we send
 In search of the new world? whom shall we find
 Sufficient? who shall tempt with wand'ring feet
 The dark unbottom'd infinite abyss,
 And through the palpable obscure find out
 His uncouth way, and spread his airy flight,
 Upborne with indefatigable wings,
 Over the vast abrupt, ere he arrive
 The happy isle? what strength, what art, can then
 Suffice, or what evasion bear him safe
 Through the strict senteries and stations thick
 Of angels watching round? Here he had need
 All circumspection, and we now no less
 Choice in our suffrage; for on whom we send,
 The weight of all, and our last hope, relies

PARENTHETIC SENTENCES ¹

1 Though good sense is not in the number, nor always, it must be owned in the company of the sciences, yet it is (as the most sensible of poets has justly observed) fairly worth the seven.

2 Notwithstanding all the care of Cicero, history informs us that Marcus proved a mere blockhead, and that Nature (who, it seems, was even with the son for her prodigality to the father) rendered him incapable of improving by all the

¹ Rules for reading PARENTHESES and PARENTHETIC CLAUSES will be found in pages 62 and 63 of the Introduction.

rules of eloquence, the precepts of philosophy, his own endeavours, and the most refined conversation in Athens.

3. Here is sad news, Trim, (cried Susannah, wiping her eyes as Tim stepped into the kitchen,) Master Bobby is dead He was alive last Whitsuntide.

Whitsuntide! alas! (cried Trim, extending his right arm, and falling instantly into the same attitude in which he read the sermon) What is Whitsuntide, Jonathan (for that was the coachman's name), or Shrovetide, or any tide past, to this? Are we not here now (continued the corporal, striking the end of his stick perpendicularly upon the floor, so as to give an idea of health and stability), and are we not (dropping his hat upon the ground) gone in a moment!

4. That strong hyperbolical manner which we have long been accustomed to call the Oriental manner of poetry (because some of the earliest poetical productions came to us from the East), is, in truth, no more Oriental than Occidental, it is characteristic of an age rather than of a country; and belongs, in some measure, to all nations at that period which first gives rise to music and to song

5 As to my own abilities in speaking (for I shall admit this charge, although experience hath convinced me that what is called the power of eloquence depends for the most part upon the hearers, and that the characters of public speakers are determined by the degree of favour which you vouchsafe to each); if long practice, I say, hath given me any proficiency in speaking, you have ever found it devoted to my country.

6. When Socrates' fetters were knocked off (as was usual to be done on the day that the condemned person was to be executed), being seated in the midst of his disciples, and laying one of his legs over the other in a very unconcerned posture, he began to rub it where it had been galled by the iron; and whether it was to show the indifference with which he entertained the thoughts of his approaching death, or (after his usual manner) to take every occasion of philosophizing

upon some useful subject, he observed the pleasure of that sensation which now arose in those very parts of his leg that just before had been so much pained by the fetters. Upon this he reflected on the nature of pleasure and pain in general, and how constantly they succeeded one another.

7. Let us (since life can little more supply
Than just to look about us and to die)
Expatiate free o'er all this scene of man;
A mighty maze! but not without a plan.

8 Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere;
Heaven did a recompense as largely send,
He gave to misery all he had—a tear,
He gained from heaven ('twas all he wished)—a friend.

9 I would not enter on my list of friends
(Though graced with polish'd manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility) the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm

10. Know then, that after Lucifer from heav'n
(So call him, brighter once amidst the host
Of angels than that star the stars among)
Fell with his flaming legions through the deep
Into his place, and the great Son return'd
Victorious with his saints, th' omnipotent
Eternal Father from his throne beheld
Their multitude, and to his son thus spake

11 Round he surveys (and well might where he stood
So high above the circling canopy
Of night's extended shade) from eastern point
Of Libia, to the fleecy star that bears
Andromeda far off Atlantic seas
Beyond the horizon; then, from pole to pole.

12 They anon
With hundreds and with thousands trooping came
Attended all access was throng'd, the gates
And porches wide, but chief the spacious hall
(Though like a cover'd field, where champions bold

Wont ride in arm'd, and at the Soldan's chair
Defied the best of Panim chivalry
To mortal combat, or career with lance)
Thick swarm'd, both on the ground and in the air
Brush'd with the hiss of rustling wings.

CLIMAX, OR A GRADUAL INCREASE OF SENSE OR PASSION ¹

1. Consult your whole nature. Consider yourselves, not only as sensitive, but as rational beings, not only as rational, but social; not only as social, but immortal.

2. It is pleasant to be virtuous and good, because that is to excel many others: it is pleasant to grow better, because that is to excel ourselves: it is pleasant to mortify and subdue our lusts, because that is victory: it is pleasant to command our appetites and passions, and to keep them in due order, within the bounds of reason and religion, because that is empire.

3. Tully has a very beautiful gradation of thoughts to show how amiable virtue is. We love a virtuous man, says he, who lives in the remotest parts of the earth, though we are altogether out of the reach of his virtue, and can receive from it no manner of benefit; nay, one who died several years ago, raises a secret fondness and benevolence for him in our minds, when we read his story; nay, what is still more, one who has been the enemy of our country, provided his wars were regulated by justice and humanity

4 After we have practised good actions a while, they become easy; and when they are easy, we begin to take pleasure in them; and when they please us, we do them frequently; and by frequency of acts a thing grows into a habit; and a confirmed habit is a kind of second nature; and so far as any thing is natural, so far it is necessary, and

¹ For an explanation of the CLIMAX, the learner should refer to the Introduction, page 64.

we can hardly do otherwise; nay, we do it many times when we do not think of it

5 This decency, this grace, this propriety of manners to character, is so essential to princes in particular, that, whenever it is neglected, their virtues lose a great degree of lustre, and their defects acquire much aggravation. Nay more; by neglecting this decency and this grace, and for want of a sufficient regard to appearances, even their virtues may betray them into failings, their failings into vices, and their vices into habits unworthy of princes, and unworthy of men.

6. As trees and plants necessarily arise from seeds, so are you, Antony, the seed of this most calamitous war. You mourn, O Romans, that three of your armies have been slaughtered—they were slaughtered by Antony: you lament the loss of your most illustrious citizens—they were torn from you by Antony. the authority of this order is deeply wounded—it is wounded by Antony: in short, all the calamities we have ever since beheld (and what calamities have we not beheld?) have been entirely owing to Antony. As Helen was of Troy, so the bane, the misery, the destruction of this state is—Antony.

7. Give me the cup,
And let the kettle to the trumpets speak,
The trumpets to the cannoniers within,
The cannons to the heavens, the heavens to earth.
Now the king drinks to Hamlet.

8 That's truly great. What think you 'twas set up
The Greek and Roman name in such a lustre,
But doing right in stern despite of nature,
Shutting their ears to all her little cries,
When great, august, and god-like justice call'd?
At Aulis, one pour'd out a daughter's life,
And gain'd more glory than by all his wars,
Another slew a sister in just rage;
A third, the theme of all succeeding times,
Gave to the cruel axe a darling son

Nay more, for justice some devote themselves,
As he at Canthage, an immortal name !
Yet there is one step left above them all,
Above their history, above their fable,
A bride—a wife upon her nuptial day ! Do that,
And tread upon the Greek and Roman glory.

9 'Tis listening fear and dumb amazement all :
When to the startled eye, the sudden glance
Appears far south, eruptive through the cloud .
And following slower, in explosion fast,
The thunder raises his tremendous voice.
At first, heard solemn o'er the verge of heaven,
The tempest growls ; but, as it nearer comes,
And rolls its awful burden on the wind,
The lightnings flash a larger curve, and more
The noise astounds ; till overhead a sheet
Of livid flame discloses wide ; then shuts
And opens wider ; shuts and opens, still
Expansive, wrapping ether in a blaze :
Follows the loosen'd aggravated roar,
Enlarging, deepening, mingling ; peal on peal
Crush'd horrible, convulsing heaven and earth.

10. Had it pleased Heaven
To try me with affliction . had he rain'd
All kinds of sores and shames on my bare head ;
Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips
Given to captivity me and my utmost hopes,
I should have found in some part of my soul
A drop of patience . but—alas !—to make me
A fixed figure for the hand of Scorn
To point his slow unmoving finger at—
Yet I could bear that too—well—very well ,
But there where I have garner'd up my heart,
Where either I must live or bear no life ;
The fountain from the which my current runs,
Or else dries up, to be discarded thence !

PROMISCUOUS EXERCISES

1 The first ingredient in conversation is truth, the next good sense, the third good humour, and the fourth wit

2 He who sedulously attends, pointedly asks, calmly speaks, coolly answers, and ceases when he has no more to say, is in possession of some of the best requisites of man

3. Trust him little who praises all, him less who censures all, and him least who is indifferent about all

4. He that does not know those things which are of use and necessity for him to know, is but an ignorant man, whatever he may know besides

5 A man has no more right to say an uncivil thing, than to act one, no more right to say a rude thing to another. than to knock him down.

6. Books, like friends, should be few and well chosen Like friends, too, we should return to them again and again—for, like true friends, they will never fail us, never cease to instruct, never cloy.

7. The aim of education should be to teach us rather how to think, than what to think; rather to improve our minds, so as to enable us to think for ourselves, than to load the memory with the thoughts of other men.

8. Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man; and writing an exact man, and, therefore, if a man write little, he had need have a great memory, if he confer little, he had need have a present wit; and if he read little, he had need have much cunning, and seem to know that he doth not.

9. There appears to exist a greater desire to live long than to live well measure by man's desires, he cannot live long enough, measure by his good deeds, and he has not lived long enough; measure by his evil deeds, and he has lived too long

10 We all of us complain of the shortness of time, and yet have much more than we know what to do with. Our

lives are spent either in doing nothing at all, or in doing nothing to the purpose, or in doing nothing that we ought to do; we are always complaining that our days are few, and acting as though there would be no end of them.

11. To know by rote, is no knowledge, and signifies no more than to retain what one has intrusted to his memory. That which a man rightly knows and understands, he is the free disposer of at his own full liberty, without any regard to the author from whence he had it, or fumbling over the leaves of his book. Mere bookish learning is both troublesome and ungrateful.

12. The world produces for every pint of honey, a gallon of gall; for every drachm of pleasure, a pound of pain; for every inch of mirth, an ell of moan; and as the ivy twines around the oak, so do misery and misfortune encompass the happiness of man. Felicity, pure and unalloyed felicity, is not a plant of earthly growth; her gardens are the skies.

13. Those things that are not practicable, are not desirable. There is nothing in the world really beneficial that does not lie within the reach of an informed understanding and a well-directed pursuit. There is nothing that God has judged good for us, that he has not given us the means to accomplish, both in the natural and moral world. If we cry, like children, for the moon, like children we must cry on.

14. Admonish thy friend; it may be that he hath not done it; and if he have, that he do it no more. Admonish thy friend; it may be he hath not said it; or if he have, that he speak it not again. Admonish thy friend, for many times it is a slander; and believe not every tale. There is one that slippeth in his speech, but not from his heart; and who is he that offendeth not with his tongue?

15. How happy are those who have obtained the victory of conquering their passions, after which man is no longer the slave of fear, nor the fool of hope; is no more emaciated by envy, inflamed by anger, emasculated by tenderness, or depressed by grief; but walks on calmly through the tumults

or the privacies of life, as the sun pursues alike his course through the calm or the stormy sky

16. A cheerful temper, joined with innocence, will make beauty attractive, knowledge delightful, and wit good-natured. It will lighten sickness, poverty, and affliction ; convert ignorance into an amiable simplicity, and render deformity itself agreeable.

17. I have neither the scholar's melancholy, which is emulation ; nor the musician's, which is fantastical ; nor the courtier's, which is proud ; nor the soldier's, which is ambitious ; nor the lawyer's, which is politic, nor the lady's, which is nice, nor the lover's, which is all these

18. We only toil and labour to stuff the memory, and in the meantime leave the conscience and the understanding unfurnished and void. And as old birds which fly abroad to forage for grain, bring it home in their beak, without tasting it themselves, to feed their young ; so our pedants go picking knowledge here and there out of several authors, and hold it at their tongues' end, only to distribute it among their pupils

19 Contentment produces, in some measure, all those effects which the alchymist usually ascribes to what he calls the philosopher's stone, and if it does not bring riches, it does the same thing by banishing the desire of them. If it cannot remove the inquietudes arising from a man's mind, body, or fortune, it makes him easy under them

20. To pursue trifles is the lot of humanity, and whether we bustle in a pantomime, or strut at a coronation, whether we shout at a bonfire, or harangue in a senate-house ; whatever object we follow, it will at last surely conduct us to futility and disappointment. The wise bustle and laugh as they walk in the pageant, but fools bustle and are important ; and this, probably, is all the difference between them

21 If a strong attachment to a particular subject, a total ignorance of every other, an eagerness to introduce that

subject upon all occasions, and a confirmed habit of declaiming upon it without either wit or discretion, be the marks of a pedantic character, as they certainly are, it belongs to the illiterate as well as the learned, and St James's itself may boast of producing as arrant pedants as were ever sent forth from a college

22. The continued multiplication of books not only distracts choice, but disappoints inquiry To him that hath moderately stored his mind with images, few writers afford any novelty, or what little they have to add to the common stock of learning is so buried in the mass of general notions, that, like silver mingled with the ore of lead, it is too little to pay for the labour of separation, and he that has been often deceived by the promise of a title, at last grows weary of examining, and is tempted to consider all as equally fallacious.

23. Wit lies most in the assemblage of ideas, and putting those together with quickness and variety, wherein can be found any resemblance or congruity thereby to make up pleasant pictures and agreeable visions in the fancy, judgment, on the contrary, lies quite on the other side, in separating carefully one from another, ideas wherein can be found the least difference, thereby to avoid being misled by similitude, and by affinity to take one thing for another.

24 Frugality may be termed the daughter of prudence, the sister of temperance, and the parent of liberty He that is extravagant will quickly become poor, and poverty will enforce dependence, and invite corruption. It will almost always produce a passive compliance with the wickedness of others and there are few who do not learn by degrees to practise those crimes which they cease to censure

25 The taxes are indeed very heavy ; and if those laid on by the government were the only ones we had to pay, we might more easily discharge them ; but we have many others, and much more grievous to some of us. We are taxed twice as much by our idleness, three times as much by our pride,

and four times as much by our folly; and from these taxes the commissioners cannot ease or deliver us, by allowing an abatement

26 The common fluency of speech in many men, and most women, is owing to a scarcity of matter, and a scarcity of words, for whoever is a master of language and has a mind full of ideas, will be apt in speaking to hesitate upon the choice of both, whereas common speakers have only one set of ideas, and one set of words to clothe them in; and these are always ready at the mouth; so people come faster out of a church when it is almost empty, than when a crowd is at the door.

27 The greatest vices derive their propensity from our most tender infancy, and our principal education depends on the nurse. Mothers are mightily pleased to see a child writhe the neck of a chicken, or please itself with hurting a cat or dog; and such wise fathers there are in the world, who consider it as a notable mark of a martial spirit, when they hear their sons miscall, or see them domineer over a peasant or lacquey, that dares not reply or turn again; and a great sign of wit when they see them cheat and overreach their playfellows by some malicious trick of treachery and deceit but for all that, these are the true seeds and roots of cruelty, tyranny, and vice

28 There is no society or conversation to be kept up in the world without good nature, or something which must bear its appearance, and supply its place. For this reason mankind have been forced to invent a kind of artificial humanity, which is what we express by the word good-breeding For if we examine thoroughly the idea of what we call so, we shall find it to be nothing else but an imitation and mimicry of good nature, or in other terms, affability, complaisance, and easiness of temper reduced to an art

29 If by the liberty of the press we understand merely the liberty of discussing the propriety of public measures and political opinions, let us have as much of it as you

please ; but, if it means the liberty of affronting, calumniating, and defaming one another, I, for my part, own myself willing to part with my share of it whenever our legislators shall please to alter the law, and shall cheerfully consent to exchange my liberty of abusing others, for the privilege of not being abused myself

30. Supposing the body of the earth were a great mass or ball of the finest sand, and that a single grain or particle of this sand should be annihilated every thousand years : supposing then that you had it in your choice to be happy all the while this prodigious mass of sand was consuming, by this slow method, until there was not a grain of it left, on condition you were to be miserable for ever after ; or supposing that you might be happy for ever after, on condition you would be miserable until the whole mass of sand were thus annihilated, at the rate of one sand in a thousand years : which of these two cases would you make your choice ?

31 True happiness is of a retired nature, and an enemy to pomp and noise ; it arises, in the first place, from the enjoyment of one's self ; and in the next, from the friendship and conversation of a few select companions : it loves shade and solitude, and naturally haunts groves and fountains, fields and meadows ; in short, it feels every thing it wants within itself, and receives no addition from multitudes of witnesses and spectators. On the contrary, false happiness loves to be in a crowd, and to draw the eyes of the world upon her. She does not receive any satisfaction from the applauses which she gives herself, but from the admiration which she raises in others. She flourishes in courts and palaces, theatres and assemblies, and has no existence, but when she is looked upon.

32. The dialect of conversation is now-a-days so swelled with vanity and compliment, and so surfeited (as I may say) with expressions of kindness and respect, that if a man who lived an age or two ago should return into the world again.

he would really want a dictionary to help him to understand his own language, and to know the true intrinsic value of the phrase in fashion, and would hardly at first believe at what a low rate the highest strains and expressions of kindness imaginable do commonly pass in current payment. and when he should come to understand it, it would be a great while before he could bring himself with a good countenance and a good conscience to converse with men upon equal terms, and in their own way

33 Whilst the sages are puffing off our distempers in one page of a newspaper, the auctioneers are puffing off our property in another. If this island of ours is to be credited for their description of it, it must pass for a terrestrial paradise, it makes an English ear tingle to hear of the boundless variety of lawns, groves, and parks; lakes, rivers, and rivulets; decorated farms and fruitful gardens; superb and matchless collections of pictures, jewels, plates, furniture, and equipages, town-houses and country-houses, hot-houses and ice-houses; observatories and conservatories; offices attached and detached, with all the numerous etceteras that glitter down the columns of our public prints. What is the harp of an Orpheus compared to the hammer of an auctioneer?

34 The study of truth is perpetually joined with the love of virtue; for there is no virtue which derives not its original from truth, as, on the contrary, there is no vice which has not its beginning from a lie. Truth is the foundation of all knowledge, and the cement of all societies.

35. We know, and what is better, we feel inwardly, that religion is the basis of civil society, and the source of all good and of all comfort. In England we are so convinced of this, that there is no rust of superstition with which the accumulated absurdity of the human mind might have crusted it over in the course of ages, that ninety-nine in a hundred of the people of England would not prefer to impiety

36. It is not the painting, gilding, or carving, that makes a good ship; but if she be a nimble sailer, tight and strong to endure the seas, that is her excellency. It is the edge and temper of the blade that make a good sword, not the richness of the scabbard, and so it is not money or possessions that make a man considerable, but his virtue.

37. When I behold a fashionable table set out in all its magnificence, I fancy that I see gout and dropsies, fevers and lethargies, with other innumerable distempers, lying in ambuscade among the dishes. Nature delights in the most plain and simple diet. Every animal, but man, keeps to one dish. Herbs are the food of this species, fish of that, and flesh of a third. Man falls upon every thing that comes in his way, not the smallest fruit or excrescence of the earth, scarce a berry or a mushroom, can escape him.

38. A transition from an author's book to his conversation, is too often like an entrance into a large city, after a distant prospect. Remotely we see nothing but spires of temples and turrets of palaces, and imagine it the residence of splendour, grandeur, and magnificence, but when we have passed the gates, we find it perplexed with narrow passages, disgraced with despicable cottages, embarrassed with obstructions, and clouded with smoke.

39. Mr. Locke has somewhere made a distinction between a madman and a fool: a fool is he that from right principles makes a wrong conclusion; but a madman is one who draws a just inference from false principles. Thus the fool who cut off the fellow's head that lay asleep, and hid it, and then waited to see what he would say when he awaked and missed his head-piece, was in the right in the first thought, that a man would be surprised to find such an alteration in things since he fell asleep; but he was a little mistaken to imagine he could awake at all after his head was cut off.

40. The English manner of knowing whether a dog be mad or no, somewhat resembles the ancient European custom of trying witches. The old woman suspected was tied hand

and foot, and thrown into the water. If she swam, then she was instantly carried off to be burnt for a witch, if she sunk, then indeed she was acquitted of the charge, but drowned in the experiment. In the same manner, a crowd gather round a dog suspected of madness, and they begin by teasing the devoted animal on every side; if he attempts to stand upon the defensive, and bite, then he is unanimously found guilty, for a mad dog always snaps at every thing; if, on the contrary, he strives to escape by running away, then he can expect no compassion, for mad dogs always run straight forward before them.

41 Money and time are the heaviest burdens of life, and the unhappiest of all mortals are those who have more of either than they know how to use. To set himself free from these incumbrances, one hurries to Newmarket; another travels over Europe; one pulls down his house and calls architects about him; another buys a seat in the country, and follows his hounds over hedges and through rivers; one makes collections of shells; and another searches the world for tulips and carnations.

42 It has been said in praise of some men, that they could talk whole hours together upon any thing, but it must be owned to the honour of the other sex, that there are many among them who can talk whole hours together upon nothing. I have known a woman branch out into a long extempore dissertation upon the edging of a petticoat, and chide her servant for breaking a china cup, in all the figures of rhetoric.

43 There is nothing that has more startled our English audience, than the Italian recitativo at its first entrance upon the stage. People were wonderfully surprised to hear generals singing the word of command, and ladies delivering messages in music. Our countrymen could not forbear laughing when they heard a lover chaunting out a billet-doux, and even the superscription of a letter set to a tune. The famous blunder in an old play of "Enter a king and

two fiddlers solus," was now no longer an absurdity, when it was impossible for a hero in a desert, or a princess in her closet, to speak any thing unaccompanied with musical instruments.

44. Whatever may be the multiplicity or contrariety of opinions upon the subject of sleep, Nature has taken sufficient care that theory shall have little influence on practice. The most diligent inquirer is not able long to keep his eyes open, the most eager disputant will begin about midnight to desert his argument ; and once in four and twenty hours the gay and the gloomy, the witty and the dull, the clamorous and the silent, the busy and the idle, are all overpowered by the gentle tyrant, and all lie down in equality of sleep

45 When man has looked about him as far as he can, he concludes there is no more to be seen, when he is at the end of his line, he is at the bottom of the ocean, when he has shot his best, he is sure none ever did nor ever can shoot better or beyond it ; his own reason is the certain measure of truth, his own knowledge, of what is possible in nature ; though his mind and his thoughts change every seven years, as well as his strength and his features, nay, though his opinions change every week or every day, yet he is sure, or at least confident, that his present thoughts and conclusions are just and true, and cannot be deceived

46 It ought to be the happiness and glory of a representative, to live in the strictest union, the closest correspondence, and the most unreserved communication with his constituents. Their wishes ought to have great weight with him ; their opinion high respect, their business unemitted attention. It is his duty to sacrifice his repose, his pleasures, his satisfactions, to theirs ; and, above all, ever, and in all cases, to prefer their interest to his own But, his unbiassed opinion, his mature judgment, his enlightened conscience, he ought not to sacrifice to you, to any man, or to any set of men living. These he does not derive from your pleasure, no, nor from the law and the constitution They are a trust

from Providence, for the abuse of which he is deeply answerable. Your representative owes you, not his industry only, but his judgment; and he betrays, instead of serving you, if he sacrifices it to your opinion.

47 Among those whom I never could persuade to rank themselves with *Idlers*, and who speak with indignation of my morning sleeps and nocturnal rambles, one passes the day in catching spiders, that he may count their eyes with a microscope; another erects his head, and exhibits the dust of a marigold separated from the flower with a dexterity worthy of Leuwenhoeck himself. Some turn the wheel of electricity; some suspend rings to a loadstone, and find that what they did yesterday they can do again to-day. Some register the changes of the wind, and die fully convinced that the wind is changeable. There are men yet more profound, who have heard that two colourless liquors may produce a colour by union, and that two cold bodies will grow hot if they are mingled, they mingle them, and produce the effect expected, say it is strange, and mingle them again.

48 He that would please in company, must be attentive to what style is most proper. The scholastic should never be used but in a select company of learned men. The didactic should seldom be used, and then only by judicious aged persons, or those who are eminent for piety or wisdom. No style is more extensively acceptable than the narrative, because this does not carry an air of superiority over the rest of the company, and therefore is most likely to please them, for this purpose we should store our memory with short anecdotes and entertaining pieces of history. Almost every one listens with eagerness to extemporary history. Vanity often co-operates with curiosity, for he that is a hearer in one place, wishes to qualify himself to be a principal speaker in some inferior company, and therefore more attention is given to narrations than any thing else in conversation. It is true indeed, that sallies of wit and quick

replies are very pleasing in conversation, but they frequently tend to raise envy in some of the company; but the narrative way neither raises this, nor any other evil passion, but keeps all the company nearly upon an equality, and if judiciously managed, will at once entertain and improve them all.

49 Every man is rich or poor, according to the proportion between his desires and enjoyments. Of riches as of every thing else, the hope is more than the enjoyment; while we consider them as the means to be used at some future time for the attainment of felicity, ardour after them secures us from weariness of ourselves, but no sooner do we sit down to enjoy our acquisitions than we find them insufficient to fill up the vacuities of life. Nature makes us poor only when we want necessities, but custom gives the name of poverty to the want of superfluities. It is the great privilege of poverty to be happy unenvied, to be healthy without physic, secure without a guard, and to obtain from the bounty of nature what the great and wealthy are compelled to procure by the help of art. Adversity has ever been considered as the state in which a man most easily becomes acquainted with himself, particularly being free from flatterers. Prosperity is too apt to prevent us from examining our conduct, but as adversity leads us to think properly of our state, it is most beneficial to us.

50 A man who has been brought up among books, and is able to talk of nothing else, is a very indifferent companion, and what we call a pedant. But we should enlarge the title, and give it to every one that does not know how to think out of his profession and particular way of life. Who is a greater pedant than a mere man of the town? Ban him the play-houses, a catalogue of the reigning beauties, and you strike him dumb. The military pedant always tallies in a camp, and is storming towns, making lodgments, and fighting battles from one end of the year to the other. Every thing he speaks smells of gunpowder; if you take away his artillery from him, he has not a word to say for himself.

The law pedant is perpetually putting cases, repeating the transactions of Westminster-hall, wrangling with you upon the most indifferent circumstances of life, and not to be convinced of the distance of a place, or of the most trivial point in conversation, but by dint of argument. The state pedant is wrapt up in news, and lost in politics. If you mention any of the sovereigns of Europe, he talks very notably, but if you go out of the gazette, you drop him. In short, a mere courtier, a mere soldier, a mere scholar, a mere any thing, is an insipid, pedantic character, and equally ridiculous.

51 The most sure way to make any proficiency in a virtuous life is, to set out betimes. It is then, when our inclinations are trained up in the way that they should lead us, that custom soon makes the best habits the most agreeable; the ways of wisdom become the ways of pleasantness, and every step we advance, they grow more easy and more delightful. But, on the contrary, when vicious headstrong appetites are to be reclaimed, and inveterate habits to be corrected, what security can we give ourselves, that we shall have either inclination, resolution, or power to stop and turn back, and recover the right way, from which we have so long and so widely wandered, and enter upon a new life, when perhaps our strength now faileth us, and we know not how near we may be to our journey's end?

52 I have known an old lady make an unhappy marriage the subject of a month's conversation. She blamed the bride in one place; pitied her in another; laughed at her in a third; wondered at her in a fourth; was angry with her in a fifth; and, in short, wore out a pair of coach horses in expressing her concern for her. At length, after having quite exhausted the subject on that side, she made a visit to the new-married pair; praised the wife for the prudent choice she had made; told her the unreasonable reflections which some malicious people had cast upon her; and desired that they might be better acquainted.

53. True critics inquire, "Does the work relate to the

interests of mankind? Is its object useful and its end moral? Will it inform the understanding and amend the heart? Is it written with freedom and impartiality? Does it bear the marks of honesty and sincerity? Does it attempt to ridicule any thing that is good or great? Does a manly style of thinking predominate? Do reason, wit, humour, and pleasantry prevail in it? Does it contain new and useful truths? If it inspire noble sentiments and generous resolutions, our judgment is fixed the work is good, and the author is a master of the science."

54. There is a world where no storms intrude, a haven of safety against the tempests of life. A little world of joy and love, of innocence and tranquillity. Suspicions are not there, nor Jealousies, nor Falsehood with her double tongue, nor the venom of Slander. Peace embraceth it with outspread wings. Plenty broodeth there. When a man entereth it, he forgetteth his sorrows, and cares, and disappointments; he openeth his heart to confidence, and to pleasures not mingled with remorse. This world is the well-ordered home of a virtuous and amiable woman.

55. Bended knees, while you are clothed with pride, heavenly petitions, while you are hoarding up treasures upon earth; holy devotions, while you live in the follies of the world; prayers of meekness and charity, while your heart is the seat of spite and resentment; hours of prayer, while you give up days and years to idle diversions, impertinent visits, and foolish pleasures; are as absurd, unacceptable services to God, as forms of thanksgiving from a person that lives in repinings and discontent.

56. It is certain, that proper gestures and exertions of the voice cannot be too much studied by a public orator. They are a kind of comment to what he utters; and enforce every thing he says, with weak hearers, better than the strongest argument he can make use of. They keep the audience awake, and fix their attention to what is delivered to them; at the same time that they show the speaker is in earnest,

and affected himself with what he so passionately recommends to others

57 A man of polite imagination is let into a great many pleasures that the vulgar are not capable of receiving. He can converse with a picture, and find an agreeable companion in a statue. He meets with a secret refreshment in a description, and often feels a greater satisfaction in the prospect of fields and meadows than another does in the possession. It gives him, indeed, a kind of property in every thing he sees, and makes the most rude uncultivated parts of nature administer to his pleasures so that he looks upon the world, as it were, in another light, and discovers in it a multitude of charms that conceal themselves from the generality of mankind.

58 Prosperity, as truly asserted by Seneca, very much obstructs the knowledge of ourselves. No man can form a just estimate of his own powers by inactive speculation. That fortitude which has encountered no dangers, that prudence which has surmounted no difficulties, that integrity which has been attacked by no temptations, can, at best, be considered but as gold not yet brought to the test, of which, therefore, the true value cannot be assigned. Equally necessary is some variety of fortune to a nearer inspection of the manners, principles, and affections of mankind.

59. My Lord Froth has been so educated in punctilio, that he governs himself by a ceremonial in all the ordinary occurrences of life. He measures out his bow to the degree of the person he converses with. I have seen him in every inclination of the body, from the familiar nod to the low stoop of salutation. I remember five of us, who were acquainted with one another, met one morning at his lodgings, when a wag of the company was saying it would be worth while to observe how he would distinguish us at his first entrance. Accordingly, he no sooner came into the room than, casting his eye about,—“My Lord Such-a-one,” says he, “your most humble servant—Sir Richard, your

humble servant—Your servant, Mr. Ironside—Mr. Ducker, how do you do?—Ha, Frank, are you there?"

60 Let us now consider the principal point, whether the place where they encountered was most favourable to Milo or to Clodius. Were the affair to be represented only by painting, instead of being expressed by words, it would even then clearly appear which was the traitor, and which was free from all mischievous designs. When the one was sitting in his chariot, muffled up in his cloak, and his wife along with him; which of these circumstances was not a very great incumbrance—the dress, the chariot, or the companion? How could he be worse equipped for engagement, when he was wrapped up in a cloak, embarrassed with a chariot, and almost fettered by his wife? Observe the other now, in the first place, sallying out on a sudden from his seat, for what reason?—in the evening, what urged him?—late, to what purpose, especially at that season? He calls at Pompey's seat, with what view? To see Pompey? He knew he was at Allium. To see his house? He had been in it a thousand times. What then could be the reason of this loitering and shifting about? He wanted to be upon the spot when Milo came.

61 What are the possessions of the world? Do they infallibly carry with them comfort and delight? Are they stable and secure? Are they proof against all dangers? Are they subject to no violence, liable to no change or revolution? Who can delight to grovel with the insect in the dust, when with angels he might soar into the presence, and aspire to the friendship, of his Maker? But what is the happiness this world can give? Can it preserve our hearts from grief? Can it soothe the King of Terrors? Can it ease our burdened consciences? If not, wherefore is it so high in our esteem? Why does it lie so close unto our hearts? When my heart is torn with grief, when my limbs are racked with pain, what is the world to me? Why am I so enamoured of a vapour on which before it perisheth my eyes may be for

ever closed? HURRIED as I am down the stream of time, shall I set my heart on the fading flowers that grow upon its banks? No I must not be so injurious to myself, I must not be so ungrateful to my Maker

62 I remember a mass of things, but nothing distinctly, a quarrel, but nothing wherefore Oh, that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains! that we should with joy, pleasure, revel, and applause, transform ourselves into beasts! I will ask him for my place again—he shall tell me I'm a drunkard! Had I as many mouths as Hydra, such an answer would stop them all To be now a sensible man, by-and-by a fool, and presently a beast! Every inordinate cup is unblest, and the ingredient is a devil

63 To be vain is rather a mark of humility than pride. Vain men delight in telling what honours have been done them, what great company they have kept, and the like, by which they plainly confess that these honours were more than their due, and such as their friends would not believe, if they had not been told whereas a man truly proud thinks the greatest honours below his merit, and consequently, scorns to boast. I therefore deliver it as a maxim, that whosoever desires the character of a proud man ought to conceal his vanity

64 One great end to which all knowledge ought to be employed is the welfare of humanity Every science is the foundation of some art beneficial to man, and while the study of it leads us to see the beneficence of the laws of nature, it calls upon us also to follow the great end of the Father of nature, in their employment and application I need not say what a field is thus opened to the benevolence of knowledge; I need not tell you, that, in every department of learning, there is good to be done to mankind. I need not remind you, that the age in which we live has given us the noblest examples of this, and that science now finds its highest glory in improving the condition, or in allaying the miseries, of humanity

65 To be good is to be happy. Angels
Are happier than men, because they're better.
Guilt is the source of sorrow ; 'tis the fiend,
Th' avenging fiend, that follows us behind
With whips and stings: the blest know none of this,
But dwell in everlasting peace of mind,
And find the height of all their heav'n is goodness

66. Good name in man and woman
Is the immediate jewel of their souls.
Who steals my purse, steals trash; 'tis something—nothing ;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands .
But he who filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.

67 Philosophy consists not
In airy schemes or idle speculations.
The rule and conduct of all social life
Is her great province Not in lonely cells
Obscure she lurks, but holds her heavenly light
To senates and to kings, to guide their councils,
And teach them to reform and bless mankind
All policy but hers is false and rotten ;
All valour not conducted by her precepts,
Is a destroying fury sent from hell,
To plague unhappy man, and ruin nations.

68. Earth's cup
Is poisoned ; her renown most infamous ;
Her gold, seem as it may, is really dust ;
Her titles, slanderous names ; her praise, reproach ;
Her strength, an idiot's boast ; her wisdom, blind ;
Her gain, eternal loss , her hope, a dream ;
Her love, her friendship, enmity with God ;
Her promises, a lie ; her smile, deceitful ;
Her all, most utter vanity ; and all
Her lovers mad—insane most grievously—
And most insane, because they know it not.

69. The love of praise, howe'er conceal'd by art,
 Reigns more or less, and glows, in ev'ry heart.
 The proud to gain it, toils on toils endure;
 The modest shun it, but to make it sure.
 O'er globes and sceptres, now on thrones it swells;
 Now, trims the midnight lamp in college cells,
 'Tis Tory, Whig; it plots, prays, preaches, pleads,
 Harangues in senates, squeaks in masquerades:
 It aids the dancer's heel, the writer's head,
 And heaps the plain with mountains of the dead:
 Nor ends with life, but nods in sable plumes,
 Adorns our hearse, and flatters on our tombs.

70. Thus with the year
 Seasons return; but not to me returns
 Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn,
 Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
 Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine,
 But cloud instead, and ever-during dark
 Surround me; from the cheerful ways of men
 Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair,
 Presented with an universal blank
 Of Nature's works, to me expung'd and raz'd;
 And wisdom, at one entrance, quite shut out

71. Now storming fury rose,
 And clamour, such as heard in heaven till now
 Was never Aims on armour clashing bray'd
 Horrible discord, and the madding wheels
 Of brazen chariots rag'd Dire was the noise
 Of conflict overhead the dismal hiss
 Of fiery darts in flaming volleys flew,
 And flying, vaulted either host with fire.
 So under fiery cope together rush'd
 Both battle's main, with ruinous assault
 And unextinguishable rage all heaven
 Resounded, and, had earth been then, all earth
 Had to her centre shook.

72 Then let's say, you are sad,
Because you are not merry ; and 'twere as easy
For you to laugh, and leap, and say, you're merry,
Because you are not sad. Now, by two-headed Janus,
Nature hath fram'd strange fellows in her time :
Some that will evermore peep through their eyes,
And laugh, like parrots, at a bagpipe ;
And others of such vinegar aspect,
That they'll not show their teeth in way of smile,
Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable.

73. What would you have, you cuns,
That like not peace nor war ? The one affrights you,
The other makes you proud. He that trusts you,
Where he should find you lions, finds you hares ;
Where foxes, geese you are no surer, no,
Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,
Or hailstone in the sun. Your virtue is,
To make him worthy, whose offence subdues him,
And curse that justice did it. Who deserves greatness,
Deserves your hate ; and your affections are
A sick man's appetite, who desires most that
Which would increase his evil. He that depends
Upon your favours, swims with fins of lead,
And hews down oaks with rushes. Hang ye ! Trust ye ?
With every minute you do change a mind ;
And call him noble, that was now your hate ;
Him vile, that was your garland

74 'Tis now the very witching time of night,
When churchyards yawn, and hell itself breathes out
Contagion to this world : Now could I drink hot blood,
And do such business as the better day
Would quake to look on. Soft now to my mother.—
O heart ! lose not thy nature ; let not ever
The soul of Nero enter this firm bosom
Let me be cruel, not unnatural
I will speak daggers to her, but use none.

75 'Would he were fatter —but I fear him not.
 Yet, if my name were liable to fear,
 I do not know the man I should avoid
 So soon as that spare Cassius He reads much ;
 He is a great observer, and he looks
 Quite through the deeds of men. he loves no plays,
 As thou dost, Antony, he hears no music
 Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort,
 As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit
 That could be mov'd to smile at any thing.
 Such men as he be never at heart's ease,
 While they behold a greater than themselves,
 And therefore are they very dangerous.
 I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd,
 Than what I fear ; for always I am Cæsar.

76 There is a tide in the affairs of men,
 Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune ;
 Omitted, all the voyage of their life
 Is bound in shallows, and in miseries
 On such a full sea are we now afloat ,
 And we must take the current when it serves,
 Or lose our ventures.

77 I had rather be a kitten, and cry—mew,
 Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers
 I'd rather hear a brazen candlestick turn'd,
 Or a dry wheel grate on an axle-tree ;
 And that would set my teeth nothing on edge,
 Nothing so much as naming poetry ;
 'Tis like the forc'd gait of a shuffling nag

78 'Tis Slander,
 Whose edge is sharper than the sword ; whose tongue
 Outvenoms all the worms of Nile ; whose breath
 Rides on the posting winds, and doth belie
 All corners of the world : kings, queens, and states,
 Maids, matrons, nay, the secrets of the grave
 This viperous Slander enters.

79. Oh, who can hold a fire in his hand,
 By thinking on the frosty Caucasus?
 Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,
 By bare imagination of a feast?
 Or wallow naked in December snow,
 By thinking on fantastic summer's heat?
 Oh, no! the apprehension of the good,
 Gives but the greater feeling to the worse:
 Fell Sorrow's tooth doth never rankle more,
 Than when it bites, but lanceth not the sore.

80. True ease, in writing, comes from art, not chance;
 As those move easiest who have learn'd to dance
 'Tis not enough no harshness gives offence.
 The sound must seem an echo to the sense.
 Soft is the strain, when Zephyr gently blows,
 And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows:
 But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,
 The hoarse rough verse should like the torrent roar
 When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw,
 The line, too, labours, and the words move slow:
 Not so when swift Camilla scours the plain,
 Flies o'er th' unbending corn, and skims along the main.

81. All dark, and comfortless!
 Where are those various objects that, but now,
 Employ'd my busy eyes? Where those eyes?
 Dead are their piercing rays, that lately shot
 O'er flow'ry vales to distant sunny hills,
 And drew with joy the vast horizon in.
 These groping hands are now my only guides,
 And feeling all my sight.
 O misery! What words can sound my grief?
 Shut from the living whilst among the living;
 Dark as the grave amidst the bustling world.
 At once from business and from pleasure barr'd
 No more to view the beauty of the spring,
 Or see the face of kindred or of friend.

82. O blest retirement! friend to life's decline!
Retreat from care—that never must be mine!
How bless'd is he, who crowns, in shades like these,
A youth of labour with an age of ease;
Who quits a world where strong temptations try,
And, since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly.
For him no wretches born to work and weep,
Explore the mine, or tempt the dangerous deep;
No surly porter stands, in guilty state,
To spurn imploring famine from his gate:
But on he moves to meet his latter end,
Angels around befriending virtue's friend;
Sinks to the grave, with unperceiv'd decay,
While resignation gently slopes the way;
And, all his prospects brightening to the last,
His heaven commences ere the world be past

83 As when the moon, refulgent lamp of night!
O'er heaven's clear azure spreads her sacred light,
When not a breath disturbs the deep serene,
And not a cloud o'ercasts the solemn scene,
Around her throne the vivid planets roll,
And stars unnumber'd gild the glowing pole,
O'er the dark trees a yellow verdure shed,
And tip with silver every mountain's head;
Then shine the vales, the rocks in prospect rise,
A flood of glory bursts from all the skies
The conscious swains, rejoicing in the sight,
Eye the blue vault, and bless the useful light

84 Night, sable goddess! from her ebon throne
In rayless majesty, now stretches forth
Her leaden sceptre o'er a slumbering world.
Silence, how dead! and darkness how profound!
Nor eye nor list'ning ear an object finds:
Creation sleeps. 'Tis as if the gen'ral pulse
Of life stood still, and nature made a pause,
An awful pause, prophetic of her end.

85. 'Tis pleasant, by the cheerful hearth, to hear
Of tempests and the dangers of the deep,
And pause at times, and feel that we are safe ;
Then listen to the perilous tale again,
And, with an eager and suspended soul,
Woo terror to delight us. But to hear
The roaring of the raging elements ;
To know all human skill, all human strength,
Avail not ; to look round, and only see
The mountain-wave incumbent, with its weight
Of bursting waters o'er the reeling bark—
O God ! this is, indeed, a dreadful thing !
And he who hath endur'd the horror, once,
Of such an hour, doth never hear the storm
Howl round his home, but he remembers it,
And thinks upon the suffering mariner.

86 There is a Pow'r
Unseen, that rules th' illimitable world,
That guides its motions from the brightest star
To the least dust of this sin-tainted mould ,
While man, who madly deems himself the lord
Of all, is nought but weakness and dependence
This sacred truth, by sure experience taught,
Thou must have learned when wandering all alone,
Each bird, each insect, flitting through the sky,
Was more sufficient for itself than thou

87 Reflect that life and death, affecting sounds,
Are only varied modes of endless being
Reflect that life, like every other blessing,
Derives its value from its use alone ;
Nor for itself, but for a nobler end,
Th' Eternal gave it, and that end is virtue.
When inconsistent with a greater good,
Reason commands to cast the less away ;
Thus life, with loss of wealth, is well preserved,
And virtue cheaply saved with loss of life.

88. What does not fade? The tower that long had stood
 The crash of thunder and the warring winds,
 Shook by the slow but sure destroyer time,
 Now hangs in doubtful runs o'er its base ;
 And flinty pyramids, and walls of brass.
 Descend : the Babylonian spires are sunk :
 Achaia, Rome, and Egypt, moulder down
 Time shakes the stable tyranny of thrones ;
 And tottering empires crush by their own weight.
 This huge rotundity we tread grows old ;
 And all those worlds that roll around the sun
 The sun himself shall die , and ancient night
 Again involve the desolate abyss
 Till the great FATHER, through the lifeless gloom,
 Extend his arm to light another sun,
 And bid new planets roll by other laws.

89 Oh, it is excellent to have a giant's strength ;
 But it is tyrannous to use it like a giant.
 Could great men thunder
 As Jove himself does, Jove would ne'er be quiet ;
 For every pelting, petty officer,
 Would use his heaven for thunder ; nothing but thunder
 Merciful heaven !
 Thou rather, with thy sharp and sulphurous bolt,
 Splitt'st the unwedgeable and gnarled oak
 Than the soft myrtle O, but man, proud man !
 Dress'd in a little brief authority,
 Most ignorant of what he's most assured,
 His glassy essence, like an angry ape,
 Plays such fantastic tricks before high Heaven,
 As make the angels weep ; who, with our spleens,
 Would all themselves laugh mortal

90 As on thy mother's knee a new-born child,
 Weeping thou sat'st, whilst all around thee smiled ,
 So live, that, sinking into death's long sleep,
 Calm thou may'st smile, whilst all around thee weep

91 So work the honey bees ;
 Creatures, that by a rule in nature teach
 The art of order to a peopled kingdom.
 They have a king, and officers of sorts ;
 Where some, like magistrates, correct at home ,
 Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad ;
 Others, like soldiers, armed in their stings,
 Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds ;
 Which pillage they with merry march bring home
 To the tent-royal of their emperor ;
 Who, busied in his majesty, surveys
 The singing masons building roofs of gold ;
 The civil citizens kneading up the honey ,
 The poor mechanic porters crowding in
 Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate ;
 The sad-eyed justice, with his sily hum,
 Delivering o'er to executioners pale
 The lazy yawning drone

92 I have liv'd long enough ; my way of life
 Is fall'n into the sear, the yellow leaf :
 And that which should accompany old age,
 As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
 I must not look to have , but in their stead,
 Curses, not loud, but deep, mouth-honour, breath,
 Which the poor heart would fain deny, but dare not.

93. Show me what thou'lt do.
 Wilt weep ? Wilt fight ? Wilt fast ? Wilt tear thyself ?
 Wilt drink up Eisel ? Eat a crocodile ?
 I'll do't. Dost thou come here to whine ?
 To outface me with leaping in her grave ?
 Be buried quick with her, and so will I.
 And if thou prate of mountains, let them throw
 Millions of acres on us, till our ground,
 Singeing his pate against the burning zone,
 Make Ossa like a wart ! Nay, if thou'lt mouth,
 I'll rant as well as thou.

94 And is this all? Can reason do no more
Than bid me shun the deep, and dread the shore?
Sweet moralist! afloat on life's rough sea,
The Christian has an art unknown to thee;
He holds no parley with unmanly fears,
Where duty bids he confidently steers,
Faces a thousand dangers at her call,
And trusting in his God surmounts them all.

95. She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek she pined in thought;
And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
She sat like Patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief

96 Rise with the lark, and with the lark to bed.
The breath of night's destructive to the hue
Of every flower that blows Go to the field,
And ask the humble daisy why it sleeps,
Soon as the sun depart- Why close the eyes
Of blossoms infinite, ere the still moon
Her oriental veil puts off? Think why,
Nor let the sweetest blossom be exposed
That nature boasts, to night's unkindly damp
Well may it droop, and all its freshness lose.
Compelled to taste the rank and poisonous steam
Of midnight theatre, and morning ball
Give to repose the solemn hours she claims;
And from the forehead of the morning, steal
The sweet occasion Oh! there is a charm
That morning has that gives the brow of age
A smack of youth, and makes the life of youth
Breathe perfumes exquisite Expect it not,
Ye who till morn upon a down bed lie,
Indulging feverish sleep, or wakeful, dream
Of happiness no mortal heart has felt,
But in the regions of romance.

97. Oh, how canst thou renounce the boundless store
 Of charms which nature to her votaries yields?
 The warbling woodland, the resounding choir,
 The pomp of groves and garniture of fields,
 All that the genial ray of morning gilds,
 And all that echoes to the song of even,
 All that the mountain's sheltering bosom shields,
 And all the dread magnificence of heaven—
 Oh, how canst thou renounce, and hope to be forgiven?

98 It wins my admiration
 To view the structure of that little work—
 A bird's nest Mark it well within, without,
 No tool had he that wrought, no knife to cut,
 No nail to fix, no bodkin to insert;
 No glue to join, his little beak was all,
 And yet how nicely finish'd! What nice hand,
 With every implement and means of art,
 And twenty years' apprenticeship to boot,
 Could make me such another?

99 The liquid lake that works below,
 Bitumen, sulphur, salt, and non scum,
 Heaves up its boiling tide The labouring mount
 Is torn with agonizing throes At once,
 Forth from its side disparted, blazing pours
 A mighty river, burning in prone waves,
 That glimmer through the night, to yonder plain.
 Divided there, a hundred torrent streams,
 Each ploughing up its bed, roll dreadful on
 Resistless. Villages, and woods, and rocks,
 Fall flat before their sweep. The region round,
 Where myrtle-walks and groves of golden fruit
 Rose fair, where harvest waved in all its pride,
 And where the vineyard spread its purple store,
 Maturing into nectar; now despoiled
 Of herb, leaf, fruit, and flower, from end to end
 Lies buried under fire, a glowing sea!

100 I saw young Harry with his beaver on,
His cuisses on his thighs, gallantly arm'd,
Rise from the ground like feather'd Mercury ;
And vaulted with such ease into his seat,
As if an angel dropp'd down from the clouds,
To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus,
And witch the world with noble horsemanship.

101. True happiness hath no localities,
No tones provincial, no peculiar gait.
Where duty goes, she goes, with justice goes,
And goes with meekness, charity, and love.
Where'er a tear is dried, a wounded heart
Bound up, a bruised spirit with the dew
Of sympathy anointed, or a pang
(Of honest suffering soothed, or injury
Repeated oft, as oft by love forgiven,
Where'er an evil passion is subdued,
Or virtue's feeble ember found, where'er
A sin is heartily abjured and left—
There is a high and holy place, a spot
Of sacred light, a most religious fane,
Where happiness, descending, sits and smiles.

102 A cloud lay cradled near the setting sun,
A gleam of crimson tinged its braided snow,
Long had I watch'd the glory moving on
O'er the still radiance of the lake below.
Tranquil its spirit seem'd, and floated slow!
Even in its very motion there was rest,
While every breath of eve that chanced to blow,
Wafted the traveller to the beauteous west
Emblem, methought, of the departed soul
To whose white robe the gleam of bliss is given;
And by the breath of mercy made to roll
Right onward to the golden gates of heaven,
Where, to the eye of faith, it peaceful lies,
And tells to man his glorious destinies.

103. Who first beholds the Alps—that mighty chain
Of mountains stretching on from east to west,
So massive, yet so shadowy, so ethereal,
As to belong rather to heaven than earth,
But instantly receives into his soul
A sense, a feeling that he loses not,
A something that informs him 'tis a moment
Whence he may date henceforward and for ever?

104. Now gentle gales,
Fanning their odoriferous wings dispense
Native perfumes, and whisper whence they stole
Those balmy spoils ; as when to them who sail
Beyond the Cape of Hope, and now are past
Mozambique, off at sea north-east winds blow
Sabeian odours, from the spicy shore
Of Araby the bless'd : with such delay
Well pleased, they slack their course, and many a league
Cheer'd with the grateful smell Old Ocean smiles.

105 I care not, Fortune ! what you me deny
You cannot rob me of free nature's grace,
You cannot shut the windows of the sky,
Through which Aurora shows her bright'ning face .
You cannot bar my constant feet to trace
The woods and lawns, by living streams at eve .
Let health my nerves and finer fibres brace,
And I their toys to the great children leave .
Of fancy, reason, virtue, nought can me bereave .

106. Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm !
How shall your houseless heads, and unfed sides,
Your loop'd and window'd raggedness defend you
From seasons such as these ? Oh, I have ta'en
Too little care of this ! Take physic, pomp ;
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel,
That thou mayst shake the superflux to them,
And show the heavens more just.

107 The sounds and seas, each creek and bay,
With fry innumerable swarm, and shoals
Of fish that, with their fins and shining scales.
Glide under the green wave; and sculls that oft
Bank the mud sea - part single or with mate
Graze the sea-weed, their pasture, and through groves
Of coral stray, or sporting with quick glance
Show to the sun their waved coats dropp'd with gold;
Or, in their pearly shells at ease, attend
Moist nourishment, or under rocks their food
In jointed armour watch, part huge of bulk
Wallowing unwieldy, enormous in their gait,
Tempest the ocean.

108 The lunatic, the lover, and the poet,
Aie of imagination all compact:
One sees more devils than vast hell can hold;
That is the madman - the lover all as frantic,
Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt
The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven,
And, as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to any nothing
A local habitation, and a name.

109 You think this cruel? take it for a rule,
No creature smarts so little as a fool
Let peals of laughter, Codrus, round thee break,
Thou unconcern'd canst hear the mighty crack.
Pit, box, and gall'ry in convulsions hurl'd,
Thou stand'st unshook amidst a bursting world.
Who shames a scribbler? break one cobweb through,
He spins the slight self-pleasing thread anew
Destroy his fib or sophistry in vain,
The creature's at his duty work again,
Thron'd on the centre of his thin designs,
Proud of the vast extent of flimsy lines!

110. For neither man nor angel can discern
Hypocrisy, the only evil that walks
Invisible, except to God alone,
By his permissive will, through heaven and earth;
And oft, though wisdom wake, suspicion sleeps
At wisdom's gate, and to simplicity
Resigns her charge, while goodness thinks no ill
Where no ill seems

111. How poor! how rich! how abject! how august!
How complicate! how wonderful is man!
How passing wonder He who made him such!
Who centred in our make such strange extremes!—
An heir of glory! a frail child of dust!
Helpless immortal! insect infinite!
A worm! a god! I tremble at myself,
And in myself am lost! at home a stranger,
Thought wanders up and down, surpris'd aghast,
And wond'ring at her own how reason reels!
Oh, what a miracle to man is man!

112 The raven himself is hoarse,
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements. Come, come, you spirits
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here;
And fill me, from the crown to the toe, topful
Of direst cruelty! make thick my blood,
Stop up the access and passage to remorse;
That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between
The effect and it! Come to my woman's breasts,
And take my milk for gall, you murd'ring ministers,
Wherever in your sightless substances
You wait on nature's mischief! Come, thick night,
And pall thee in the dunest smoke of hell!
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes;
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,
To cry, Hold, hold!

113 The bell strikes one. We take no note of time,
But from its loss to give it then a tongue,
Is wise in man. As if an angel spoke,
I feel the solemn sound. If heard aught,
It is the knell of my departed hours
Where are they? With the years beyond the flood
It is the signal that demands despatch;
How much is to be done! My hopes and fears
Start up alarm'd, and o'er life's narrow verge
Look down—on what? a fathomless abyss!
A dread eternity! how surely mine!
And can eternity belong to me,
Poor pensioner on the bounties of an hour?

114. Yet do I fear thy nature;
It is too full o' the milk of human kindness,
To catch the nearest way. Thou wouldst be great;
Art not without ambition; but without
The illness should attend it. What thou wouldst highly,
That wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play false,
And yet wouldst wrongly win

115. To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day
To the last syllable of recorded time;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow; a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more: it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

116 Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased,
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
Raze out the written troubles of the brain,
And, with some sweet oblivious antidote,
Cleanse the foul bosom of that perilous stuff
Which weighs upon the heart?

117. Ah ! who can tell how hard it is to climb
The steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar ;
Ah ! who can tell how many a soul sublime
Has felt the influence of malignant star,
And waged with fortune an eternal war ;
Check'd by the scoff of pride, by envy's frown,
And poverty's unconquerable bar,
In life's low vale remote has pin'd alone,
Then dropp'd into the grave, unpitied and unknown.

118. 'Tis not in man

To look unmoved upon that heaving waste,
Which from horizon to horizon spread,
Meets the o'er-arching heavens on every side,
Blending their hues in distant faintness there.
'Tis wonderful !—and yet, my boy, just such
Is life Life is a sea as fathomless,
As wide, as terrible, and yet sometimes
As calm and beautiful. The light of heaven
Smiles on it ; and 'tis decked with every hue
Of glory and of joy. Anon dark clouds
Arise, contending winds of fate go forth ;
And hope sits weeping o'er a general wreck
And thou must sail upon this sea, a long
Eventful voyage. The wise *may* suffer wreck,—
The foolish *must* Oh ! then be early wise !
Learn from the mariner his skilful art
To ride upon the waves, and catch the breeze,
And dare the threatening storm, and trace a path
'Mid countless dangers, to the destined port
Unnervingly secure Oh ! learn from him
To station quick-eyed Prudence at the helm,
To guard thy sail from Passion's sudden blasts,
And make Religion thy magnetic guide,
Which, though it trembles as it lowly lies,
Points to the light that changes not in heaven.

LITERARY CLASS BOOK.

PART THIRD.

THIS part of our Compilation consists principally of Lessons selected from "Sheridan's Art of Speaking,"¹ "Walker's Academic Speaker," "Enfield's Speaker," and "Scott's Lessons."²

NARRATIVE PIECES.³

I.—THE OLD MAN AND HIS ASS.

AN old man and his son were driving their ass to the market, in order to sell him.

"What a fool is this fellow," said a man upon the road, "to be trudging on foot with his son, that the ass may go light!" The old man, hearing this, set his son upon the ass, and went whistling by his side.

¹ *The Art of Speaking*.—See page 81, and also Note, page 82.

² Those old and excellent Class Books were formerly in high estimation in our schools—and deservedly so; for, compiled as they were from the works of our best and most approved writers, they served not only as books from which Reading could be taught with advantage, but also as excellent Introductions to the Literature of the English Language. In fact, (as all we of the "Old School" still hold in grateful remembrance,) the choicest and most beautiful specimens of our best writers are to be found in their pages.

³ *Narrative Pieces*.—Though those Pieces have been arranged under the same head, it by no means follows that they are all to be read in the same way. The heading merely implies that they belong to that species of composition called *Narrative*; and that, generally speaking, the *narrative* style should be used. It is obvious, however, that in every case, the *tone*, *manner*, and *expression* should be regulated by the subject-matter and the occasion. In some cases the tone should be *familiar* or *conversational*; in others, *grave*, or *serious*; and in some cases, *deep feeling* should be evinced. In fact, the great rule for GOOD READING with which we set out, will guide us in every case, namely,—*To understand what we read, and to read it as if we understood it.*

"Why, sirrah!" cried a second man to the boy, "is it fit for you to be riding, while your poor old father is walking?" The father, upon this rebuke, made his son dismount, and got up himself.

"Do you see," said a third, "how the lazy old knave rides along upon his beast, while his poor little boy is almost lame with walking?" The old man no sooner heard this, than he took up his son behind him.

"Pray, honest friend," said a fourth, "is that ass your own?" "Yes," says the man. "One would not have thought so," replied the other, "by your loading him so unmercifully: you and your son are better able to carry the poor beast than he you." "Any thing to please," said the owner; and, alighting with his son, they tied the legs of the ass together, and, by the help of a pole, endeavoured to carry him upon their shoulders over the bridge that led to the town. This was so entertaining a sight, that the people ran in crowds to laugh at it, till the ass, conceiving a dislike to the over-complaisance of his master, burst asunder the cords that tied him, slipped from the pole, and tumbled into the river. The poor old man made the best of his way home; ashamed and vexed, that by endeavouring to please every body, he had pleased nobody, and lost his ass into the bargain. "There cannot be a piece of greater folly, than to endeavour to please all mankind."

II — TURNING THE GRINDSTONE.

WHEN I was a little boy, I remember one cold winter's morning I was accosted by a smiling man with an axe on his shoulder. "My pretty boy," said he, "has your father a grindstone?"—"Yes, sir," said I. "You are a fine little fellow," said he; "will you let me grind my axe on it?" Pleased with his compliment of "fine little fellow," "Oh, yes, sir," I answered, "it is down in the shop." "And will you, my man," said he, patting me on the head, "get a little hot

water?" How could I refuse? I ran and soon brought a kettleful. "How old are you, and what's your name?" continued he, without waiting for a reply. "I am sure you are one of the finest lads that I have ever seen. Will you just turn a few minutes for me?" Tickled with the flattery, like a fool I went to work, and bitterly did I rue the day. It was a new axe, and I toiled and tugged till I was almost tired to death. The school-bell rang, and I could not get away; my hands were blistered, and it was not half ground. At length, however, the axe was sharpened, and the man turned to me with, "Now, you little rascal, you've played the truant; scud to school or you'll rue it." Alas! thought I, it was hard enough to turn a grindstone this cold day, but now to be called a little rascal was too much. It sank deep in my mind, and often have I thought of it since. When I see a merchant over polite to his customers—begging them to take a little brandy, and throwing his goods on the counter—thinks I, that man has an axe to grind. When I see a man flattering the people, making great professions of attachment to liberty, who is in private life a tyrant—methinks, look out, good people; that fellow would set you turning grindstones. When I see a man hoisted into office by party spirit—without a single qualification to render him either respectable or useful—alas! methinks, deluded people, you are doomed for a season to turn the grindstone for a booby.

III.—RESPECT DUE TO OLD AGE.

It happened at Athens, during a public representation of some play exhibited in honour of the commonwealth, that an old gentleman came too late for a place suitable to his age and quality. Many of the young gentlemen, who observed the difficulty and confusion he was in, made signs to him that they would accommodate him if he came where they sat. The good man bustled through the crowd accord-

ingly; but when he came to the seat to which he was invited, the jest was, to sit close and expose him, as he stood out of countenance, to the whole audience. The frolic went round all the Athenian benches. But on those occasions there were also particular places assigned for foreigners. When the good man skulked towards the boxes appointed for the Lacedemonians, that honest people, more virtuous than polite, rose up all to a man, and with the greatest respect received him among them. The Athenians, being suddenly touched with a sense of the Spartan virtue and their own degeneracy, gave a thunder of applause, and the old man cried out, "The Athenians understand what is good, but the Lacedemonians practise it"

IV —THE DERVIS

A DERVIS, travelling through Tartary, being arrived at the town of Balk, went into the king's palace by mistake, as thinking it to be a public inn or caravansary. Having looked about him for some time, he entered into a long gallery, where he laid down his wallet, and spread his carpet, in order to repose himself upon it, after the manner of the eastern nations. He had not been long in this posture before he was discovered by some of the guards, who asked him what was his business in that place? The dervis told them he intended to take up his night's lodging in that caravansary. The guards told him, in a very angry manner, that the house he was in was not a caravansary, but the king's palace. It happened that the king himself passed through the gallery during this debate, and, smiling at the mistake of the dervis, asked him how he could possibly be so dull as not to distinguish a palace from a caravansary? "Sir," says the dervis, "give me leave to ask your majesty a question or two. Who were the persons that lodged in this house when it was first built?" The king replied, his ancestors. "And who," said the dervis, "was the last

person that lodged here?" The king replied, his father. "And who is it," says the dervis, "that lodges here at present?" The king told him, that it was he himself. "And who," says the dervis, "will be here after you?" The king answered, the young prince his son. "Ah, sir," said the dervis, "a house that changes its inhabitants so often, and receives such a perpetual succession of guests, is not a palace, but a caravansary."

V — THE STORY OF A DISABLED SOLDIER

No observation is more common, and at the same time more true, than that one-half of the world is ignorant how the other half lives. The misfortunes of the great are held up to engage our attention, are enlarged upon in tones of declamation, and the world is called upon to gaze at the noble sufferers. The great, under the pressure of calamity, are conscious of several others sympathizing with their distress, and have at once the comfort of admiration and pity.

There is nothing magnanimous in bearing misfortunes with fortitude, when the whole world is looking on. Men in such circumstances will act bravely, even from motives of vanity, but he who, in the vale of obscurity, can brave adversity,—who, without friends to encourage, acquaintances to pity, or even without hope to alleviate his misfortunes, can behave with tranquillity and indifference, is truly great. Whether peasant or courtier, he deserves admiration, and should be held up for our imitation and respect.

While the slightest inconveniences of the great are magnified into calamities, while tragedy mouths out their sufferings in all the strains of eloquence, the miseries of the poor are entirely disregarded, and yet some of the lower ranks of people undergo more real hardships in one day, than those of a more exalted station suffer in their whole lives. It is inconceivable what difficulties the meanest of our common sailors and soldiers endure without murmuring or

regret,—without passionately declaiming against Providence, or calling their fellows to be gazers on their intrepidity. Every day is to them a day of misery, and yet they entertain their hard fate without repining.

With what indignation do I hear an Ovid, a Cicero, or a Rabutin, complain of their misfortunes and hardships, whose greatest calamity was that of being unable to visit a certain spot of earth, to which they had foolishly attached an idea of happiness! Their distresses were pleasures, compared to what many of the adventuring poor every day endure without murmuring. They ate, drank, and slept; they had slaves to attend them, and were sure of subsistence for life, while many of their fellow-creatures are obliged to wander without a friend to comfort or assist them, and even without shelter from the severity of the season.

I have been led into these reflections from accidentally meeting some days ago a poor fellow, whom I knew when a boy, dressed in a sailor's jacket, and begging at one of the outlets of the town with a wooden leg. I knew him to have been honest and industrious when in the country, and was curious to learn what had reduced him to his present situation. Wherefore, after having given him what I thought proper, I desired to know the history of his life and misfortunes, and the manner in which he was reduced to his present distress. The disabled soldier (for such he was, though dressed in a sailor's habit), scratching his head, and leaning on his crutch, put himself in an attitude to comply with my request, and gave me his history as follows —

“As for my misfortunes, master, I can't pretend to have gone through any more than other folks; for, except the loss of my limb, and my being obliged to beg, I don't know any reason, thank Heaven! that I have to complain. There is Bill Tibbs, of our regiment; he has lost both his legs, and an eye to boot, but, thank Heaven, it is not so bad with me yet.

“I was born in Shropshire; my father was a labourer,

and died when I was five years old, so I was put upon the parish. As he had been a wandering sort of a man, the parishioners were not able to tell to what parish I belonged, or where I was born; so they sent me to another parish, and that parish sent me to a third. I thought in my heart, they kept sending me about so long, that they would not let me be born in any parish at all; but at last, however, they fixed me. I had some disposition to be a scholar, and was resolved at least to know my letters, but the master of the workhouse put me to business as soon as I was able to handle a mallet; and here I lived an easy kind of life for five years. I only wrought ten hours in the day, and had my meat and drink provided for my labour. It is true, I was not suffered to stir out of the house, for fear, as they said, I should run away; but what of that? I had the liberty of the whole house, and the yard before the door, and that was enough for me. I was then bound out to a farmer, where I was up both early and late; but I ate and drank well, and liked my business well enough till he died, when I was obliged to provide for myself, so I was resolved to go seek my fortune.

"In this manner I went from town to town, worked when I could get employment, and starved when I could get none. When happening one day to go through a field belonging to a justice of peace, I spied a hare crossing the path just before me, and I believe the devil put it in my head to fling my stick at it—well, what will you have on't? I killed the hare, and was bringing it away, when the justice himself met me. He called me a poacher and a villain, and collaring me, desired I would give an account of myself. I fell upon my knees, begged his worship's pardon, and began to give a full account of all that I knew of my breed, seed, and generation; but, though I gave a very true account, the justice said I could give no account, and so I was indicted at sessions, found guilty of being poor, and sent up to London to Newgate, in order to be transported as a vagabond.

“ People may say this and that of being in gaol ; but, for my part, I found Newgate as agreeable a place as ever I was in, in all my life. I had plenty to eat and drink, and did no work at all. This kind of life was too good to last for ever, so I was taken out of prison, after five months, put on board a ship, and sent off, with two hundred more, to the plantations. We had but an indifferent passage ; for, being all confined in the hold, more than a hundred of our people died for want of fresh air, and those that remained were sickly enough, God knows. When we came ashore, we were sold to the planters, and I was bound for seven years more¹. As I was no scholar (for I did not know my letters), I was obliged to work among the negroes ; and I served out my time, as in duty bound to do.

“ When my time was expired, I worked my passage home, and glad I was to see Old England again, because I loved my country. I was afraid, however, that I should be indicted for a vagabond once more, so I did not much care to go down into the country, but kept about the town, and did little jobs when I could get them.

“ I was very happy in this manner for some time, till one evening, coming home from work, two men knocked me down, and then desired me to stand. They belonged to a press-gang¹. I was carried before the justice ; and, as I could give no account of myself, I had my choice left, whether to go on board a man-of-war, or list for a soldier. I chose the latter, and in this post of a gentleman, I served two campaigns in Flanders, was at the battles of Val and Fontenoy, and received but one wound, through the breast here ; but the doctor of our regiment soon made me well again.

“ When the peace came on, I was discharged ; and as I

¹ It is almost unnecessary to observe, that such infringements upon the liberty of the subject have been long since put an end to, and that, generally speaking, our soldiers and sailors are no longer exposed to such hardships and cruelties.

could not work, because my wound was sometimes troublesome, I listed for a landman in the East India Company's service. I here fought the French in six pitched battles, and I verily believe, that, if I could read or write, our captain would have made me a corporal. But it was not my good fortune to have any promotion, for I soon fell sick, and so got leave to return home again, with forty pounds in my pocket. This was at the beginning of the present war, and I hoped to be set on shore, and to have the pleasure of spending my money; but the government wanted men, and so I was pressed for a sailor before ever I could set foot on shore.

"The boatswain found me, as he said, an obstinate fellow he swore he knew that I understood my business well, but that I shammed Abraham¹ merely to be idle; but, God knows, I knew nothing of sea-business, and he beat me without considering what he was about. I had still, however, my forty pounds, and that was some comfort to me under every beating; and the money I might have had to this day, but that our ship was taken by the French, and so I lost all

"Our crew was carried into Brest, and many of them died, because they were not used to live in a gaol, but for my part, it was nothing to me, for I was seasoned. One night, as I was asleep on the bed of boards, with a warm blanket about me (for I always loved to be well), I was awakened by the boatswain, who had a dark lantern in his hand. 'Jack,' says he to me, 'will you knock out the French sentries' brains?'—'I don't care,' says I, striving to keep myself awake, 'if I lend a hand'—'Then follow me,' says he, 'and I hope we shall do their business.'—So up I got, and tied my blanket (which was all the clothes I had) about my middle, and went with him to fight the French-

¹ *Shammed Abraham*.—A low phrase, implying that the person of whom it is said pretends not to know how to do a thing, in order to escape the trouble of doing it.

men. I hate the French, because they are all slaves, and wear wooden shoes.¹

"Though we had no arms, one Englishman is able to beat five French at any time; so we went down to the door, where both the sentries were posted, and, rushing upon them, seized their arms in a moment, and knocked them down. From thence nine of us ran together to the quay; and,

¹ The same author, in the "The Good-natured Man," (Act III.,) has given a still more amusing account of the prejudices which the lower order of the people formerly entertained towards the French. Such prejudices were in those days encouraged, not only in these countries but also in Europe generally. It is gratifying to think, however, that since the *Schoolmaster came abroad* they are fast disappearing. The following admirable observations on this point are from *M. Willm's* excellent Treatise on Popular Education:—"To dispose our youth towards patriotism, to make them love France, and be ready to devote themselves for her in the hour of danger, it is not necessary to inspire them with hatred towards foreigners: education can be quite national and quite French without ceasing to be human. France is powerful enough to have no need of fortifying herself by hatred for other nations; and she may allow ancient prejudices to fall, without being thereby weakened. In the books we place in the hands of our children, I would not imitate the example set in some parts of Germany, where patriotism seems to be made to consist principally in horror of the French name. Let a just war arise, and our soldiers will fight the enemy, inspired solely by a love of their country and by duty. To such declamations of hatred against foreigners, I am happy and proud to be able to oppose the noble words, recently uttered by one of our most illustrious writers.† 'Patriotism is the first sentiment, the first duty of man, whom nature binds to his country before all things, by the ties of family, and of nature, which is only the family enlarged. Why is it sweet to die for one's country? Because it is to die for more than oneself, for something divine, for the continuance, for the perpetuity of that immortal family which has brought us forth, and from which we have received our all. But there are two kinds of patriotism: there is one composed of the hatreds, prejudices, and gross antipathies which nations, rendered brutal by governments interested in disuniting them, cherish against each other. This patriotism is cheap; all it requires is, to be ignorant, to hate, and revile. There is another, which, whilst it loves its own country above every thing, allows its sympathies to flow beyond the barriers of race, of language, or of territories, and regards the various nationalities as part of that great whole, of which the various nations are so many rays, but of which civilization is the centre: it is the patriotism of religion, it is that of philosophers, it is that of the greatest men of the state, and it was that of the men of 1789.'"

* See Introduction, page 24.

† Lamartine.

seizing the first boat we met, got out of the harbour, and put to sea. We had not been here three days before we were taken up by the Dorset privateer, who were glad of so many good hands; and we consented to run our chance. However, we had not as much good luck as we expected. In three days we fell in with the Pompadour privateer, of forty guns, while we had but twenty-three, so to it we went yard-arm and yard-arm. The fight lasted for three hours; and I verily believe we should have taken the Frenchman, had we but had some more men left behind, but, unfortunately, we lost all our men just as we were going to get the victory.

"I was once more in the power of the French, and I believe it would have gone hard with me had I been brought back to Brest; but, by good fortune, we were re-taken by the Viper. I had almost forgot to tell you, that, in that engagement, I was wounded in two places. I lost four fingers of the left hand, and my leg was shot off. If I had had the good fortune to have lost my leg and the use of my hand on board a king's ship, and not on board a privateer, I should have been entitled to clothing and maintenance during the rest of my life, but that was not my chance: one man is born with a silver spoon in his mouth, and another with a wooden ladle. However, blessed be God! I enjoy good health, and will for ever love liberty and Old England. Liberty, property, and Old England for ever, huzza!"

Thus saying, he limped off, leaving me in admiration at his intrepidity and content, nor could I avoid acknowledging, that an habitual acquaintance with misery serves better than philosophy to teach us to despise it.

VI.—THE SIEGE OF CALAIS.

EDWARD III., after the battle of Cressy, laid siege to Calais. He had fortified his camp in so impregnable a manner, that all the efforts of France proved ineffectual to raise the siege,

or throw succours into the city. The citizens under Count Vienne, their gallant governor, made an admirable defence. France had now put the sickle into her second harvest since Edward, with his victorious army, sat down before the town. The eyes of all Europe were intent on the issue. At length famine did more for Edward than arms. After suffering unheard-of calamities, they resolved to attempt the enemy's camp. They boldly sallied forth. the English joined battle; and, after a long and desperate engagement, Count Vienne was taken prisoner, and the citizens who survived the slaughter retired within their gates. The command devolving upon Eustace St Pierre, a man of mean birth, but of exalted virtue, he offered to capitulate with Edward, provided he permitted them to depart with life and liberty. Edward, to avoid the imputation of cruelty, consented to spare the bulk of the plebeians, provided they delivered up to him six of their principal citizens with halibuts about their necks, as victims of due atonement for that spirit of rebellion with which they had inflamed the vulgar. When his messenger, Sir Walter Mauny, delivered the terms, consternation and pale dismay were impressed on every countenance. To a long and dead silence, deep sighs and groans succeeded, till Eustace St Pierre, getting up to a little eminence, thus addressed the assembly — "My friends, we are brought to great straits this day. We must either yield to the terms of our cruel and ensnaring conqueror, or yield up our tender infants, our wives, and daughters to the mercy of the blood-thirsty and brutal soldiers. Is there any expedient left whereby we may avoid the guilt and infamy of delivering up those who have suffered every misery with you on the one hand, or the desolation and horror of a sacked city on the other? There is, my friends, there is one expedient left — a gracious, an excellent, a god-like expedient! Is there any here to whom virtue is dearer than life? Let him offer himself an oblation for the safety of his people; he shall not fail of a blessed approbation from that Power who offered up

his only Son for the salvation of mankind." He spoke; but an universal silence ensued. Each man looked around for the example of that virtue and magnanimity which all wished to approve in themselves, though they wanted the resolution. At length St. Pierre resumed — "I doubt not but there are many here as ready, nay, more zealous of this martyrdom than I can be, though the station to which I am raised by the captivity of Lord Vienne, imparts a right to be the first in giving my life for your sakes. I give it freely. I give it cheerfully. Who comes next?" "Your son," exclaimed a youth not yet come to maturity. "Ah, my child," cried St. Pierre, "I am then twice sacrificed. But, no, I have rather begotten thee a second time. Thy years are few, but full, my son. The victim of virtue has reached the utmost purpose and goal of mortality. Who next, my friends? This is the hour of heroes!" — "Your kinsman!" cried John de Aire. "Your kinsman!" cried James Wissant. "Your kinsman!" cried Peter Wissant. "Ah!" exclaimed Sir Walter Mauny, bursting into tears, "why was not I a citizen of Calais?" The sixth victim was still wanting, but was quickly supplied by lot from numbers who were now emulous of so ennobling an example. The keys of the city were then delivered to Sir Walter. He took the six prisoners into his custody; then ordered the gates to be opened, and gave charge to his attendants to conduct the remaining citizens, with their families, through the camp of the English. Before they departed, however, they desired permission to take their last adieu of their deliverers. What a parting! what a scene! They crowded, with their wives and children, about St. Pierre and his fellow-prisoners. They embraced, they clung around; they fell prostrate before them. They groaned; they wept aloud; and the joint clamour of their mourning passed the gates of the city, and was heard throughout the English camp. The English by this time were apprised of what passed within Calais. They heard the voice of lamentation, and their souls were

touched with compassion. each of the soldiers prepared a portion of their own victuals to welcome and entertain the half-famished inhabitants, and they loaded them with as much as their present weakness was able to bear, in order to supply them with sustenance by the way. At length St Pierre and his fellow-victims appeared under the conduct of Sir Walter and a guard. All the tents of the English were instantly emptied. The soldiers poured from all parts, and arranged themselves on each side, to behold, to contemplate, to admire this little band of patriots, as they passed. They bowed down to them on all sides. They murmured their applause of that virtue which they could not but revere even in enemies, and they regarded those ropes, which they had voluntarily assumed about their necks, as ensigns of greater dignity than that of the British garter. As soon as they had reached the presence, "Mauny," says the monarch, "are these the principal inhabitants of Calais?" "They are," says Mauny, "they are not only the principal men of Calais, they are the principal men of France, my lord, if virtue has any share in the act of ennobling." "Were they delivered peaceably?" says Edward; "was there no resistance, no commotion among the people?" "Not in the least, my lord, the people would all have perished, rather than have delivered the least of these to your majesty. They are self-delivered, self-devoted, and come to offer up their inestimable heads as an example equivalent for the ransom of thousands." Edward was secretly piqued at this reply of Sir Walter; but he knew the privilege of a British subject, and suppressed his resentment. "Experience," says he, "has ever shown, that lenity only serves to invite people to new crimes. Severity at times is indispensably necessary to deter subjects into submission, by punishment and example. Go," he cried to an officer, "lead these men to execution. Your rebellion," continued he, addressing himself to St. Pierre, "your rebellion against me, the natural heir of your crown, is highly aggravated by your present presumption and affront of my

power." "We have nothing to ask of your majesty," said Eustace, "save what you cannot refuse us." "What is that?" "Your esteem, my lord," said Eustace, and went out with his companions.

At this instant a sound of trumpets was heard throughout the camp. The queen had just arrived with a powerful reinforcement of gallant troops. Sir Walter Mauny flew to receive her majesty, and briefly informed her of the particulars respecting the six victims.

As soon as she had been welcomed by Edward and his court, she desired a private audience. "My lord," said she, "the question I am to enter upon is not touching the lives of a few mechanics, it respects the honour of the English nation, it respects the glory of my Edward, my husband, my king. You think you have sentenced six of your enemies to death. No, my lord; they have sentenced themselves, and their execution would be the execution of their own orders, not the orders of Edward. They have behaved themselves worthily; they have behaved themselves greatly. I cannot but respect, while I envy them, for leaving us no share in the honour of this action, save that of granting a poor, an indispensable pardon. I admit they have deserved every thing that is evil at your hands. They have proved the most inveterate and efficacious of your enemies. They alone have withstood the rapid course of your conquests, and have withheld from you the crown to which you were born. Is it therefore that you would reward them? that you would gratify their desires? that you would indulge their ambition, and wreath them with everlasting glory and applause? But, if such a death would exalt mechanics over the fame of the most illustrious heroes, how would the name of Edward, with all his triumphs, be tarnished thereby? Would it not be said, that magnanimity and virtue are grown odious in the eyes of the monarch of Britain? and that the objects whom he destines to the punishment of felons, are the very men who deserve the praise

and esteem of mankind? The stage on which they would suffer, would be to them a stage of honour, but a stage of shame to Edward; a reproach to his conquests, an indelible disgrace to his name. No, my lord. Let us rather disappoint these haughty burghers, who wish to invest themselves with glory at our expense. We cannot wholly deprive them of the merit of a sacrifice so nobly intended, but we may cut them short of their desires: in the place of that death, by which their glory would be consummate, let us bury them under gifts; let us put them to confusion with applauses: we shall thereby defeat them of that popular opinion, which never fails to attend those who suffer in the cause of virtue. "I am convinced: you have prevailed. Be it so," replied Edward; "prevent the execution; have them instantly before us." They came; when the queen, with an aspect and accents diffusing sweetness, thus bespoke them: "Natives of France, and inhabitants of Calais, ye have put us to a vast expense of blood and treasure in the recovery of our just and natural inheritance, but you have acted up to the best of an erroneous judgment; and we admire and honour in you that valour and virtue, by which we are so long kept out of our rightful possessions. You noble burghers; you excellent citizens! though you were tenfold the enemies of our person and our throne, we can feel nothing on our part, save respect and affection for you. You have been sufficiently tested. We loose your chains, we snatch you from the scaffold; and we thank you for that lesson of humiliation which you teach us, when you show us that excellence is not of blood, of title, or station; that virtue gives a dignity superior to that of kings; and that those whom the Almighty informs with sentiments like yours, are justly and eminently raised above all human distinctions. You are now free to depart to your kinsfolk, your countrymen, to all those whose lives and liberties you have so nobly redeemed, provided you refuse not the token of our esteem. Yet, we would rather bind you to ourselves

by every endearing obligation, and, for this purpose, we offer to you your choice of the gifts and honours that Edward has to bestow. Rivals for fame, but always friends to virtue, we wish that England were entitled to call you her sons." "Ah, my country!" exclaimed Pierre, "it is now that I tremble for you. Edward only wins our cities; but Philippa conquers our hearts." "Brave St. Pierre," said the queen, "wherefore look you so dejected?" "Ah, madam!" replied St. Pierre, "when I meet with such another opportunity of dying, I shall not regret that I survived this day."

VII.—THE CHOICE OF HERCULES.

WHEN Hercules was in that part of his youth in which it was natural for him to consider what course of life he ought to pursue, he one day retired into a desert, where the silence and solitude of the place very much favoured his meditations. As he was musing on his present condition, and very much perplexed in himself on the state of life he should choose, he saw two women of a larger stature than ordinary approaching towards him. One of them had a very noble air, and graceful deportment; her beauty was natural and easy, her person clean and unspotted, her eyes cast towards the ground with an agreeable reserve, her motion and behaviour full of modesty, and her raiment as white as snow. The other had a great deal of health and floridness in her countenance, which she had helped with an artificial white and red, and she endeavoured to appear more graceful than ordinary in her mien, by a mixture of affectation in all her gestures. She had a wonderful confidence and assurance in her looks, and all the variety of colours in her dress that she thought were the most proper to show her complexion to advantage. She cast her eyes upon herself, then turned them on those that were present, to see how they liked her, and often looked on the figure she made in her own shadow. Upon her nearer approach to Hercules,

she stepped before the other lady, who came forward with a regular composed carriage; and, running up to him, accosted him after the following manner.—

“My dear Hercules,” says she, “I find you are very much divided in your thoughts upon the way of life that you ought to choose—be my friend, and follow me; I will lead you into the possession of pleasure, and out of the reach of pain, and remove you from all the noise and inquietude of business. The affairs of either war or peace shall have no power to disturb you. Your whole employment shall be to make your life easy, and to entertain every sense with its proper gratifications. Sumptuous tables, beds of roses, clouds of perfumes, concerts of music, crowds of beauties, are all in readiness to receive you. Come along with me into this region of delights, this world of pleasure, and bid farewell for ever to care, to pain, to business.”

Hercules, hearing the lady talk after this manner, desired to know her name, to which she answered, “My friends, and those who are well acquainted with me, call me Happiness, but my enemies, and those who would injure my reputation, have given me the name of Pleasure.”

By this time the other lady was come up, who addressed herself to the young hero in a very different manner.

“Hercules,” says she, “I offer myself to you, because I know you are descended from the gods, and give proof of that descent by your love of virtue, and application to the studies proper for your age. This makes me hope you will gain, both for yourself and me, an immortal reputation. But, before I invite you into my society and friendship, I will be open and sincere with you, and must lay down this as an established truth, that there is nothing truly valuable which can be purchased without pains and labour. The gods have set a price upon every real and noble pleasure. If you would gain the favour of the Deity, you must be at the pains of worshipping him; if the friendship of good men, you must study to oblige them; if you would be

honoured by your country, you must take care to serve it; in short, if you would be eminent in war or peace, you must become master of all the qualifications that can make you so. These are the only terms and conditions upon which I can propose happiness." The goddess of Pleasure here broke in upon her discourse. "You see," said she. "Hercules, by her own confession, the way to her pleasures is long and difficult; whereas that which I propose is short and easy." "Alas!" said the other lady, whose visage glowed with passion, made up of scorn and pity, "what are the pleasures you propose? To eat before you are hungry, drink before you are athirst, sleep before you are tired, to gratify appetites before they are raised, and raise such appetites as nature never planted. You never heard the most delicious music, which is the praise of one's self; nor saw the most beautiful object, which is the work of one's own hands. Your votaries pass away their youth in a dream of mistaken pleasures, while they are hoarding up anguish, torment, and remorse for old age."

"As for me, I am the friend of gods and of good men, an agreeable companion to the artisan, a household guardian to the fathers of families, a patron and protector of servants, an associate in all true and generous friendships. The banquets of my votaries are never costly, but always delicious, for none eat and drink at them who are not invited by hunger and thirst. Their slumbers are sound, and their wakings cheerful. My young men have the pleasure of hearing themselves praised by those who are in years, and those who are in years, of being honoured by those who are young. In a word, my followers are favoured by the gods, beloved by their acquaintance, esteemed by their country, and, after the close of their labours, honoured by posterity."

We know, by the life of this memorable hero, to which of these two ladies he gave up his heart. and I believe every one who reads this, will do him the justice to approve his choice.

VIII —THE VISION OF MIRZA.

WHEN I was at Grand Cairo I picked up several Oriental manuscripts, which I have still by me. Among others, I met with one entitled *The Visions of Minza*, which I have read over with great pleasure. I intend to give it to the public, when I have no other entertainment for them; and shall begin with the first division, which I have translated word for word as follows.—

“On the fifth day of the moon, which, according to the custom of my forefathers, I always keep holy, after having washed myself, and offered up my morning devotions, I ascended the high hill of Bagdat, in order to pass the rest of the day in meditation and prayer. As I was here airing myself on the tops of the mountains, I fell into a profound contemplation on the vanity of human life, and passing from one thought to another, surely, said I, man is but a shadow, and life a dream. Whilst I was thus musing, I cast my eyes towards the summit of a rock that was not far from me, where I discovered one in the habit of a shepherd, with a musical instrument in his hand. As I looked upon him, he applied it to his lips, and began to play. The sound of it was exceeding sweet, and wrought into a variety of tunes that were inexpressibly melodious, and altogether different from any thing I had ever heard; they put me in mind of those heavenly airs that are played to the departed souls of good men, upon their first arrival in Paradise, to wear out the impressions of the last agonies, and qualify them for the pleasures of that happy place. My heart melted away in secret raptures.

“I had been often told, that the rock before me was the haunt of a genius, and that several had been entertained with music who had passed by it; but never heard that the musician had before made himself visible. When he had raised my thoughts by those transporting airs which he played, to taste the pleasures of his conversation, as I looked

upon him like one astonished, he beckoned to me, and by the waving of his hand directed me to approach the place where he sat. I drew near with that reverence which is due to a superior nature; and, as my heart was entirely subdued by the captivating strains I had heard, I fell down at his feet and wept. The genius smiled upon me with a look of compassion and affability, that familiarized him to my imagination, and at once dispelled all the fears and apprehensions with which I approached him. He lifted me up from the ground, and taking me by the hand, 'Mirza,' said he, 'I have heard thee in thy soliloquies; follow me.'

"He then led me to the highest pinnacle of the rock, and placing me on the top of it, 'Cast thy eyes eastward,' said he, 'and tell me what thou seest.' 'I see,' said I, 'a huge valley, and a prodigious tide of water rolling through it.' 'The valley, that thou seest,' said he, 'is the vale of misery, and the tide of water that thou seest, is part of the great tide of eternity.' 'What is the reason,' said I, 'that the tide I see rises out of a thick mist at one end, and again loses itself in a thick mist at the other?' 'What thou seest,' said he, 'is that portion of eternity, which is called time, measured out by the sun, and reaching from the beginning of the world to its consummation. Examine now,' said he, 'this sea that is thus bounded with darkness at both ends, and tell me what thou discoverest in it.' 'I see a bridge,' said I, 'standing in the midst of the tide.' 'The bridge thou seest,' said he, 'is human life, consider it attentively.' Upon a more leisurely survey of it, I found that it consisted of threescore and ten entire arches, with several broken arches, which, added to those that were entire, made up the number to about a hundred. As I was counting the arches, the genius told me, that this bridge consisted at first of a thousand arches; but that a great flood swept away the rest, and left the bridge in the ruinous condition I now beheld it: 'but tell me farther,' said he, 'what thou discoverest on it.' 'I see multitudes of people passing over it,' said I, 'and a

black cloud hanging on each end of it' As I looked more attentively, I saw several of the passengers dropping through the bridge into the great tide that flowed underneath it; and upon farther examination, perceived there were innumerable trap-doors that lay concealed in the bridge, which the passengers no sooner trode upon, than they fell through them into the tide, and immediately disappeared. These hidden pitfalls were set very thick at the entrance of the bridge, so that throngs of people no sooner broke through the cloud, but many of them fell into them. They grew thinner towards the middle, but multiplied and lay closer together towards the end of the arches that were entire.

"There were indeed some persons, but their number was very small, that continued a kind of hobbling march on the broken arches, but fell through, one after another, being quite tired and spent with so long a walk.

"I passed some time in the contemplation of this wonderful structure, and the great variety of objects which it presented. My heart was filled with a deep melancholy to see several dropping unexpectedly in the midst of mirth and jollity, and catching at every thing that stood by them to save themselves. Some were looking up towards the heavens in a thoughtful posture, and in the midst of a speculation stumbled and fell out of sight. Multitudes were very busy in the pursuit of bubbles that glittered in their eyes, and danced before them; but often, when they thought themselves within the reach of them, their footing failed, and down they sunk. In this confusion of objects, I observed some with scimitars in their hands, who ran to and fro upon the bridge, thrusting several persons on trap-doors, which did not seem to lie in their way, and which they might have escaped, had they not been thus forced upon them.

"The genius seeing me indulge myself in this melancholy prospect, told me, I had dwelt long enough upon it. 'Take thine eyes off the bridge,' said he, 'and tell me if thou yet see t any thing thou dost not comprehend.' Upon looking

up, 'What mean,' said I, 'those great flights of birds that are perpetually hovering about the bridge, and settling upon it from time to time? I see vultures, harpies, ravens, cormorants, and, among many other feathered creatures, several little winged boys, that perch in great numbers upon the middle arches' 'These,' said the genius, 'are envy, avarice, superstition, despair, love, with the like cares and passions that infest human life.'

"I here fetched a deep sigh Alas, said I, man was made in vain! how is he given away to misery and mortality! tortured in life, and swallowed up in death! The genius, being moved with compassion towards me, bid me quit so uncomfortable a prospect. 'Look no more,' said he, 'on man in the first stage of his existence, in his setting out for eternity; but cast thine eye on that thick mist into which the tide bears the several generations of mortals that fall into it.' I directed my sight as I was ordered, and (whether or no the good genius strengthened it with any supernatural force, or dissipated part of the mist that was before too thick for the eye to penetrate) I saw the valley opening at the farther end, and spreading forth into an immense ocean, that had a huge rock of adamant running through the midst of it, and dividing it into two equal parts. The clouds still rested on one-half of it, insomuch that I could discover nothing in it, but the other appeared to me a vast ocean, planted with innumerable islands, that were covered with fruits and flowers, and interwoven with a thousand little shining seas that ran among them. I could see persons dressed in glorious habits, with garlands upon their heads, passing among the trees, lying down by the sides of fountains, or resting on beds of flowers, and could hear a confused harmony of singing birds, falling waters, human voices, and musical instruments Gladness grew in me upon the discovery of so delightful a scene. I wished for the wings of an eagle, that I might fly away to those happy seats; but the genius told me there was no passage to them, except

through the gates of death, that I saw opening every moment upon the bridge 'The islands,' said he, 'that lie so fresh and green before thee, and with which the whole face of the ocean appears spotted as far as thou canst see, are more in number than the sands on the sea-shore: there are myriads of islands behind those which thou here discoverest, reaching farther than thine eye, or even thine imagination can extend itself. These are the mansions of good men after death, who, according to the degree and kinds of virtue in which they excelled, are distributed among these several islands, which abound with pleasures of different kinds and degrees, suitable to the relishes and perfections of those who are settled in them: every island is a paradise accommodated to its respective inhabitants. Are not these, O Mirza, habitations worth contending for? Does life appear miserable, that gives the opportunities of earning such a reward? Is death to be feared, that will convey thee to so happy an existence?' Think not man was made in vain, who has such an eternity reserved for him! I gazed with inexpressible pleasure on those happy islands. 'At length,' said I, 'show me now, I beseech thee, the secrets that lie hid under those dark clouds that cover the ocean on the other side of the rock of adamant.' The genius making me no answer, I turned about to address myself to him a second time, but I found that he had left me. I then turned again to the vision which I had been so long contemplating; but, instead of the rolling tide, the arched bridge, and the happy islands, I saw nothing but the long hollow valley of Bagdat, with oxen, sheep, and camels grazing upon the sides of it."

IX.—THE MONK OF ST. FRANCIS.

A poor monk of the order of St. Francis came into the room to beg something for his convent. The moment I cast my eyes upon him, I was determined not to give him a single

sous; and accordingly I put my purse into my pocket—buttoned it up—set myself a little more upon my centre, and advanced up gravely to him. there was something, I fear, forbidding in my look. I have his figure this moment before my eyes, and think there was that in it which deserved better

The monk, as I judged from the break in his tonsure, a few scattered white hairs upon his temples being all that remained of it, might be about seventy; but from his eyes and that sort of fire which was in them, which seemed more tempered by courtesy than years, could be no more than sixty—truth might lie between—he was certainly sixty-five; and the general air of his countenance, notwithstanding something seemed to have been planting wrinkles in it before their time, agreed to the account.

It was one of those heads which Guido has often painted—mild, pale, penetrating; free from all common-place ideas of fat contented ignorance looking downwards upon the earth. It looked forwards; but looked as if it looked at something beyond this world. How one of his order came by it, heaven above, who let it fall upon a monk's shoulders, best knows; but it would have suited a Bramin, and had I met it upon the plains of Indostan, I had revered it

The rest of his outline may be given in a few strokes; one might put it into the hands of any one to design; for it was neither elegant nor otherwise, but as character and expression made it so. It was a thin, spare form, something above the common size, if it lost not the distinction by a bend forwards in the figure—but it was the attitude of entreaty; and, as it now stands present to my imagination, it gained more than it lost by it

When he had entered the room three paces, he stood still, and, laying his left hand upon his breast (a slender white staff with which he journeyed being in his right), when I had got close up to him, he introduced himself with the little story of the wants of his convent, and the poverty of

his order—and did it with so simple a grace—and such an air of deprecation was there in the whole cast of his look and figure—I was bewitched not to have been struck with it. A better reason was, I had predetermined not to give him a single sous.

'Tis very true, said I, replying to a cast upwards with his eyes, with which he had concluded his address—'tis very true—and heaven be their resource who have no other but the charity of the world; the stock of which, I fear, is no way sufficient for the many great claims which are hourly made upon it

As I pronounced the words "great claims," he gave a slight glance with his eye downwards upon the sleeve of his tunic I felt the full force of the appeal. I acknowledge it, said I—a coarse habit, and that but once in three years, with meagre diet, are no great matters and the true point of pity is, as they can be earned in the world with so little industry, that your order should wish to procure them by pressing upon a fund which is the property of the lame, the blind, the aged, and the infirm. The captive who lies down counting over and over again the days of his afflictions, languishes also for his share of it; and had you been of the order of mercy, instead of the order of St. Francis, poor as I am, continued I, pointing at my portmanteau, full cheerfully should it have been opened to you for the ransom of the unfortunate. The monk made me a bow. But, resumed I, the unfortunate of our own country, surely, have the first right; and I have left thousands in distress upon the English shore. The monk gave a cordial wave with his head, as much as to say, no doubt, there is misery enough in every corner of the world, as well as within our convent. But we distinguish, said I, laying my hand upon the sleeve of his tunic, in return for his appeal—we distinguish, my good father, betwixt those who wish only to eat the bread of their own labour, and those who eat the bread of other

people's, and have no other plan in life, but to get through it in sloth and ignorance for the love of God.

The poor Franciscan made no reply: a hectic of a moment passed across his cheek, but could not tarry. Nature seemed to have done with her resentments in him—he showed none—but letting his staff fall within his arm, he pressed both his hands with resignation upon his breast, and retired

My heart smote me the moment he shut the door. Pshaw! said I, with an air of carelessness, three several times, but it would not do. every ungracious syllable I had uttered, crowded back into my imagination; I reflected I had no right over the poor Franciscan, but to deny him; and that the punishment of that was enough to the disappointed, without the addition of unkind language. I considered his gray hairs—his courteous figure seemed to re-enter, and gently ask me what injury he had done me? and why I could use him thus? I would have given twenty livres for an advocate. I have behaved very ill, said I within myself; but I have only just set out upon my travels, and shall learn better manners as I get along

X —CROSSING THE ATLANTIC.

To an American visiting Europe, the long voyage he has to make is an excellent preparative. From the moment you lose sight of the land you have left, all is vacancy till you step on the opposite shore, and are launched at once into the bustle and novelties of another world.

I have said that at sea all is vacancy. I should correct the expression. To one given up to day-dreaming, and fond of losing himself in reveries, a sea-voyage is full of subjects for meditation, but then they are the wonders of the deep, and of the air, and rather tend to abstract the mind from worldly themes. I delighted to loll over the quarter-railing, or climb to the main-top on a calm day, and muse for hours

together on the tranquil bosom of a summer's sea; or to gaze upon the piles of golden clouds just peering above the horizon, fancy them some fairy realms, and people them with a creation of my own; or to watch the gentle undulating billows rolling their silver volumes, as if to die away on those happy shores

There was a delicious sensation of mingled security and awe, with which I looked down from my giddy height on the monsters of the deep at their uncouth gambols. Shoals of porpoises tumbling about the bow of the ship; the grampus slowly heaving his huge form above the surface; or the ravenous shark darting like a specter through the blue waters. My imagination would conjure up all that I had heard or read of the watery world beneath me; of the finny herds that roam its fathomless valleys; of shapeless monsters that lurk among the very foundations of the earth; and those wild phantasms that swell the tales of fishermen and sailors.

Sometimes a distant sail gliding along the edge of the ocean would be another theme of idle speculation. How interesting this fragment of a world hastening to rejoin the great mass of existence! What a glorious monument of human invention, that has thus triumphed over wind and wave; has brought the ends of the earth in communion; has established an interchange of blessings, pouring into the sterile regions of the north all the luxuries of the south, diffusing the light of knowledge and the charities of cultivated life; and has thus bound together those scattered portions of the human race, between which nature seemed to have thrown an insurmountable barrier!

We one day descried some shapeless object drifting at a distance. At sea, every thing that breaks the monotony of the surrounding expanse attracts attention. It proved to be the mast of a ship that must have been completely wrecked; for there were the remains of handkerchiefs, by which some of the crew had fastened themselves to this spar, to prevent their being washed off by the waves. There was

no trace by which the name of the ship could be ascertained. The wreck had evidently drifted about for many months; clusters of shell-fish had fastened about it, and long sea-weeds flaunted at its sides. But where, thought I, is the crew? Their struggle has long been over, they have gone down amidst the roar of the tempest; their bones lie whitening in the caverns of the deep. Silence—oblivion,—like the waves, have closed over them, and no one can tell the story of their end.

What sighs have been wafted after that ship! what prayers offered up at the deserted fire-side at home! How often has the mistress, the wife, and the mother, pored over the daily news, to catch some casual intelligence of this rover of the deep! How has expectation darkened into anxiety—anxiety into dread—and dread into despair! Alas! not one memento shall ever return for love to cherish. All that shall ever be known is, that she sailed from her port, “and was never heard of more!”

XI —THE TOWN AND COUNTRY MICE

ONCE on a time, so runs the fable,
A country mouse, right hospitable,
Receiv'd a town mouse at his board,
Just as a farmer might a lord
A frugal mouse upon the whole,
Yet lov'd his friend, and had a soul,
Knew what was handsome, and would do't,
On just occasions, *coute qui coute*
He brought him bacon, nothing lean,
Pudding, that might have pleas'd a dean,
Cheese, such as men in Suffolk make,
But wish'd it Stilton for his sake;
Yet, to his guest though no way sparing,
He ate himself the rind and paring.

Our courtier scarce could touch a bit,
 But show'd his breeding and his wit ;
 He did his best to seem to eat,
 And cried " I vow you're mighty neat.
 But lord, my friend, this savage scene !
 Why can't you come and live with men ?
 Consider, mice, like men, must die,
 Both small and great, both you and I :
 Then spend your life in joy and sport ;
 Thus doctrine, friend, I learn'd at court "
 The veriest hermit in the nation
 May yield, we know, to strong temptation
 Away they come, through thick and thin,
 To a tall house near Lincoln's Inn :
 'Twas on the night of a debate,
 When all their lordships had sat late.

Behold the place, where if a poet
 Shm'd in description, he might show it ;
 Tell how the moon-beam trembling fall,
 And tips with silver all the walls,
 Palladian walls, Venetian doors,
 Grotesco roofs, and stucco floors .
 But let it, in a word, be said,
 The moon was up, and men abed,
 The napkins white, the carpet red
 The guests withdrawn had left the treat,
 And down the mice sate, *tête-à-tête*.

Our courtier walks from dish to dish,
 Tastes for his friend of fowl and fish ;
 Tells all their names, lays down the law,
 " *Que ça est bon ! Ah goutez ça !*
 That jelly's rich, this malmsey healing,
 Pray, dip your whiskers and your tail in."
 Was ever such a happy swain ?
 He stuffs and swills, and stuffs again.

"I'm quite ashamed—'tis mighty rude
To eat so much—but all's so good.
I have a thousand thanks to give—
My lord alone knows how to live."
No sooner said, but from the hall
Rush chaplain, butler, dogs, and all;
"A rat! a rat! clap to the door"—
The cat comes bouncing on the floor.
Oh, for the heart of Homer's mice,
Or gods to save them in a trice!
"An't please your honour," quoth the peasant,
"This same dessert is not so pleasant:
Give me again my hollow tree,
A crust of bread, and liberty!"

XII.—THE CHAMELEON.

CERT has it been my lot to mark
A proud, conceited, talking spark,
With eyes that hardly served at most
To guard their master 'gainst a post;
Yet round the world the blade had been,
To see whatever could be seen.
Returning from his finish'd tour,
Grown ten times pertier than before,
Whatever word you chance to drop,
The travell'd fool your mouth will stop—
"Sir, if my judgment you'll allow—
I've seen, and sure I ought to know;"
So begs you'd pay a due submission,
And acquiesce in his decision
Two travellers of such a cast,
As o'er Arabia's wilds they pass'd,
And on their way in friendly chat,
Now talk'd of this, and then of that—
Discours'd a while, 'mongst other matter,
Of the chameleon's form and nature.

"A stranger animal," cries one,
"Sure never lived beneath the sun :
A lizard's body, lean and long,
A fish's head, a serpent's tongue ,
Its foot with triple claw disjoin'd,
And what a length of tail behind !
How slow its pace ! and then its hue—
Who ever saw so fine a blue ?"

"Hold there," the other quick replies,
"Tis green,—I saw it with these eyes,
As late with open mouth it lay,
And warmed it in the sunny ray ;
Stretch'd at its ease the beast I view'd,
And saw it eat the air for food !"

"I've seen it, sir, as well as you,
And must again affirm 'tis blue.
At leisure I the beast survey'd,
Extended in the cooling shade "

"'Tis green, 'tis green, sir, I assure ye."

"Green !" cries the other in a fury.

"Why, sir, d'y'e think I've lost my eyes ?"

"Twere no great loss," the friend replies ;
"For if they always serve you thus,
You'll find them but of little use "

So high at last the contest rose,
From words they almost came to blows ;
When luckily came by a third,
To him the question they refer'd,
And begg'd he'd tell them, if he knew,
Whether the thing was green or blue.
"Sirs," cried the umpire, "cease your pother,
The creature's neither one nor t'other :
I caught the animal last night,
And view'd it o'er by candle-light ;
I mark'd it well—'twas black as jet.
You stare ; but, sirs, I've got it yet,

And can produce it " Pray, sir, do ;
I'll lay my life, the thing is blue "
" And I'll be sworn that when you've seen
The reptile, you'll pronounce him green "
" Well then, at once, to ease the doubt,"
Replies the man, " I'll turn him out ;
And when before your eyes I've set him,
If you don't find him black, I'll eat him."

He said, then full before then sight
Produced the beast, and lo—'twas white !
Both stared, the man look'd wondrous wise.
" My children," the chameleon cries,
(Then first the creature found a tongue,)
" You all are right, and all are wrong
When next you talk of what you view,
Think others see as well as you ;
Not wonder, if you find that none
Prefers your eyesight to his own "

XIII —THE NIGHTINGALE AND THE GLOW-WORM.

A NIGHTINGALE, that all day long
Had cheer'd the village with his song,
Nor yet at eve his note suspended,
Nor yet when eventide was ended,
Began to feel, as well he might,
The keen demands of appetite,
When, looking eagerly around,
He spied far off, upon the ground,
A something shining in the dark,
And knew the glow-worm by his spark.

So, stooping down from hawthorn top,
He thought to put him in his crop
The worm, aware of his intent,
Harangued him thus, right eloquent.

“Did you admire my lamp,” quoth he,
As much as I your minstrelsy,
You would abhor to do me wrong,
As much as I to spoil your song;
For, ’twas the self-same Pow’r divine,
Taught you to sing, and me to shine;
That you with music, I with light,
Might beautify and cheer the night.”

The songster heard this short oration,
And warbling on’t his approbation,
Released him, as my story tells,
And found a supper somewhere else.

Hence jarring sectaries may learn
Their real interest to discern,
That brother should not war with brother,
And worry and devour each other;
But sing and shine by sweet consent,
Till life’s poor transient night is spent,
Respecting, in each other’s case,
The gifts of nature and of grace.
Those Christians best deserve the name,
Who studiously make peace their aim.—
Peace, both the duty and the prize
Of him that creeps and him that flies.

XIV.—EDWIN AND ANGELINA.

“TURN, gentle hermit of the dale,
And guide my lonely way,
To where yon taper cheers the vale
With hospitable ray.

“For here forlorn and lost I tread,
With fainting steps and slow;
Where wilds immeasurably spread,
Seem length’ning as I go,”

“Forbear, my son,” the hermit cries,
“To tempt the dangerous gloom;
For yonder phantom only flies
To lure thee to thy doom.

“Here to the houseless child of want
My door is open still;
And though my portion is but scant,
I give it with good will.

“Then turn to-night, and freely share
Whate’er my cell bestows—
My rushy couch, and frugal fare,
My blessing and repose

“No flocks that range the valley free
To slaughter I condemn:
Taught by that Power that pities me,
I learn to pity them.

“But from the mountain’s grassy side
A guiltless feast I bring;
A scrip with herbs and fruit supplied,
And water from the spring.

“Then, pilgrim, turn, thy cares forego,
For earth-born cares are wrong:
Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long”

Soft as the dew from heaven descends
His gentle accents fell.
The modest stranger lowly bends,
And follows to the cell.

Far in the wilderness obscure
The lonely mansion lay.
A refuge to the neighb’ring poor,
And stranger led astray.

No stores beneath its humble thatch
Requir'd a master's care ;
The wicket opening with a latch
Receiv'd the harmless pair

And now when busy crowds retire
To revels or to rest,
The hermit trimm'd his little fire,
And cheer'd his pensive guest ;

And spread his vegetable store,
And gaily press'd and smil'd ,
And, skill'd in legendary lore,
The lingering hours beguil'd.

Around in sympathetic mirth
Its tricks the kitten tries ,
The cricket clings upon the hearth ;
The crackling faggot flies

But nothing could a charm impart
To soothe the stranger's woe ;
For grief was heavy at his heart,
And tears began to flow

His rising cares the hermit spied,
With answering care oppress'd .
" And whence, unhappy youth," he cried,
" The sorrows of thy breast ?

" From better habitation spurn'd,
Reluctant dost thou rove ;
Or grieve for friendship unreturn'd,
Or unregarded love ?

" Alas ! the joys that fortune brings
Are trifling, and decay ,
And those who prize the paltry things,
More trifling still than they.

“ And what is friendship but a name,
A charm that lulls to sleep;
A shade that follows wealth or fame.
But leaves the wretch to weep ?

“ And love is still an emptier sound,
The modern fair one’s jest :
On earth unseen, or only found
To warm the turtle’s nest.

“ For shame, fond youth , thy sorrows hush,
And spurn the sex,” he said .
But while he spoke, a rising blush
His love-lorn guest betray’d.

Surpris’d ! he sees new beauties rise,
Swift mantling to the view ,
Like colours o’er the morning skies,
As bright, as transient too.

The bashful look, the rising breast,
Alternate spread alarms,
The lovely stranger stands confess’d
A maid in all her charms

“ And, ah ! forgive a stranger rude,
A wretch forlorn,” she cried ;

“ Whose feet unhallow’d thus intrude,
Where heaven and you reside.

“ But let a maid thy pity share,
Whom love has taught to stray ;
Who seeks for rest, but finds despair
Companion of her way

“ My father liv’d beside the Tyne ;
A wealthy lord was he ,
And all his wealth was mark’d for mine ;
He had but only me

- “To win me from his tender arms,
Unnumber'd suitors came ;
Who prais'd me for imputed charms,
And felt or feign'd a flame.
- “Each hour the mercenary crowd
With richest presents strove
Among the rest, young Edwin bow'd,
But never talk'd of love.
- “In humblest, simplest habit clad,
No wealth nor power had he :
Wisdom and worth were all he had ;
But these were all to me.
- “The blossom opening to the day,
The dew of heaven refin'd,
Could nought of purity display,
To emulate his mind.
- “The dew, the blossom on the tree,
With charms inconstant shine ;
Their charms were his, but, woe is me !
Their constancy was mine.
- “For still I tried each fickle art,
Importunate and vain ;
And while his passion touch'd my heart,
I triumph'd in his pain
- “Till, quite dejected with my scorn,
He left me to my pride ;
And sought a solitude forlorn,
In secret, where he died.
- “But mine the sorrow, mine the fault,
And well my life shall pay ;
I'll seek the solitude he sought,
And stretch me where he lay.

“ And there forlorn, despairing, hid,
I'll lay me down and die ;
'Twas so for me that Edwin did,
And so for him will I.”

“ Forbid it, heaven,” the hermit cried,
And clasp'd her to his breast .
The wond'ring fair one turn'd to chide ;
'Twas Edwin's self that press'd

“ Turn, Angelina, ever dear,
My charmer, turn to see
Thy own, thy long-lost Edwin here,
Restor'd to love and thee.

“ Thus let me hold thee to my heart,
And every care resign :
And shall we never, never part,
My life—my all that's mine ?

“ No, never from this hour to part,
We'll live and love so true ;
The sigh that rends thy constant heart,
Shall break thy Edwin's too.”

XV — LAVINIA.

THE lovely young Lavinia once had friends ;
And fortune smil'd, deceitful, on her birth :
For, in her helpless years, depriv'd of all,
Of ev'ry stay, save innocence and heav'n,
She, with her widow'd mother, feeble, old,
And poor, liv'd in a cottage, far retir'd
Among the windings of a woody vale ;
By solitude and deep surrounding shades,
But more by bashful modesty, conceal'd.
Together, thus, they shunn'd the cruel scorn,

Which virtue, sunk to poverty, would meet
From giddy fashion and low-minded pride.
Almost on nature's common bounty fed,
Like the gay birds that sung them to repose,
Content, and careless of to-morrow's fare,
Her form was fresher than the morning rose,
When the dew wets its leaves, unstain'd and pure,
As is the lily, or the mountain snow
The modest virtues mingled in her eyes,
Still on the ground dejected, darting all
Their humid beams into the blooming flow'rs
Or, when the mournful tale her mother told,
Of what her faithless fortune promis'd once,
Thrill'd in her thought, they, like the dewy star
Of ev'ning, shone in tears A native grace
Sat fair proportion'd on her polish'd limbs,
Veil'd in a simple robe, their best attire,
Beyond the pomp of dress: for loveliness
Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,
But is, when unadorn'd, adorn'd the most.
Thoughtless of beauty, she was beauty's self,
Recluse amid the close-embowering woods.
As in the hollow breast of Appennine,
Beneath the shelter of encircling hills,
A myrtle rises, far from human eye,
And breathes its balmy fragrance o'er the wild:
So flourish'd, blooming, and unseen by all,
The sweet Lavinia; till, at length compell'd
By strong necessity's supreme command,
With smiling patience in her looks, she went
To glean Palemon's fields The pride of swains
Palemon was; the gen'rous and the rich,
Who led the rural life in all its joy
And elegance, such as Arcadian song
Transmits from ancient uncorrupted times,
When tyrant custom had not shackled man,

But free to follow nature was the mode
 He, then, his fancy with autumnal scenes
 Amusing, chanc'd beside his reaper-train
 To walk, when poor Lavinia drew his eye,
 Unconscious of her pow'r, and turning quick
 With unaffected blushes from his gaze.
 He saw her charming; but he saw not half
 The charms her downcast modesty conceal'd
 That very moment love and chaste desire
 Sprung in his bosom, to himself unknown;
 For still the world prevail'd, and its dead laugh,
 (Which scarce the firm philosopher can scorn,)
 Should his heart own a gleaner in the field;
 And thus in secret to his soul he sigh'd.

“What pity! that so delicate a form,
 By beauty kindled, where enliv'ning sense,
 And more than common goodness, seem to dwell;
 Should be devoted to the rude embrace
 Of some indecent clown! She looks, methinks,
 Of old Acasto's line, and to my mind
 Recalls that patron of my happy life,
 From whom my lib'ral fortune took its rise;
 Now to the dust gone down: his houses, lands,
 And once fair-spreading family dissolv'd
 'Tis said, that, in some lone obscure retreat,
 Udg'd by remembrance sad, and decent pride,
 Far from those scenes which knew their better days,
 His aged widow and his daughter live;
 Whom yet my fruitless search could never find.
 Romantic wish! would this the daughter were!”

When, strict inquiring, from herself he found
 She was the same, the daughter of his friend,
 Of bountiful Acasto; who can speak
 The mingled passions that surpris'd his heart,
 And, through his nerves, in shiv'ring transport ran?
 Then blaz'd his smother'd flame, avow'd and bold;

And, as he view'd her, ardent, o'er and o'er,
Love, gratitude, and pity wept at once.
Confus'd and frighten'd at his sudden tears,
Her rising beauties flush'd a higher bloom ;
And thus Palemon, passionate and just,
Pour'd out the pious rapture of his soul.

“ And art thou, then, Acasto's dear remains ?
She, whom my restless gratitude has sought
So long in vain ? Oh, yes ! the very same,
The soften'd image of my noble friend .
Alive, his ev'ry feature, ev'ry look,
More elegantly touch'd Sweeter than spring !
Thou sole surviving blossom from the root
That nourish'd up my fortune ! say, ah ! where,
In what sequester'd desert hast thou drawn,
The kindest aspect of delighted heav'n ?
Into such beauty spread, and blown so fair,
Though poverty's cold wind, and crushing rain,
Beat keen and heavy on thy tender years.
Oh ! let me, now, into a richer soil
Transplant thee safe, where vernal suns and show'rs
Diffuse their warmest, largest influence ,
And, of my garden, be the pride and joy !
Ill it befits thee—oh ! it ill befits
Acasto's daughter, his, whose open stores,
Though vast, were little to his ample heart,
The father of a country ; thus to pick
The very refuse of those harvest fields,
Which from his bounteous friendship I enjoy.
Then, throw that shameful pittance from thy hand,
But ill applied to such a rugged task :
The fields, the master, all, my fair, are thine ;
If, to the various blessings which thy house
Has on me lavish'd, thou wilt add that bliss,
That dearest bliss, the power of blessing thee ! ”

Here ceas'd the youth . yet, still, his speaking eye

Express'd the sacred triumph of his soul :
With conscious virtue, gratitude, and love,
Above the vulgar joy divinely rais'd
Nor waited he reply Won by the charm
Of goodness irresistible, and all
In sweet disorder lost, she blush'd consent
The news immediate to her mother brought,
While, pierc'd with anxious thought, she pin'd away
The lonely moments for Lavinia's fate
Amaz'd, and scarce believing what she heard,
Joy seiz'd her wither'd veins, and one bright gleam
Of setting life shone on her evening hours ;
Not less enraptur'd than the happy pair,
Who flourish'd long in tender bliss, and rear'd
A num'rous offspring, lovely like themselves,
And good, the grace of all the country round

XVI —OTHELLO'S APOLOGY.

Most potent, grave, and reverend Signiors,
My very noble, and approv'd good masters,
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
It is most true ; true, I have married her :
The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent ; no more. Rude am I in my speech,
And little bless'd with the set phrase of peace ;
For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,
Till now, some nine moons wasted, they have used
Their dearest action in the tented field,
And little of this great world can I speak,
More than pertains to feats, and broils, and battles ;
And therefore little shall I grace my cause
In speaking for myself. Yet, by your gracious patience,
I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver,
Of my whole course of love ; what drugs, what charms,
What conjuration, and what mighty magic

(For such proceedings I am charg'd withal)
I won his daughter with.

Her father lov'd me; oft invited me,
Still question'd me the story of my life,
From year to year; the battles, sieges, fortunes,
That I have pass'd
I ran it through, e'en from my boyish days,
To the very moment that he bade me tell it -
Wherein I spoke of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents by flood and field;
Of hair-breadth 'scapes i' th' imminent deadly breach;
Of being taken by the insolent foe,
And sold to slavery, of my redemption thence,
And with it all my travels' history.
Wherein of antres vast, and deserts wild,
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch heaven,
It was my bent to speak All these to hear
Would Desdemona seriously incline;
But still the house affairs would draw her thence,
Which ever as she could with haste despatch,
She'd come again, and with a greedy ear
Devour up my discourse: which I observing,
Took once a pliant hour, and found good means,
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
But not distinctively. I did consent;
And often did beguile her of her tears,
When I did speak of some distressful stroke
That my youth suffer'd My story being done,
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs;
She swore in faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing strange,
'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful—
She wish'd she had not heard it—yet she wish'd
That heav'n had made her such a man; she thank'd me,
And bade me, if I had a friend that lov'd her,

I should but teach him how to tell my story;
And that would woo her. On this hint I spake;
She lov'd me for the dangers I had pass'd,
And I lov'd her, that she did pity them.
This is the only witchcraft I have used.

XVII — ELIZA.

Now stood Eliza on the wood-crown'd height,
O'er Minden's plain, spectatress of the fight;
Sought with bold eye, amid the bloody strife,
Her dearer self, the partner of her life,
From hill to hill the rushing host pursued,
And view'd his banner, or believed she viewed.
Pleased with the distant roar, with quicker tread,
Fast by his hand one lisping boy she led,
And one fair gull, amid the loud alarm,
Slept on her 'keichief, cradled by her arm:
While round her brows bright beams of honour dart,
And love's warm eddies circle round her heart.
Near, and more near, th' intrepid beauty press'd,
Saw through the driving smoke, his dancing crest,
Heard the exulting shout, "They run, they run!"
"O heavens!" she cried, "he's safe! the battle's won!"
A ball now hisses through the airy tides,
(Some Fury winged it, and some Demon guides!)
Parts the fine locks, her graceful head that deck,
Wounds her fair ear, and sinks into her neck;
The red stream issuing from her azure veins,
Dyes her white veil, her ivory bosom stains.
"Ah, me," she cried, and sinking on the ground,
Kissed her sweet babes, regardless of the wound.
"Oh, cease not yet to beat, thou vital urn!
Wait, gushing life! oh, wait my love's return."
Hoarse barks the wolf, the vulture screams from far,
The angel Pity shuns the walks of war!

" Oh, spare, ye war-hounds, spare their tender age
On me—on me " she cried, " exhaust your rage ! "
Then with weak arms her weeping babes caress'd,
And sighing, hid them in her blood-stained vest
From tent to tent th' impatient warrior flies,
Fear in his heart, and frenzy in his eyes !
Eliza's name along the camp he calls,
" Eliza " echoes through the canvas walls,
Quick through the murmur'ing gloom his footsteps tread,
O'er groaning heaps, the dying and the dead
Vault o'er the plain, and in the tangled wood,
Lo ! dead Eliza, weltering in her blood !
Soon hears his list'ning son the welcome sounds,
With open arms, and sparkling eyes he bounds—
" Speak low," he cries, and gives his little hand,
" Eliza sleeps upon the dew cold sand."
Poor weeping babe, with bloody fingers press'd
And tried with pouting lips her milkless breast !
" Alas, we both with cold and hunger quake—
Why do you weep ? Mamma will soon awake "
" She'll wake no more," the hopeless mourner cried,
Upturned his eyes, and clasp'd his hands and sigh'd
Stretch'd on the ground, awhile entranc'd he lay,
And press'd warm kisses on the lifeless clay ;
And then upsprung, with wild convulsive start,
And all the father kindled in his heart !
" O heavens," he cried, " my first rash vow forgive,
These bind to earth—for these I pray to live "
Round his chill babes he wrapp'd his crimson vest,
And clasp'd them sobbing to his aching breast

XVIII — ROSABELLE.

Oh, listen, listen, ladies gay !

No haughty feat of arms I tell,

Soft is the note, and sad the lay,

That mourns the lovely Rosabelle.

- “Moor, moor the barge, ye gallant crew !
And, gentle ladye, deign to stay !
Rest thee in Castle Ravensheuch,
Nor tempt the stormy firth to-day.
- “The black’ning wave is edged with white ;
To inch and rock the sea-mews fly ;
The fishers have heard the water-sprite,
Whose screams forebode that wreck is nigh.
- “Last night the gifted seer did view
A wet shroud swathed round ladye gay ;
Then stay thee, Fair, in Ravensheuch :
Why cross the gloomy firth to-day ?”
- “’Tis not because Lord Lindesay’s heir
To-night at Roslin leads the ball,
But that my ladye-mother there
Sits lonely in her castle-hall
- “’Tis not because the ring they ride,
And Lindesay at the ring rides well,
But that my sire the wine will chide,
If ’tis not fill’d by Rosabelle ”
- O’er Roslin all that dreary night
A wondrous blaze was seen to gleam ;
’Twas broader than the watch-fire light,
And redder than the bright moonbeam.
- It glared on Roslin’s castled rock,
It ruddied all the copse-wood glen ;
’Twas seen from Dryden’s groves of oak,
And seen from cavern’d Hawthornden.
- Seem’d all on fire that chapel proud,
Where Roslin’s chiefs uncoffin’d lie ;
Each baron for a sable shroud,
Sheath’d in his iron panoply.

Seem'd all on fire within, around,
Deep sacristy and altar's pale;
Shone every pillar foliage-bound,
And glimmer'd all the dead men's mail.

Blazed battlement and pinnet high,
Blazed every rose-carved buttress fair;
So still they blaze, when fate is nigh,
The lordly line of high St. Clair.

There are twenty of Roslin's barons bold
Lie within that proud chapelle,
Each one the holy vault doth hold—
But the sea holds lovely Rosabelle!

And each St. Clair was buried there,
With candle, with book, and with knell,
But the sea-caves rung, and the wild winds sung,
The dirge of lovely Rosabelle.

HISTORICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL READINGS.

I.—THE LOVE OF HISTORY NATURAL—ITS TRUE USE

THE love of history seems inseparable from human nature, because it seems inseparable from self-love. The same principle in this instance carries us forward and backward, to future and to past ages. We imagine that the things which affect us must affect posterity; this sentiment runs through mankind, from Cæsar down to the parish-clerk in Pope's Miscellany. We are fond of preserving, as far as it is in our frail power, the memory of our own adventures, of those of our own time, and of those that preceded it. Rude heaps of stones have been raised, and ruder hymns have been composed, for this purpose, by nations who had not yet the use of arts and letters. To go no farther back, the triumphs of Odin were celebrated in Runic songs, and the feats of our

British ancestors were recorded in those of their bards. The savages of America have the same custom at this day: and long historical ballads of their hunting and wars are sung at all their funerals. There is no need of saying how this passion grows among all civilized nations, in proportion to the means of gratifying it. but let us observe, that the same principle of nature directs us as strongly, and more generally, as well as more early, to indulge our own curiosity, instead of preparing to gratify that of others. The child hearkens with delight to the tales of his nurse; he learns to read, and he devours with eagerness fabulous legends and novels. In riper years he applies to history, or to that which he takes for history, to authorized romance. and even in age, the desire of knowing what has happened to other men, yields to the desire alone of relating what has happened to ourselves. Thus history true or false, speaks to our passions always. What pity is it, that even the best should speak to our understandings so seldom! That it does so, we have none to blame but ourselves. Nature has done her part. She has opened this study to every man who can read and think; and what she has made the most agreeable, reason can make the most useful application of our minds.

Nature gave us curiosity to excite the industry of our hands, but she never intended it to be made the principal, much less the sole, object of their application. The true and proper object of this application is, a constant improvement in private and in public virtue. An application to any study, that tends neither directly nor indirectly to make us better men and better citizens, is at best, to use an expression of Tillotson, but a specious and ingenious sort of idleness; and the knowledge we acquire is a creditable kind of ignorance—nothing more. This creditable kind of ignorance is, in my opinion, the whole benefit which the generality of men, even of the most learned, reap from the study of history; and yet the study of history seems to me, of all others, the most proper to train us up to private and public virtue.

II —ADVANTAGES OF HISTORY

THE advantages found in history seem to be of three kinds, as it amuses the fancy, as it improves the understanding, and as it strengthens virtue

In reality, what more agreeable entertainment to the mind than to be transported into the remotest ages of the world, and to observe human society, in its infancy, making the first faint essays towards the arts and sciences? to see the policy of government and the civility of conversation refining by degrees, and every thing that is ornamental to human life advancing towards its perfection? to mark the rise, progress, declension, and final extinction of the most flourishing empires; the virtues which contributed to their greatness, and the vices which drew on their ruin? In short, to see the human race, from the beginning of time, pass as it were in review before us, appearing in their true colours, without any of those disguises, which, during their lifetime, so much perplexed the judgments of the beholders? What spectacle can be imagined so magnificent, so various so interesting? What amusement, either of the senses or imagination, can be compared with it? Shall those trifling pastimes, which engross so much of our time, be preferred as more satisfactory, and more fit to engage our attention? How perverse must that taste be which is capable of so wrong a choice of pleasure!

But history is a most improving part of knowledge, as well as an agreeable amusement; and indeed a great part of what we commonly call erudition, and value so highly, is nothing but an acquaintance with historical facts. An extensive knowledge of this kind belongs to men of letters; but I must think it an unpardonable ignorance in persons, of whatever sex or condition, not to be acquainted with the history of their own country along with the histories of ancient Greece and Rome

I must add, that history is not only a valuable part of

knowledge, but opens the door to many other parts of knowledge, and affords materials to most of the sciences. And indeed, if we consider the shortness of human life and our limited knowledge, even of what passes in our own time, we must be sensible that we should be for ever children in understanding, were it not for this invention which extends our experience to all past ages, and to the most distant nations; making them contribute as much to our improvement in wisdom, as if they had actually lain under our own observation. A man acquainted with history may, in some respect, be said to have lived from the beginning of the world, and to have been making continual additions to his stock of knowledge in every century.

There is also an advantage in that knowledge which is acquired by history, above what is learned by the practice of the world, that it brings us acquainted with human affairs, without deviating in the least from the most delicate sentiments of virtue. And, to tell the truth, I scarce know any study or occupation so unexceptionable as history in this particular. Poets can paint virtue in the most charming colours; but, as they address themselves entirely to the passions, they often become advocates for vice. Even philosophers bewilder themselves in the subtilty of their speculations; and we have seen some go so far as to deny the reality of all moral distinctions. But I think it a remark worthy the attention of the speculative reader, that the historians have been, almost without exception, the true friends of virtue, and have always represented it in its proper colours, however they may have erred in their judgments of particular persons. Nor is this combination of historians in favour of virtue at all difficult to be accounted for. When a man of business enters into life and action, he is more apt to consider the characters of men as they have relation to his interest than as they stand in themselves, and has his judgment warped on every occasion by the violence of his passion. When a philosopher con-

templates characters and manners in his closet, the general abstract view of the objects leaves the mind so cold and unmoved, that the sentiments of nature have no room to play, and he scarce feels the difference betwixt vice and virtue. History keeps in a just medium betwixt these extremes, and places the objects in their true point of view. The writers of history, as well as the readers, are sufficiently interested in the characters and events, to have a lively sentiment of blame or praise ; and at the same time, have no particular interest or concern to pervert their judgment.

III —ON BIOGRAPHY.

It is one great advantage of classical studies to those who are fortunate enough to enjoy them, that in acquiring the languages of Greece and Rome, we insensibly contract an acquaintance with some of the most illustrious characters of antiquity, and are partially admitted into their venerable society. We learn to accompany a Solon and a Lycurgus in their legislative labours ; we hear a Plato and a Socrates philosophize, a Homer and a Virgil sing. From a Tully we are early warmed, by the glow of eloquence, with the love of our country ; from a Pliny we imbibe sentiments that heighten the social and domestic affections, and endear man to man. At the contemplation of such monsters as the classic page sometimes portrays, the ingenuous mind revolts : a Tiberius, a Nero, or a Sejanus rouses the indignant feelings of the soul ; and we learn to appreciate and execrate the sanguinary tyrant and the worthless minion, amidst the splendour of usurped power, and the flattery of grovelling sycophants.

To a certain degree the virtues of the ancients ought to inspire emulation, and are worthy of being precedents to all posterity ; but that soft charm which a pure religion and more liberal notions diffuse over Christian manners, that animating prospect which is now held out to encourage

laudable endeavours, and those terrors which are denounced against nefarious actions, could not operate on classical ages, because they were unknown.

Biography is not only valuable as an example to imitate, but as a beacon to warn. The impartial distribution of posthumous fame or censure must have some effect on the most callous and unprincipled. The thought of being handed down to posterity in colours of infamy, must frequently repress the vicious machination, and forbid the atrocious deed. The love of reputation was implanted in our natures for the wisest and noblest ends. Few possess that unenviable magnanimity which can render them indifferent to public opinion; or are so sunk in the apathy of vice, as to feel no melody in the sound of deserved applause.

To praise desert can scarcely fail to be a stimulus to virtuous actions. Those who have benefited or enlightened mankind, should receive commendation with no niggardly hand. The flowers strewed on the grave of merit are the most grateful incense to living worth. How often has the sight of the monuments in Westminster Abbey inspired the martial enthusiasm, the flame of patriotism, or the emulation of genius in the youthful breast! There are generous passions in the soul of man, which frequently lie dormant till some exciting cause serves to wake their susceptibilities, and give impulse to their native direction. Even a well-written amiable life has tempted many to live well.

IV.—CHARACTER OF JULIUS CÆSAR.

CÆSAR was endowed with every great and noble quality that could exalt human nature, and give a man the ascendant in society. formed to excel in peace as well as in war; provident in counsel; fearless in action; and executing what he had resolved with an amazing celerity; generous beyond measure to his friends; placable to his enemies; and for parts, learning, eloquence, scarce inferior to any man. His

orations were admired for two qualities, which are seldom found together, strength and elegance. Cicero ranks him among the greatest orators that Rome ever bred ; and Quintilian says, that he spoke with the same force with which he fought ; and if he had devoted himself to the bar, would have been the only man capable of rivalling Cicero. Nor was he a master only of the politer arts, but conversant also with the most abstruse and critical parts of learning, and, among other works which he published, addressed two books to Cicero on the analogy of Language, or the art of speaking and writing correctly. He was a most liberal patron of wit and learning, wheresoever they were found ; and out of his love of those talents, would readily pardon those who had employed them against himself, rightly judging, that by making such men his friends, he should draw praises from the same fountain from which he had been aspersed. His capital passions were ambition and love of pleasure ; which he indulged in their turns to the greatest excess ; yet the first was always predominant ; to which he could easily sacrifice all the charms of the second, and draw pleasure even from toils and dangers, when they ministered to his glory. For he thought Tyranny, as Cicero says, the greatest of goddesses ; and had frequently in his mouth a verse of Euripides, which expressed the image of his soul, that, " If right and justice were ever to be violated, they were to be violated for the sake of reigning." This was the chief end and purpose of his life ; the scheme that he had formed from his early youth ; so that, as Cato truly declared of him, he came with sobriety and meditation to the subversion of the republic. He used to say, that there were two things necessary to acquire and to support power—soldiers and money, which yet depended mutually upon each other, with money therefore he provided soldiers, and with soldiers extorted money ; and was, of all men, the most rapacious in plundering both friends and foes, sparing neither prince, nor state nor temple. nor even private persons, who were

known to possess any share of treasure. His great abilities would necessarily have made him one of the first citizens of Rome, but, disdaining the condition of a subject, he could never rest till he made himself a monarch. In acting this last part, his usual prudence seemed to fail him, as if the height to which he was mounted had turned his head, and made him giddy. for, by a vain ostentation of his power, he destroyed the stability of it; and as men shorten life by living too fast, so, by an intemperance of reigning, he brought his reign to a violent end.

V.—CHARACTER OF CATO

IF we consider the character of Cato without prejudice, he was certainly a great and worthy man; a friend to truth, virtue, liberty yet, falsely measuring all duty by the absurd rigour of the Stoical rule, he was generally disappointed of the end which he sought by it, the happiness both of his private and public life. In his private conduct he was severe, morose, inexorable, banishing all the softer affections, as natural enemies to justice, and as suggesting false motives of acting, from favour, clemency, and compassion: in public affairs he was the same; had but one rule of policy, to adhere to what was right, without regard to time or circumstances, or even to a force that could control him; for, instead of managing the power of the great, so as to mitigate the ill, or extract any good from it, he was urging it always to acts of violence by a perpetual defiance, so that, with the best intentions in the world, he often did great harm to the republic. This was his general behaviour; yet, from some particular facts, it appears that his strength of mind was not always impregnable, but had its weak places of pride, ambition, and party zeal, which, when managed and flattered to a certain point, would betray him sometimes into measures contrary to his ordinary rule of right and truth. The last act of his life was agreeable to his nature and philosophy:

when he could no longer be what he had been, or when the ills of life overbalanced the good, which, by the principles of his sect, was a just cause for dying, he put an end to his life with a spirit and resolution which would make one imagine, that he was glad to have found an occasion of dying in his proper character. On the whole, his life was rather admirable than amiable ; fit to be praised rather than imitated.

VI.—A COMPARISON OF CÆSAR WITH CATO.

As to their extraction, years, and eloquence, they were pretty nigh equal. Both of them had the same greatness of mind, both the same degree of glory, but in different ways. Cæsar was celebrated for his great bounty and generosity ; Cato for his unsullied integrity. The former became renowned by his humanity and compassion ; an austere severity heightened the dignity of the latter. Cæsar acquired glory by a liberal, compassionate, and forgiving temper ; as did Cato, by never bestowing any thing. In the one, the miserable found a sanctuary, in the other, the guilty met with certain destruction. Cæsar was admired for an easy, yielding temper, Cato for his immovable firmness ; Cæsar, in a word, had formed himself for a laborious active life ; was intent upon promoting the interest of his friends, to the neglect of his own ; and refused to grant nothing that was worth accepting. What he desired for himself was, to have sovereign command, to be at the head of armies, and engaged in new wars, in order to display his military talents. As for Cato, his only study was moderation, regular conduct, and, above all, rigorous severity : he did not vie with the rich in riches, nor in faction with the factious ; but taking a nobler aim, he contended in bravery with the brave, in modesty with the modest, in integrity with the upright ; and was more desirous to be virtuous, than appear so : so that the less he courted fame, the more it followed him.

VII —CHARACTER OF HANNIBAL.

HANNIBAL being sent to Spain, on his arrival there attracted the eyes of the whole army. The veterans believed Hamilcar was revived and restored to them. they saw the same vigorous countenance, the same piercing eye, the same complexion and features. But in a short time his behaviour occasioned this resemblance of his father to contribute the least towards his gaining their favour. And, in truth, never was there a genius more happily formed for two things most manifestly contrary to each other—to obey and to command. This made it difficult to determine, whether the general or soldiers loved him most. Where any enterprise required vigour and valour in the performance, Asdrubal always chose him to command at the executing of it; nor were the troops ever more confident of success, or more intrepid, than when he was at their head. None ever showed greater bravery in undertaking hazardous attempts, or more presence of mind and conduct in the execution of them. No hardship could fatigue his body, or daunt his courage: he could equally bear cold and heat. The necessary refectation of nature, not the pleasure of his palate, he solely regarded in his meals. He made no distinction of day and night in his watching, or taking rest; and appropriated no time to sleep, but what remained after he had completed his duty. he never sought for a soft or a retired place of repose, but was often seen lying on the bare ground, wrapped in a soldier's cloak, amongst the sentinels and guards. He did not distinguish himself from his companions by the magnificence of his dress, but by the quality of his horse and arms. At the same time, he was by far the best foot and horse soldier in the army: ever the foremost in a charge, and the last who left the field after the battle was begun. These shining qualities were, however, balanced by great vices—inhuman cruelty, more than Carthaginian treachery, no respect for truth or honour, no fear of the gods, no regard for the

sanctity of oaths, no sense of religion With a disposition thus chequered with virtues and vices, he served three years under Asdiubal, without neglecting to pry into, or perform, any thing that could contribute to make him hereafter a complete general.

VIII — THE OCCUPATIONS OF ALEXANDER SEVTRUS

THE simple journal of his ordinary occupations exhibits a pleasing picture of an accomplished emperor, and with some allowance for the difference of manners, might well deserve the imitation of modern princes Alexander rose early, the first moments of the day were consecrated to private devotion, and his domestic chapel was filled with the images of those heroes who, by improving or reforming human life had deserved the grateful reverence of posterity But, as he deemed the service of mankind the most acceptable worship of the gods the greatest part of his morning hours was employed in his council, where he discussed public affairs, and determined private causes, with a patience and discretion above his years The dryness of business was relieved by the charms of literature, and a portion of time was always set apart for his favourite studies of poetry, history, and philosophy The works of Virgil and Horace, the republics of Plato and Cicero, formed his taste, enlarged his understanding and gave him the noblest ideas of men and government The exercises of the body succeeded to those of the mind; and Alexander, who was tall, active, and robust, surpassed most of his equals in the gymnastic arts Refreshed by the use of the bath, and a slight dinner, he resumed, with new vigour, the business of the day, and, till the hour of supper, the principal meal of the Romans, he was attended by his secretaries, with whom he read and answered the multitude of letters, memorials, and petitions, that must have been addressed to the master of the greatest part of the world. His table was served with the most

frugal simplicity; and, whenever he was at liberty to consult his own inclination, the company consisted of a few select friends, men of learning and virtue, amongst whom Ulpian was constantly invited. Their conversation was familiar and instructive; and the pauses were occasionally enlivened by the recital of some pleasing composition, which supplied the place of the dancers, comedians, and even gladiators, so frequently summoned to the tables of the rich and luxurious Romans. The dress of Alexander was plain and modest, his demeanour courteous and affable. at the proper hours his palace was opened to all his subjects, but the voice of a crier was heard, as in the Eleusinian mysteries, pronouncing the same salutary admonition: "Let none enter these holy walls, unless he is conscious of a pure and innocent mind."

IX — CHARACTER OF THE ANTONINES.

TITUS ANTONINUS PIUS has been justly denominated a second Numa. The same love of religion, justice, and peace, was the distinguishing characteristic of both princes. But the situation of the latter opened a much larger field for the exercise of these virtues. Numa could only prevent a few neighbouring villages from plundering each other's harvests. Antoninus diffused order and tranquillity over the greatest part of the earth. His reign is marked by the rare advantage of furnishing very few materials for history, which is, indeed, little more than the register of the crimes, follies, and misfortunes of mankind. In private life he was an amiable, as well as a good man. The native simplicity of his virtue was a stranger to vanity or affectation. He enjoyed, with moderation, the conveniences of his fortune, and the innocent pleasures of society, and the benevolence of his soul displayed itself in a cheerful serenity of temper.

The virtue of Marcus Aurelius Antoninus was of a more severe and laborious kind. It was the well-earned harvest

of many a learned conference, of many a patient lecture, and many a midnight lucubration. At the age of twelve years he embraced the rigid system of the Stoics, which taught him to submit his body to his mind, his passions to his reason, to consider virtue as the only good, vice as the only evil, all things external as things indifferent. His meditations, composed in the tumult of a camp, are still extant, and he even condescended to give lessons of philosophy, in a more public manner than was perhaps consistent with the modesty of a sage or the dignity of an emperor. But his life was the noblest commentary on the precepts of Zeno. He was severe to himself, indulgent to the imperfections of others, just and beneficent to all mankind. He regretted that Avidius Cassius, who excited rebellion in Syria had disappointed him, by a voluntary death, of the pleasure of converting an enemy into a friend, and he justified the sincerity of that sentiment, by moderating the zeal of the senate against the adherents of the traitor. War he detested, as the disgrace and calamity of human nature, but when the necessity of a just defence called upon him to take up arms, he readily exposed his person to eight winter campaigns on the frozen banks of the Danube, the severity of which was at last fatal to the weakness of his constitution. His memory was revered by a grateful posterity, and above a century after his death, many persons preserved the image of Marcus Antoninus among those of their household gods.

X.—CHARACTER OF ALFRED.

THE merit of this prince, both in private and public life, may with advantage be set in opposition to that of any monarch or citizen, which the annals of any age or any nation can present to us. He seems, indeed, to be the complete model of that perfect character, which, under the denomination of a sage or wise man, the philosophers have

been fond of delineating, rather as a fiction of their imagination, than in hopes of ever seeing it reduced to practice, so happily were all his virtues tempered together, so justly were they blended, and so powerfully did each prevent the other from exceeding its proper bounds. He knew how to conciliate the most enterprising spirit with the coolest moderation, the most obstinate perseverance with the easiest flexibility, the most severe justice with the greatest lenity; the greatest vigour in command with the greatest affability of deportment; the highest capacity and inclination for science with the most shining talents for action. His civil and his military virtues are almost equally the objects of our admiration, excepting only that the former, being more rare among princes, as well as more useful, seem chiefly to challenge our applause. Nature also, as if desirous that so bright a production of her skill should be set in the fairest light, had bestowed on him all bodily accomplishments, vigour of limbs, dignity of shape and air, and a pleasant, engaging, and open countenance. Fortune alone, by throwing him into that barbarous age, deprived him of historians worthy to transmit his fame to posterity, and we wish to see him delineated in more lively colours and with more particular strokes, that we may at least perceive some of those small specks and blemishes, from which, as a man, it is impossible he could be entirely exempted.

XI — CHARACTER OF QUEEN ELIZABETH

THERE are few personages in history who have been more exposed to the calumny of enemies and the adulation of friends, than Queen Elizabeth, and yet there scarce is any whose reputation has been more certainly determined by the unanimous consent of posterity. The unusual length of her administration, and the strong features of her character, were able to overcome all prejudices; and, obliging her detractors to abate much of their invectives, and her

admirers somewhat of their panegyrics, have at last, in spite of political factions, and, what is more, of religious animosities, produced an uniform judgment with regard to her conduct. Her vigour, her constancy, her magnanimity, her penetration, vigilance, and address, are allowed to merit the highest praises, and appear not to have been surpassed by any person who ever filled a throne. A conduct less rigorous, less imperious, more sincere, more indulgent to her people would have been requisite to form a perfect character. By the force of her mind she controlled all her more active and stronger qualities, and prevented them from running into excess. Her heroism was exempted from all temerity, her frugality from avarice, her friendship from partiality, her enterprise from turbulency and a vain ambition. She guarded not herself, with equal care or equal success, from lesser infirmities; the rivalry of beauty, the desire of admiration, the jealousy of love and the sallies of anger.

Her singular talents for government were founded equally on her temper and on her capacity. Endowed with a great command over herself, she soon obtained an uncontrolled ascendant over the people; and while she merited all their esteem by her real virtue, she also engaged their affection by her pretended ones. Few sovereigns of England succeeded to the throne in more difficult circumstances, and none ever conducted the government with such uniform success and felicity. Though unacquainted with the practice of toleration, the true secret for managing religious factions, she preserved her people, by her superior prudence, from those confusions in which theological controversy had involved all the neighbouring nations. And though her enemies were the most powerful princes of Europe, the most active, the most enterprising, the least scrupulous, she was able, by her vigour, to make deep impressions on their state, her own greatness, meanwhile, remaining untouched and unimpaired.

The wise ministers and brave warriors who flourished

during her reign share the praise of her success; but, instead of lessening the applause due to her, they make great addition to it. They all owed their advancement to her choice. They were supported by her constancy, and, with all their ability, they were never able to acquire an undue ascendant over her. In her family, in her court, in her kingdom, she remained equally mistress. The force of the tender passions was great over her, but the force of her mind was still superior, and the combat which her victory visibly cost her, serves only to display the firmness of her resolution, and the loftiness of her ambitious sentiments.

The fame of this princess, though it has surmounted the prejudices both of faction and of bigotry, yet lies still exposed to another prejudice, which is more durable, because more natural, and which, according to the different views in which we survey her, is capable either of exalting beyond measure, or diminishing the lustre of her character. This prejudice is founded on the consideration of her sex. When we contemplate her as a woman, we are apt to be struck with the highest admiration of her qualities and extensive capacity; but we are also apt to require some more softness of disposition, some greater lenity of temper, some of those amiable weaknesses by which her sex is distinguished. But the true method of estimating her merit is, to lay aside all these considerations, and to consider her merely as a rational being, placed in authority, and intrusted with the government of mankind. We may find it difficult to reconcile our fancy to her as a woman, but her qualities as a sovereign, though with some considerable exceptions, are the object of undisputed applause and approbation.

XII — CHARACTER OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

To all the charms of beauty, and the utmost elegance of external form, Mary added those accomplishments which render their impression irresistible. Polite, affable, insinu-

ating, sprightly and capable of speaking and of writing with equal ease and dignity. Sudden, however, and violent in all her attachments, because her heart was warm and unsuspecting. Impatient of contradiction, because she had been accustomed from her infancy to be treated as a queen.

No stranger, on some occasions, to dissimulation, which, in that perfidious court where she received her education, was reckoned among the necessary arts of government. Not insensible to flattery, or unconscious of that pleasure, with which almost every woman beholds the influence of her own beauty. Formed with the qualities that we love, not with the talents that we admire, she was an agreeable woman rather than an illustrious queen.

The vivacity of her spirit, not sufficiently tempered with sound judgment, and the warmth of her heart, which was not at all times under the restraint of discretion, betrayed her both into errors and into crimes. To say that she was always unfortunate, will not account for that long and almost uninterrupted succession of calamities which befel her; we must likewise add, that she was often imprudent. Her passion for Dauby was rash, youthful, and excessive. And, though the sudden transition to the opposite extreme was the natural effect of her ill-requited love, and of his ingratitude, insolence, and brutality; yet neither these, nor Bothwell's artful address and important services, can justify her attachment to that nobleman. Even the manners of the age, licentious as they were, are no apology for this unhappy passion, nor can they induce us to look on that tragical and infamous scene which followed upon it, with less abhorrence. Humanity will draw a veil over this part of her character, which it cannot approve, and may perhaps prompt some to impute her actions to her situation, more than to her dispositions; and to lament the unhappiness of the former, rather than accuse the perverseness of the latter. Mary's sufferings exceed, both in degree and in duration, those tragical distresses which fancy has feigned to excite sorrow and com-

miseration ; and while we survey them, we are apt altogether to forget her frailties we think of her faults with less indignation ; and approve of our tears, as if they were shed for a person who had attained much nearer to pure virtue

With regard to the queen's person, a circumstance not to be omitted in writing the history of a female reign, all contemporary authors agree in ascribing to Mary the utmost beauty of countenance, and elegance of shape, of which the human form is capable Her hair was black, though, according to the fashion of that age, she frequently wore borrowed locks, and of different colours Her eyes were a dark gray, her complexion was exquisitely fine, and her hands and arms remarkably delicate both as to shape and colour Her stature was of an height that rose to the majestic She danced, she walked, and rode with equal grace Her taste for music was just, and she both sung and played upon the lute with uncommon skill Towards the end of her life she began to grow fat, and her long confinement, and the coldness of the houses in which she was imprisoned, brought on a rheumatism, which deprived her of the use of her limbs No man, says Briartome, ever beheld her person without admiration and love, or will read her history without sorrow

XIII — CHARACTER OF JAMES I

No prince, so little enterprising and so inoffensive, was ever so much exposed to the opposite extremes of calumny and flattery, of satire and panegyric And the factions which began in his time, being still continued, have made his character be as much disputed to this day, as is commonly that of princes who are our contemporaries Many virtues, however, it must be owned, he was possessed of ; but scarce any of them pure, or free from the contagion of the neighbouring vices. His generosity bordered on profusion, his learning on pedantry, his pacific disposition on pusil-

lanimity, his wisdom on cunning, his friendship on light fancy and boyish fondness. While he imagined that he was only maintaining his own authority, he may perhaps be suspected, in a few of his actions, and still more of his pretensions, to have somewhat encroached on the liberties of his people while he endeavoured, by an exact neutrality, to acquire the good-will of all his neighbours, he was able to preserve fully the esteem and regard of none. His capacity was considerable; but fitter to discourse on general maxims than to conduct any intricate business. His intentions were just, but more adapted to the conduct of private life, than to the government of kingdoms. Awkward in his person and ungainly in his manners, he was ill qualified to command respect, partial and undiscerning in his affections, he was little fitted to acquire general love. Of a feeble temper more than of a frail judgment, exposed to our ridicule from his vanity; but exempt from our hatred by his freedom from pride and arrogance. And upon the whole, it may be pronounced of his character that all his qualities were sullied with weakness and embellished by humanity. Of political courage he certainly was destitute; and thence chiefly is derived the strong prejudice which prevails against his personal bravery—an inference, however, which must be owned, from general experience, to be extremely fallacious.

XIV —THE FOUR LEARNED AGES

It is a singular phenomenon, and one which has often employed the speculations of curious men, that writers and artists, most distinguished for their parts and genius, have generally appeared in considerable numbers at a time. Some ages have been remarkably barren in them, while at other periods Nature seems to have exerted herself with more than ordinary effort, and to have poured them forth with a profuse fertility.

Various reasons have been assigned for this. Some of

the moral causes are obvious, such as favourable circumstances of government and of manners, encouragement from great men; and emulation excited among the men of genius

But as these have been thought inadequate to the whole effect, physical causes have been also assigned; and some writers have collected many observations on the influence which the air, the climate, and other natural objects may be supposed to have upon genius. But whatever the causes be, the fact is certain, that there have been periods or ages of the world much more distinguished than others for the extraordinary production of genius

Learned men have marked out four of these happy ages. The first is the Grecian age, which commenced near the time of the Peloponnesian war, and extended till the time of Alexander the Great; within which period we have Herodotus, Thucydides, Xenophon, Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, Demosthenes, Æschines, Lysias, Isocrates, Pindar, Æschylus, Euripides, Sophocles, Aristophanes, Menander, Anacreon, Theocritus, Lysippus, Appelles, Phidias, and Praxiteles

The second is the Roman, or, as it is commonly called, the Augustan age, included nearly within the days of Julius Cæsar and Augustus, affording us Catullus, Lucetius, Terence, Virgil, Horace, Tibullus, Propertius, Ovid, Phædrus, Cæsar, Cicero, Livy, Sallust, Varro, and Viruvius.

The third age is that of the restoration of learning, under the Popes Julius II and Leo X, when flourished Ariosto, Tasso, Sannazarius, Vida, Machiavel, Guicciardini, Davila, Erasmus, Paul Jovius, Michael Angelo, Raphael, Titian, Aldus, and the Stephani

The fourth comprehends the age of Louis XIV and Queen Anne, when there flourished in France, Corneille, Racine, Molière, De Retz, Fontaine, Boileau, Rousseau, Bossuet, Fenelon, Bourdaloue, Fontanelle, Masillon, Pascal, Malebranche, Bruyere, and Bayle; and in England, Dryden, Pope, Addison, Prior, Swift, Parnell, Arbuthnot, Congreve,

Otway, Young, Rowe, Atterbury, Shaftesbury, Bolingbroke, Tillotson, Temple, Boyle, Locke, Newton, and Clarke

Other ages of learning will doubtless be characterized by posterity, and we may hope that our own will not be deemed unworthy of such distinction

XV —CHARACTER OF MR. PITT.

THE secretary stood alone. Modern degeneracy had not reached him. Original and unaccommodating, the features of his character had the hardihood of antiquity. His august mind overawed majesty itself, and one of his sovereigns thought royalty so impaired in his presence, that he conspired to remove him, in order to be relieved from his superiority. No state chicanery, no narrow system of vicious politics, no idle contest for ministerial victories, sunk him to the vulgar level of the great ; but, overbearing, persuasive, and impracticable, his object was England, his ambition was fame. Without dividing, he destroyed party ; without corrupting, he made a venal age unanimous. France sunk beneath him. With one hand he smote the house of Bourbon, and wielded in the other the democracy of England. The sight of his mind was infinite, and his schemes were to affect, not England, not the present age only, but Europe and posterity. Wonderful were the means by which these schemes were accomplished ; always seasonable, always adequate, the suggestions of an understanding animated by ardour, and enlightened by prophecy.

The ordinary feelings which make life amiable and indolent, were unknown to him. No domestic difficulties, no domestic weakness, reached him, but, aloof from the sordid occurrences of life, and unsullied by its intercourse, he came occasionally into our system, to counsel and to decide.

A character so exalted, so strenuous, so various, so authoritative, astonished a corrupt age ; and the treasury trembled at the name of Pitt, through all her classes of

venality Corruption imagined, indeed, that she had found defects in this statesman, and talked much of the inconsistency of his glory, and much of the ruin of his victories; but the history of his country, and the calamities of the enemy, answered and refuted her

Nor were his political abilities his only talents his eloquence was an era in the senate, peculiar and spontaneous, familiarly expressing gigantic sentiments and instinctive wisdom; not like the torrent of Demosthenes, or the splendid conflagration of Tully, it resembled sometimes the thunder, and sometimes the music, of the spheres. Like Murray, he did not conduct the understanding through the painful subtilty of argumentation, nor was he, like Townsend, for ever on the rack of exertion; but rather lightened upon the subject, and reached the point by the flashings of his mind, which, like those of his eyes, were felt, but could not be followed

Upon the whole, there was in this man something that could create, subvert, or reform; an understanding, a spirit, and an eloquence, to summon mankind to society, or to break the bonds of slavery asunder, and to rule the wiliness of free minds with unbounded authority, something that could establish or overwhelm empire, and strike a blow in the world that should resound through the universe.

XVI — CHARACTER OF HIM AS EARL OF CHATHAM.

His genius, like Burke's, burned brightest at the last The spark of liberty, which had lain concealed and dormant, buried under the dirt and rubbish of state intrigue and vulgar faction, now met with congenial matter, and kindled up "a flame of sacred vehemence" in his breast. It burst forth with a fury and a splendour that might have awed the world, and made kings tremble. He spoke as a man should speak, because he felt as a man should feel, in such circumstances. He came forward as the advocate of liberty,

as the defender of the rights of his fellow-citizens, as the enemy of tyranny, as the friend of his country and of mankind. He did not stand up to make a vain display of his talents, but to discharge a duty, to maintain that cause which lay nearest to his heart, to preserve the ark of the British constitution from every sacrilegious touch, as the high-priest of his calling, with a pious zeal. The feelings and the rights of Englishmen were enshrined in his heart, and with their united force, braced every nerve, possessed every faculty, and communicated warmth and vital energy to every part of his being. The whole man moved under this impulse. He felt the cause of liberty as his own. He resented every injury done to her as an injury done to himself, and every attempt to defend it, as an insult upon his understanding. He did not stay to dispute about words, about nice distinctions, about trifling forms. He laughed at the little attempts of little retailers of logic to entangle him in senseless argument. He did not come there as to a debating club, or law court, to start questions, and hunt them down; to wind and unwind the web of sophistry, to pick out the threads, and untie every knot with scrupulous exactness, to bandy logic with every pretender to a paradox, to examine, to sift evidence; to dissect a doubt, and halve a scruple; to weigh folly and knavery in scales together, and see on which side the balance preponderated; to prove that liberty, truth, virtue, and justice were good things, or that slavery and corruption were bad things. He did not try to prove those truths which did not require any proof, but to make others feel them with the same force that he did, and to tear off the flimsy disguises with which the sycophants of power attempted to cover them. The business of an orator is not to convince, but persuade, not to inform, but to rouse the mind; to build upon the habitual prejudices of mankind (for reason of itself will do nothing), and to add feeling to prejudice, and action to feeling.

XVII —THE CHARACTER OF MR C J FOX.

MR Fox excelled all his contemporaries in the extent of his knowledge, in the clearness and distinctness of his views, in quickness of apprehension, in plain, practical common sense, in the full, strong, and absolute possession of his subject. A measure was no sooner proposed, than he seemed to have an instantaneous and intuitive perception of all its various bearings and consequences, of the manner in which it would operate on the different classes of society, on commerce or agriculture, on our domestic or foreign policy; of the difficulties attending its execution; in a word, of all its practical results, and the comparative advantages to be gained, either by adopting or rejecting it. He was intimately acquainted with the interests of the different parts of the community, with the minute and complicated details of political economy, with our external relations with the views, the resources, and the maxims of other states. He was master of all those facts and circumstances which it was necessary to know, in order to judge fairly, and determine wisely, and he knew them not loosely or lightly, but in number, weight, and measure. He had also stored his memory by reading and general study, and improved his understanding by the lamp of history. He was well acquainted with the opinions and sentiments of the best authors, with the maxims of the most profound politicians, with the causes of the rise and fall of states, with the general passions of men, with the characters of different nations, and the laws and constitution of his own country. He was a man of a capacious, powerful, and highly cultivated intellect. No man could know more than he knew, no man's knowledge could be more sound, more plain and useful; no man's knowledge could lie in more connected and tangible masses, no man could be more perfectly master of his ideas, could reason upon them more closely, or decide upon them more impartially. His mind was full, even to overflowing. He was so habitually con-

versant with the most intricate and comprehensive trains of thought, or such was the natural vigour and exuberance of his mind, that he seemed to recall them without any effort. His ideas quarrelled for utterance. Instead of ever being at a loss for them, he was obliged rather to repress and restrain them in, lest they should overwhelm and confound, instead of informing the understandings of his hearers. If to this we add the ardour and natural impetuosity of his mind, his quick sensibility, his eagerness in the defence of truth, and his impatience of every thing that looked like trick, or artifice, or affectation, we shall be able, in some measure, to account for the character of his eloquence. His thoughts came crowding in too fast for the slow and mechanical process of speech. What he saw in an instant, he could only express imperfectly, word by word, and sentence after sentence. He would, if he could, "have bared his swelling heart," and laid open at once the rich treasures of knowledge with which his bosom was fraught. It is no wonder, that this difference between the rapidity of his feelings, and the formal round-about method of communicating them, should produce some disorder in his frame; that the throng of his ideas should try to overleap the narrow boundaries which confined them, and tumultuously break down their prison-doors, instead of waiting to be let out, one by one, and following patiently, at due interval, and with mock dignity, like poor dependents, in the train of words; that he should express himself in hurried sentences, in involuntary exclamations by vehement gestures, by sudden starts and bursts of passion. Every thing showed the agitation of his mind. His tongue faltered, his voice became almost suffocated, and his face was bathed in tears. He was lost in the magnitude of his subject. He reeled and staggered under the load of feeling which oppressed him. He rolled like the sea beaten by a tempest. It was his union of the zeal of the patriot, with the enlightened knowledge of the statesman, that gave to the eloquence of Fox its more than mortal energy; that

warmed, expanded, penetrated every bosom. He relied on the force of truth and nature alone the refinements of philosophy, the pomp and pageantry of the imagination, were forgotten, or seemed light and frivolous; the fate of nations, the welfare of millions, hung suspended as he spoke; a torrent of manly eloquence poured from his heart, bore down every thing in its course, and surprised into a momentary sense of human feeling, the breathing corpses, the wire-moved puppets, the stuffed figures, the flexible machinery, "the deaf and dumb" things of a court.

MORAL AND DIDACTIC READINGS.¹

I — PIETY RECOMMENDED TO THE YOUNG.

WHAT I shall first recommend is, piety to God. With this I begin, both as the foundation of good morals, and as a disposition particularly graceful and becoming in youth. To be void of it, argues a cold heart, destitute of some of the best affections which belong to that age. Youth is the season of warm and generous emotions. The heart should then spontaneously rise into the admiration of what is great, glow with the love of what is fair and excellent; and melt at the discovery of tenderness and goodness. Where can any object be found so proper to kindle those affections as the Father of the universe, and the Author of all felicity? Unmoved by veneration, can you contemplate that grandeur and majesty which his works everywhere display? Untouched by gratitude, can you view that profusion of good which, in this pleasing season of life, his beneficent hand pours around you? Happy in the love and affection of those with whom you are connected, look up to the Supreme Being as the dispenser of all the friendship which has ever been shown you by others; Himself your best and your first friend formerly, the supporter of your infancy, and the guide of your child-

¹ Generally speaking, in READINGS OF THIS KIND the tone of voice should be *grave* or *serious*, and the manner *impressive*. See note 3, p. 233.

hood; now, the guardian of your youth, and the hope of your coming years. View religious homage as a natural expression of gratitude to Him for all His goodness. Consider it as the service of the God of your fathers. of Him to whom your parents devoted you of Him whom, in former ages, your ancestors honoured; and by whom they are now rewarded and blessed in heaven. Connected with so many tender sensibilities of soul, let religion be with you, not the cold and barren offspring of speculation, but the warm and vigorous dictate of the heart.

II — MODESTY AND DOCILITY.

To piety join modesty and docility, reverence of your parents, and submission to those who are your superiors in knowledge, in station, and in years. Dependence and obedience belong to youth. Modesty is one of its chief ornaments; and has ever been esteemed a presage of rising merit. When entering on the career of life, it is your part not to assume the reins as yet into your hands; but to commit yourselves to the guidance of the more experienced, and to become wise by the wisdom of those who have gone before you. Of all the follies incident to youth, there are none which either deform its present appearance, or blast the prospect of its future prosperity, more than self-conceit, presumption, and obstinacy. By checking its natural progress in improvement, they fix it in long immaturity, and frequently produce mischiefs which can never be repaired. Yet these are vices too commonly found among the young. Big with enterprise, and elated by hope, they resolve to trust for success to none but themselves. Full of their own abilities, they deride the admonitions which are given them by their friends, as the timorous suggestions of age. Too wise to learn, too impatient to deliberate, too forward to be restrained, they plunge, with precipitant indiscretion, into the midst of all the dangers with which life abounds.

III.—SINCERITY.

It is necessary to recommend to you sincerity and truth. These are the basis of every virtue. That darkness of character, where we can see no heart; those foldings of art, through which no native affection is allowed to penetrate, present an object unamiable in every season of life, but particularly odious in youth. If, at an age when the heart is warm, when the emotions are strong, and when nature is expected to show herself free and open, you can already smile and deceive, what are we to look for when you shall be longer hackneyed in the ways of men, when interest shall have completed the obduration of your heart, and experience shall have improved you in all the arts of guile? Dissimulation in youth is the forerunner of perfidy in old age. Its first appearance is the fatal omen of growing depravity and future shame. It degrades parts and learning, obscures the lustre of every accomplishment, and sinks you into contempt with God and man. As you value, therefore, the approbation of heaven or the esteem of the world, cultivate the love of truth. In all your proceedings be direct and consistent. Ingenuity and candour possess the most powerful charms, they bespeak universal favour, and carry an apology for almost every failing. The path of truth is a plain and safe path; that of falsehood is a perplexing maze. After the first departure from sincerity, it is not in your power to stop. One artifice unavoidably leads on to another, till, as the intricacy of the labyrinth increases, you are left entangled in your own snare. Decent discovers a little mind, which stops at temporary expedients, without rising to comprehensive views of conduct. It betrays, at the same time, a dastardly spirit. It is the resource of one who wants courage to avow his designs, or to rest upon himself. Whereas openness of character displays that generous boldness which ought to distinguish youth. To set out in the world with no other principle than a crafty attention to

interest, betokens one who is destined for creeping through the inferior walks of life but to give an early preference to honour above gain, when they stand in competition; to despise every advantage which cannot be attained without dishonest arts; to brook no meanness, and to stoop to no dissimulation, are the indications of a great mind, the presages of future eminence and distinction in life. At the same time, this virtuous sincerity is perfectly consistent with the most prudent vigilance and caution. It is opposed to cunning, not to true wisdom. It is not the simplicity of a weak and improvident, but the candour of an enlarged and noble mind, of one who scorns deceit, because he accounts it both base and unprofitable, and who seeks no disguise, because he needs none to hide him.

IV —BENEVOLENCE AND HUMANITY.

YOUTH is the proper season for cultivating the benevolent and humane affections. As a great part of your happiness is to depend on the connexions which you form with others, it is of high importance that you acquire betimes the temper and the manners which will render such connexions comfortable. Let a sense of justice be the foundation of all your social qualities. In your most early intercourse with the world, and even in your youthful amusements, let no unfeelingness be found. Engrave on your mind that sacred rule of "doing to all things to others according as you wish that they should do unto you." For this end, impress yourselves with a deep sense of the original and natural equality of men. Whatever advantages of birth or fortune you possess, never display them with an ostentatious superiority. Leave the subordinations of rank to regulate the intercourse of more advanced years. At present it becomes you to act among your companions as man with man. Remember how unknown to you are the vicissitudes of the world, and how often they, on whom ignorant and contemptuous young men

once looked down with scorn, have risen to be their superiors in future years. Compassion is an emotion of which you ought never to be ashamed. Gracious in youth is the tear of sympathy, and the heart that melts at the tale of woe. Let not ease and indulgence contract your affections, and wrap you up in selfish enjoyment. Accustom yourselves to think of the distresses of human life—of the solitary cottage, the dying parent, and the weeping orphan. Never sport with pain and distress in any of your amusements, nor treat even the meanest insect with wanton cruelty.

V —INDUSTRY AND APPLICATION.

DILIGENCE, industry, and proper improvement of time, are maternal duties of the young. To no purpose are they endowed with the best abilities, if they want activity for exerting them. Unavailing, in this case, will be every direction that can be given them, either for their temporal or spiritual welfare. In youth, the habits of industry are most easily acquired, in youth, the incentives to it are strongest, from ambition and from duty, from emulation and hope, and from all the prospects which the beginning of life affords. If, dead to these calls, you already languish in slothful inaction, what will be able to quicken the more sluggish current of advancing years? Industry is not only the instrument of improvement, but the foundation of pleasure. Nothing is so opposite to the true enjoyment of life as the relaxed and feeble state of an indolent mind. He who is a stranger to industry may possess, but he cannot enjoy. For it is labour only which gives the relish to pleasure. It is the appointed vehicle of every good to man. It is the indispensable condition of our possessing a sound mind in a sound body. Sloth is so inconsistent with both, that it is hard to determine whether it be a greater foe to virtue, or to health and happiness. Inactive as it is in itself, its effects are fatally powerful. Though it appear a

slowly-flowing stream, yet it undermines all that is stable and flourishing. It not only saps the foundation of every virtue, but pours upon you a deluge of crimes and evils. It is like water, which first putrifies by stagnation, and then sends up noxious vapours, and fills the atmosphere with death. Fly, therefore, from idleness, as the certain parent both of guilt and of ruin. And under idleness I include, not mere inaction only, but all that circle of trifling occupations in which too many saunter away their youth; perpetually engaged in frivolous society, or public amusements, in the labours of dress, or the ostentation of their persons. Is this the foundation which you lay for future usefulness and esteem? By such accomplishments do you hope to recommend yourselves to the thinking part of the world, and to answer the expectations of your friends and your country? Amusements youth requires; it were vain, it were cruel to prohibit them. But, though allowable as the relaxation, they are most culpable as the business, of the young. For they then become the gulf of time and the poison of the mind. They foment bad passions. They weaken the manly powers. They sink the native vigour of youth into contemptible effeminacy.

Redeeming your time from such dangerous waste, seek to fill it with employments which you may review with satisfaction. The acquisition of knowledge is one of the most honourable occupations of youth. The desire of it discovers a liberal mind, and is connected with many accomplishments and many virtues. But, though your train of life should not lead you to study, the course of education always furnishes proper employments to a well-disposed mind. Whatever you pursue, be emulous to excel. Generous ambition, and sensibility to praise, are, especially at your age, among the marks of virtue. Think not that any affluence of fortune, or any elevation of rank, exempts you from the duties of application and industry. Industry is the law of our being; it is the demand of nature, of reason, and of

God Remember always, that the years which now pass over your heads leave permanent memorials behind them From your thoughtless minds they may escape ; but they remain in the remembrance of God They form an important part of the register of your life They will hereafter bear testimony, either for or against you, at that day, when, for all your actions, but particularly for the employments of youth, you must give an account to God Whether your future course is destined to be long or short, after this manner it should commence , and, if it continue to be thus conducted, its conclusion, at what time soever it arrives, will not be inglorious or unhappy

VI —TEMPERANCE IN PLEASURE RECOMMENDED.

LET me particularly exhort youth to temperance in pleasure Let me admonish them to beware of that rock on which thousands, from age to age, continue to split The love of pleasure, natural to man in every period of his life, glows at this age with excessive ardour Novelty adds fresh charms, as yet, to every gratification The world appears to spread a continual feast, and health, vigour, and high spirits invite them to partake of it without restraint In vain we warn them of latent dangers Religion is accused of insufferable severity, in prohibiting enjoyment ; and the old, when they offer their admonition, are upbraided with having forgot that they once were young And yet, my friends, to what do the constraints of religion, and the counsels of age, with respect to pleasure, amount ? They may all be comprised in a few words—not to hurt yourselves, and not to hurt others by your pursuit of pleasure Within these bounds pleasure is lawful, beyond them it becomes criminal, because it is ruinous Are these restraints any other than what a wise man would choose to impose upon himself ? We call you not to renounce pleasure, but to enjoy it in safety. Instead of abridging it, we exhort you to pursue it on

an extensive plan We propose measures for securing its possession, and for prolonging its duration

Consult your whole nature. Consider yourselves not only as sensitive, but as rational beings; not only as rational, but social, not only as social, but immortal Whatever violates your nature in any of these respects, cannot afford true pleasure any more than that which undermines an essential part of the vital system can promote health For the truth of this conclusion, we appeal not merely to the authority of religion, nor to the testimony of the aged, but to yourselves and your own experience We ask, whether you have not found, that, in the course of any excess, your pleasure was more than compensated by succeeding pain? Whether, if not from every particular instance yet from every habit, at least, of improper gratifications, there did not spring some thorn to wound you; there did not arise some consequence to make you repent of it in the issue? How long will you repeat the same round of pernicious folly, and tamely expose yourselves to be caught in the same snare? If you have any consideration or any firmness left, avoid temptations, for which you have found yourselves unequal, with as much care as you would shun pestilential infection Break off all connexions with the unprincipled and profligate

By the imprudent and unhappy excesses of pleasures in youth, how many amiable dispositions are corrupted or destroyed; how many rising capacities and powers are suppressed, how many flattering hopes of parents and friends are totally extinguished? Who but must drop a tear over human nature, when he beholds that morning which arose so bright, overcast with such untimely darkness, that good humour which once captivated all hearts, that vivacity which sparkled in every company, those abilities which were fitted for adorning the highest stations, all sacrificed at the shrine of what is called pleasure; and one, who was formed for running the fair career of life in the midst of public esteem, cut off by his vices at the beginning of his course, or sunk for the

whole of it into insignificance and contempt! These, O sinful Pleasure, are thy trophies! It is thus that, co-operating with the foe of God and man, thou degrades human honour, and blastest the opening prospects of human felicity.

VII — EDUCATION.

I CONSIDER a human soul without education like marble in the quarry, which shows none of its inherent beauties until the skill of the polisher fetches out the colours, makes the surface shine and discovers every ornamental cloud, spot, and vein that runs through the body of it. Education, after the same manner, when it works upon a noble mind, draws out to view every latent virtue and perfection, which without such helps are never able to make their appearance.

If my reader will give me leave to change the allusion so soon upon him, I shall make use of the same instance to illustrate the force of education, which Aristotle has brought to explain his doctrine of substantial forms, when he tells us that a statue lies hid in a block of marble, and that the art of the statuary only clears away the superfluous matter, and removes the rubbish. The figure is in the stone the sculptor only finds it. What the sculptor is to a block of marble, education is to a human soul. The philosopher, the saint, or the hero, the wise, the good, or the great man, very often lie hid and concealed in a plebeian, which a proper education might have disinterred, and have brought to light. I am, therefore, much delighted with reading the accounts of savage nations, and with contemplating those virtues which are wild and uncultivated; to see courage exerting itself in fierceness, resolution in obstinacy, wisdom in cunning, patience in sullessness and despair.

Men's passions operate variously, and appear in different kinds of actions, according as they are more or less rectified and swayed by reason. When one hears of negroes, who upon the death of their masters, or upon changing their

service, hang themselves upon the next tree, as it frequently happens in our American plantations, who can forbear admiring their fidelity, though it expresses itself in so dreadful a manner? What might not that savage greatness of soul, which appears in these poor wretches, on many occasions, be raised to, were it rightly cultivated? And what colour of excuse can there be for the contempt with which we treat this part of our species? That we should not put them upon the common footing of humanity; that we should only set an insignificant fine upon the man who murders them,¹ nay, that we should, as much as in us lies, cut them off from the prospects of human happiness in another world as well as this, and deny them that which we look upon as the proper means for attaining it?

It is therefore² an unspeakable blessing to be born in those parts of the world where wisdom and knowledge flourish, though it must be confessed there are, even in these parts, several poor uninstructed persons, who are but little above the inhabitants of those nations of which I have been here speaking, as those who have had the advantages of a more liberal education rise above one another by several different degrees of perfection. For to return to our statue in the block of marble, we see it sometimes only begun to be chipped, sometimes rough-hewn, and but just sketched into a human figure, sometimes we see man appearing distinctly in all his limbs and features, sometimes we see the figure wrought up to a great elegance, but seldom meet with any to which the hand of a Phidias or Praxiteles could not give several nice touches and finishes

¹ It is almost unnecessary to observe, that slavery no longer exists in our Colonies, and that the noblest efforts have been made, and are still making, both by the British Parliament and people, to ameliorate the condition of this unfortunate race, and to bring them within the pale of Christianity. The "*Free and enlightened*" Republic of North America, is almost the only Christian state in which slavery is still tolerated.

² See *The Spectator*, No 215, for a story in illustration.

VIII —LABOUR AND EXERCISE.

BODILY labour is of two kinds, either that which a man submits to for his livelihood, or that which he undergoes for his pleasure. The latter of them generally changes the name of labour for that of exercise, but differs only from ordinary labour as it rises from another motive.

A country life abounds in both these kinds of labour, and for that reason gives a man a greater stock of health, and consequently a more perfect enjoyment of himself, than any other way of life. I consider the body as a system of tubes and glands, or to use a more rustic phrase, a bundle of pipes and strainers, fitted to one another after so wonderful a manner as to make a proper engine for the soul to work with. This description does not only comprehend the bowels, bones, tendons, veins, nerves, and arteries, but every muscle and every ligature, which is a composition of fibres, that are so many imperceptible tubes or pipes interwoven on all sides with invisible glands or strainers.

This general idea of a human body, without considering it in the niceties of anatomy, lets us see how absolutely necessary labour is for the right preservation of it. There must be frequent motions and agitations, to mix, digest, and separate the juices contained in it, as well as to clear and cleanse that infinitude of pipes and strainers of which it is composed, and to give their solid parts a more firm and lasting tone. Labour or exercise ferments the humours, casts them into their proper channels, throws off redundancies, and helps nature in those secret distributions without which the body cannot subsist in its vigour, nor the soul act with cheerfulness.

I might here mention the effects which this has upon all the faculties of the mind, by keeping the understanding clear, the imagination untroubled, and refining those spirits that are necessary for the proper exertion of our intellectual faculties, during the present laws of union between soul and body. It is to a neglect in this particular that we must

ascribe the spleen which is so frequent in men of studious and sedentary tempers, as well as the vapours to which those of the other sex are so often subject

Had not exercise been absolutely necessary for our well-being, nature would not have made the body so proper for it, by giving such an activity to the limbs, and such a pliancy to every part as necessarily produce those compressions, extensions, contortions, dilatations, and all other kinds of motions that are necessary for the preservation of such a system of tubes and glands as has been before mentioned. And that we might not want inducements to engage us in such an exercise of the body as is proper for its welfare, it is so ordered that nothing valuable can be procured without it. Not to mention riches and honour, even food and raiment are not to be come at without the toil of the hands and sweat of the brow. Providence furnishes materials, but expects that we should work them up ourselves. The earth must be laboured before it gives its increase, and when it is forced into its several products, how many hands must they pass through before they are fit for use! Manufactures, trade, and agriculture, naturally employ more than nineteen parts of the species in twenty; and as for those who are not obliged to labour, by the condition in which they are born, they are more miserable than the rest of mankind, unless they indulge themselves in that voluntary labour which goes by the name of exercise.

IX —DISCRETION.

DISCRETION does not only show itself in words, but in all the circumstances of action; and is like an under-agent of Providence, to guide and direct us in the ordinary concerns of life

There are many more shining qualities in the mind of man, but there is none so useful as discretion, it is this indeed which gives a value to all the rest, which sets them at work

in their proper times and places, and turns them to the advantage of the person who is possessed of them. Without it, learning is pedantry, and wit impertinence—virtue itself looks like weakness; the best parts only qualify a man to be more spightly in errors, and active to his own prejudice.

Nor does discretion only make a man the master of his own parts, but of other men's. The discreet man finds out the talents of those he converses with, and knows how to apply them to proper uses. Accordingly, if we look into particular communities and divisions of men, we may observe that it is the discreet man, not the witty, nor the learned, nor the brave, who guides the conversation and gives measures to the society. A man with great talents, but void of discretion, is like Polyphemus in the fable, strong and blind, endued with an irresistible force, which for want of sight is of no use to him.

Though a man has all other perfections, and wants discretion, he will be of no great consequence in the world; but if he has this single talent in perfection, and but a common share of others, he may do what he pleases in his particular station of life.

At the same time I think discretion the most useful talent a man can be master of; I look upon cunning to be the accomplishment of little, mean, ungenerous minds. Discretion points out the noblest ends to us, and pursues the most proper and laudable methods of attaining them. Cunning has only private selfish aims, and sticks at nothing which may make them succeed. Discretion has large and extended views, and like a well-formed eye, commands a whole horizon. Cunning is a kind of short-sightedness, that discovers the minutest objects which are near at hand, but is not able to discern things at a distance. Discretion, the more it is discovered, gives a greater authority to the person who possesses it. Cunning, when it is once detected, loses its force, and makes a man incapable of bringing about even those events which he might have done, had he passed only for a

plain man. Discretion is the perfection of reason, and a guide to us in all the duties of life. cunning is a kind of instinct, that only looks out after our immediate interest and welfare. Discretion is only found in men of strong sense and good understandings. cunning is often to be met with in brutes themselves, and in persons who are the fewest removes from them. In short, cunning is only the mimic of discretion, and may pass upon weak men in the same manner as vivacity is often mistaken for wit, and gravity for wisdom.

X — TRUTH AND SINCERITY.

TRUTH and sincerity have all the advantages of appearance, and many more. If the show of any thing be good for any thing, I am sure the reality is better; for why does any man dissemble, or seem to be that which he is not, but because he thinks it good to have the qualities he pretends to? For to counterfeit and to dissemble is, to put on the appearance of some real excellency. Now the best way for a man to seem to be any thing, is really to be what he would seem to be. Besides, it is often as troublesome to support the pretence of a good quality as to have it, and if a man have it not, it is most likely he will be discovered to want it, and then all his labour to seem to have it is lost. There is something unnatural in painting, which a skilful eye will easily discern from native beauty and complexion.

It is hard to personate and act a part long; for where truth is not at the bottom, nature will always be endeavouring to return, and will betray herself at one time or other. Therefore if any man think it convenient to seem good, let him be so indeed, and then his goodness will appear to every one's satisfaction, for truth is convincing, and carries its own light and evidence along with it, and will not only commend us to every man's conscience, but, which is much more, to God, who searcheth our hearts. So that upon all accounts sincerity is true wisdom. Particularly as to the

affairs of this world, integrity hath many advantages over all the artificial modes of dissimulation and deceit. It is much the plainer and easier, much the safer and more secure way of dealing in the world; it has less of trouble and difficulty, of entanglement and perplexity, of danger and hazard in it, it is the shortest and nearest way to our end, carrying us thither in a straight line, and will hold out and last longest. The arts of deceit and cunning continually grow weaker and less effectual and serviceable to those that practise them; whereas integrity gains strength by use, and the more and longer any man practiseth it, the greater service it does him, by confirming his reputation, and encouraging those with whom he hath to do, to repose the greatest confidence in him, which is an unspeakable advantage in business and the affairs of life.

A dissembler must always be upon his guard, and watch himself carefully, that he do not contradict his own pretensions, for he acts an unnatural part, and therefore must put a continual force and restraint upon himself. Whereas he that acts sincerely hath the easiest task in the world; because he follows nature, and so is put to no trouble and care about his words and actions; he needs not invent any pretences beforehand, nor make excuse afterwards, for any thing he has said or done.

But insincerity is very troublesome to manage, a hypocrite hath so many things to attend to, as make his life a very perplexed and intricate thing. A liar hath need of a good memory, lest he contradict at one time what he said at another, but truth is always consistent with itself, and needs nothing to help it out; it is always near at hand, and sits upon our lips; whereas a lie is troublesome, and needs a great many more to make it good.

Add to all this, that sincerity is the most compendious wisdom, and an excellent instrument for the speedy despatch of business. It creates confidence in those we have to deal with, saves the labour of many inquiries, and brings things

near akin to a buffoon, and neither of them is the least related to wit. Whoever is admitted or sought for in company, upon any other account than that of his merit and manners, is never respected there, but only made use of. We will have such a one, for he sings prettily; we will invite such a one to a ball, for he dances well; we will have such a one at supper, for he is always joking and laughing; we will ask another, because he plays deep at all games, or because he can drink a great deal. These are all viliſying diſtinctions, mortifying preferences, and exclude all ideas of eſteem and regard. Whoever is *hail* (as it is called) in company for the ſake of any one thing ſingly, is ſingly that thing, and will never be conſidered in any other light, conſequently never reſpected, let his merits be what they will.

This dignity of manners, which I recommend ſo much to you, is not only as different from pride, as true courage is from blustering, or true wit from joking, but is abſolutely inconſiſtent with it; for nothing vilifies and degrades more than pride. The pretenſions of the proud man are oftener treated with ſneer and contempt, than with indignation. As we offer ridiculous too little to a tradesman, who asks ridiculous too much for his goods, but we do not haggle with one who only asks a juſt and reaſonable price.

Abjeſt flattery and indiſcriminate aſſentation degrade, as much as indiſcriminate contradiction and no-ry debate diſguſt. But a mo-deſt aſſertion of one's own opinion, and a complaſant acquieſcence in other people's, preſerve dignity.

Vulgar, low expreſſions, awkward motions and addreſs, vilify, as they imply either a very low turn of mind, or low education, and low company.

Frivolous curioſity about trifles, and a laborious attention to the little objects, which neither require nor deſerve a moment's thought, lower a man; who from thence is thought (and not unjuſtly) incapable of greater matters. Cardinal de Retz very ſagaciouſly marked out Cardinal Chigi for a little mind, from the moment that he told him he had written

three years with the same pen, and that it was an excellent good one still.

A certain degree of exterior seriousness in looks and motions gives dignity, without excluding wit and decent cheerfulness, which are always serious themselves. A constant smug upon the face, and a whiffling activity of the body, are strong indications of futility. Whoever is in a hurry, shows that the thing he is about is too big for him. Haste and hurry are very different things.

I have only mentioned some of those things which may, and do, in the opinion of the world, lower and sink characters, in other respects valuable enough, but I have taken no notice of those that affect and sink the moral characters. They are sufficiently obvious. A man who has patiently been kicked, may as well pretend to courage, as a man blasted by vices and crimes, to dignity of any kind. But an exterior decency and dignity of manners will even keep such a man longer from sinking, than otherwise he would be. Of such consequence is decorum, even though affected and put on!

XII — ON VULGARITY

ALL VULGAR, ordinary way of thinking, acting, or speaking, implies a low education, and a habit of low company. Young people contract it at school, or among servants, with whom they are too often used to converse; but, after they frequent good company, they must want attention and observation very much, if they do not lay it quite aside. And indeed if they do not, good company will be very apt to lay them aside. The various kinds of vulgarisms are infinite. I cannot pretend to point them out to you; but I will give some samples, by which you may guess at the rest.

A vulgar man is captious and jealous; eager and impetuous about trifles. He suspects himself to be slighted, thinks every thing that is said meant at him. If the company hap-

pen to laugh, he is persuaded they laugh at him; he grows angry and testy, says something very impertinent, and draws himself into a scrape, by showing what he calls a proper spirit, and asserting himself. A well-bred man does not suppose himself to be either the sole or principal object of the thoughts, looks, or words of the company; and never suspects that he is either slighted or laughed at, unless he is conscious that he deserves it. And if (which very seldom happens) the company is absurd or ill-bred enough to do either, he does not care twopence, unless the insult be so gross and plain as to require satisfaction of another kind. As he is above trifles, he is never vehement and eager about them; and wherever they are concerned, rather acquiesces than wrangles. A vulgar man's conversation always savours strongly of the lowness of his education and company. It turns chiefly upon his domestic affairs, his servants, the excellent order he keeps in his own family, and the little anecdotes of the neighbourhood; all which he relates with emphasis, as interesting matters. He is a man gossip

Vulgarism in language is the next and distinguishing characteristic of bad company, and a bad education. A man of fashion avoids nothing with more care than this. Proverbial expressions and tite sayings are the flowers of the rhetoric of a vulgar man. Would he say, that men differ in their tastes; he both supports and adorns that opinion, by the good old saying, as he respectfully calls it, that "what is one man's meat is another man's poison." If any body attempts being smart, as he calls it, upon him, he gives them *tut for tat*, ay, that he does. He has always some favourite word for the time being; which, for the sake of using often, he commonly abuses. Such as, *vastly* angry, *vastly* kind, *vastly* handsome, and *vastly* ugly. Even his pronunciation of proper words carries the mark of the beast along with it. He calls the earth *yearth*, he is *obleeged*, not obliged to you. He goes *to wards* and not towards such a place. He sometimes affects hard words, by way of orna-

ment, which he always mangles. A well-bred man never has recourse to proverbs, and vulgar aphorisms; uses neither favourite words nor hard words, but takes great care to speak very correctly and grammatically, and to pronounce properly; that is, according to the usage of the best companies.

An awkward address, ungraceful attitudes and actions, and a certain left-handedness (if I may use the word), loudly proclaim low education and low company; for it is impossible to suppose that a man can have frequented good company, without having caught something, at least, of their air and motions. A new-raised man is distinguished in a regiment by his awkwardness; but he must be impenetrably dull, if, in a month or two's time, he cannot perform at least the common manual exercise, and look like a soldier. The very accoutrements of a man of fashion are grievous encumbrances to a vulgar man. He is at a loss what to do with his hat when it is not upon his head, his cane (if unfortunately he wears one) is at perpetual war with every cup of tea or coffee he drinks, destroys them first, and then accompanies them in their fall. His sword is formidable only to his own legs, which would possibly carry him fast enough out of the way of any sword but his own. His clothes fit him so ill, and constrain him so much that he seems rather their prisoner than their proprietor. He presents himself in company, like a criminal in a court of justice; his very air condemns him; and people of fashion will no more connect themselves with the one, than people of character will with the other. This repulse drives and sinks him into low company—a gulf from whence no man, after a certain age, ever emerged.

XIII.—ON GOOD BREEDING.

A FRIEND of yours and mine has very justly defined good breeding to be, “the result of much good sense, some good nature, and a little self-denial for the sake of others, and with a view to obtain the same indulgence from them.”

Taking this for granted (as I think it cannot be disputed), it is astonishing to me, that anybody, who has good sense and good nature, can essentially fail in good breeding. As to the modes of it, indeed, they vary according to persons, places, and circumstances, and are only to be acquired by observation and experience, but the substance of it is everywhere and eternally the same. Good manners are, to particular societies, what good morals are to society in general—their cement, and their security. And, as laws are enacted to enforce good morals, or at least to prevent the ill effects of bad ones, so there are certain rules of civility universally implied and received, to enforce good manners, and punish bad ones. And indeed there seems to me to be less difference, both between the crimes and punishments, than at first one would imagine. The immoral man, who invades another's property, is justly hanged for it, and the ill-bred man, who, by his ill manners, invades and disturbs the quiet and comforts of private life, is by common consent as justly banished society. Mutual complaisance, attentions, and sacrifices of little conveniences, are as natural an implied compact between civilized people, as protection and obedience are between kings and subjects, whoever, in either case, violates that compact, justly forfeits all advantages arising from it. For my own part, I really think, that next to the consciousness of doing a good action, that of doing a civil one is the most pleasing, and the epithet which I should covet the most, next to that of Aristides, would be that of well bred. Thus much for good breeding in general; I will now consider some of the various modes and degrees of it.

Very few, scarcely any, are wanting in the respect which they should show to those whom they acknowledge to be infinitely their superiors, such as crowned heads, princes, and public persons of distinguished and eminent posts. It is the manner of showing that respect which is different. The man of fashion and of the world, expresses it in its full extent, but naturally, easily, and without concern; whereas

a man, who is not used to keep good company expresses it awkwardly; one sees that he is not used to it, and that it costs him a great deal; but I never saw the worst-bred man living, guilty of lolling, whistling, scratching his head, and such like indecencies, in company that he respected. In such companies, therefore, the only point to be attended to is, to show that respect, which everybody means to show, in an easy, unembarrassed, and graceful manner. This is what observation and experience must teach you.

In mixed companies, whoever is admitted to make part of them is, for the time at least, supposed to be upon a footing of equality with the rest; and, consequently, as there is no one principal object of awe and respect, people are apt to take a greater latitude in their behaviour, and to be less upon their guard, and so they may, provided it be within certain bounds, which are upon no occasion to be transgressed. But, upon these occasions, though no one is entitled to distinguished marks of respect, every one claims, and very justly, every mark of civility and good breeding. Ease is allowed, but carelessness and negligence are strictly forbidden. If a man accosts you and talks to you ever so dully or frivolously, it is worse than rudeness, it is brutality, to show him, by a manifest inattention to what he says, that you think him a fool or a blockhead, and not worth hearing. It is much more so with regard to women, who, of whatever rank they are, are entitled, in consideration of their sex, not only to an attentive, but an officious good breeding from men. Their little wants, likings, dislikes, preferences, antipathies, and fancies, must be officiously attended to, and, if possible, guessed at and anticipated by a well-bred man. You must never usurp to yourself those conveniences and gratifications which are of common right; such as the best places, the best dishes, &c., but, on the contrary, always decline them yourself, and offer them to others, who, in their turns, will offer them to you; so that, upon the whole, you will, in your turn, enjoy your share of

the common right. It would be endless for me to enumerate all the particular instances in which a well-bred man shows his good breeding in good company, and it would be injurious to you to suppose, that your own good sense will not point them out to you, and then your own good nature will recommend, and your self-interest enforce the practice.

There is a third sort of good breeding, in which people are the most apt to fail, from a very mistaken notion that they cannot fail at all. I mean with regard to one's most familiar friends and acquaintances, or those who really are our inferiors; and there, undoubtedly, a greater degree of ease is not only allowed, but proper, and contributes much to the comforts of a private, social life. But ease and freedom have their bounds, which must by no means be violated. A certain degree of negligence and carelessness becomes injurious and insulting, from the real or supposed inferiority of the persons; and that delightful liberty of conversation among a few friends is soon destroyed, as liberty often has been, by being carried to licentiousness. But example explains things best, and I will put a pretty strong case. Suppose you and me alone together; I believe you will allow that I have as good a right to unlimited freedom in your company, as either you or I can possibly have in any other, and I am apt to believe, too, that you would indulge me in that freedom as far as anybody would. But, notwithstanding this, do you imagine I should think there were no bounds to that freedom? I assure you I should not think so; and I take myself to be as much tied down by a certain degree of good manners to you, as by other degrees of them to other people. The most familiar and intimate habitudes, connexions, and friendships, require a degree of good breeding, both to preserve and cement them. The best of us have our bad sides; and it is as imprudent as it is ill bred, to exhibit them. I shall not use ceremony with you; it would be misplaced between us. but I shall certainly observe that degree of good

breeding with you, which is, in the first place, decent, and which, I am sure, is absolutely necessary to make us like one another's company long

XIV —GENTLENESS OF MANNERS WITH FIRMNESS OF MIND

I MENTIONED to you some time ago a sentence, which I would most earnestly wish you always to retain in your thoughts, and observe in your conduct, it is *suavité in modo, fortité in re*. I do not know any one rule so unexceptionably useful and necessary in every part of life.

The *suavité in modo* alone would degenerate and sink into a mean, timid complaisance and passiveness, if not supported and dignified by the *fortité in re*, which would also run into impetuosity and brutality, if not tempered and softened by the *suavité in modo*. However, they are seldom united. The warm choleric man, with strong animal spirits, despises the *suavité in modo*, and thinks to carry all before him by the *fortité in re*. He may possibly, by great accident, now and then succeed, when he has only weak and timid people to deal with, but his general fate will be, to shock, offend, be hated, and fail. On the other hand, the cunning crafty man thinks to gain all his ends by the *suavité in modo* only, he becomes all things to all men; he seems to have no opinion of his own, and servilely adopts the present opinion of the present person; he insinuates himself only into the esteem of fools, but is soon detected, and surely despised by everybody else. The wise man (who differs as much from the cunning as from the choleric man) alone joins the *suavité in modo* with the *fortité in re*.

If you are in authority, and have a right to command, your commands delivered *suavité in modo* will be willingly, cheerfully, and consequently well obeyed; whereas, if given only *fortité*, that is brutally, they will rather, as Tacitus says, be interpreted than executed. For my own part, if I bade my footman bring me a glass of wine in a rough insult-

ing manner, I should expect, that in obeying me, he would contrive to spill some of it upon me; and I am sure I should deserve it. A cool steady resolution should show, that where you have a right to command, you will be obeyed; but at the same time, a gentleness in the manner of enforcing that obedience should make it a cheerful one, and soften, as much as possible, the mortifying consciousness of inferiority. If you are to ask a favour, or even to solicit your due, you must do it *sauvèter in modo*, or you will give those who have a mind to refuse you either, a pretence to do it, by resenting the manner; but, on the other hand, you must, by a steady perseverance and decent tenaciousness, show the *fortitèr in re*. In short, this precept is the only way I know in the world of being loved without being despised, and feared without being hated. It constitutes the dignity of character, which every wise man must endeavour to establish.

If therefore you find that you have a hastiness in your temper, which unguardedly breaks out into indiscreet sallies, or rough expressions, to either your superiors, your equals, or your inferiors, watch it narrowly, check it carefully, and call the *sauvèter in modo* to your assistance at the first impulse of passion be silent, till you can be soft. Labour even to get the command of your countenance so well, that those emotions may not be read in it—a most unspeakable advantage in business! On the other hand, let no compliance, no gentleness of temper, no weak desire of pleasing on your part, no wheedling, coaxing, or flattery on other people's, make you recede one jot from any point that reason and prudence have bid you pursue; but return to the charge, persist, persevere, and you will find most things attainable that are possible. A yielding, timid meekness, is always abused and insulted by the unjust and unfeeling; but meekness, when sustained by the *fortitèr in re*, is always respected, commonly successful. In your friendships and connexions, as well as in your enmities, this rule is particularly useful: let your firmness and vigour preserve and

invite attachments to you ; but, at the same time, let your manner hinder the enemies of your friends and dependents from becoming yours ; let your enemies be disarmed by the gentleness of your manner, but let them feel, at the same time, the steadiness of your just resentment, for there is a great difference between bearing malice, which is always ungenerous, and a resolute self-defence, which is always prudent and justifiable.

I conclude with this observation, that gentleness of manners, with firmness of mind, is a short, but full description of human perfection, on this side of religious and moral duties.

XV — ON STUDY

STUDIES serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability. The chief use for delight is in privateness and retiring ; for ornament, is in discourse ; and for ability, is in the judgment and disposition of business. For expert men can execute, and perhaps judge of particulars one by one ; but the general counsels, and the plots, and marshalling of affairs, come best from those that are learned. To spend too much time in studies is sloth, to use them too much for ornament is affectation ; to make judgment wholly by their rules is the humour of a scholar. They perfect nature, and are perfected by experience, for natural abilities are like natural plants, that need pruning by duty ; and studies themselves do give forth directions too much at large, except they be bounded in by experience. Crafty men condemn studies, simple men admire them, and wise men use them ; for they teach not their own use, but that is a wisdom without them, and above them, won by observation. Read not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, not to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider. Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested that is, some books are to be read only in parts ; others to be read,

but not curiously; and some few to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention. Some books also may be read by deputy, and extracts made of them by others, but that should be only in the less important arguments, and the meaner sorts of books, else distilled books are like common distilled waters, flashy things. Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man; and writing an exact man. And therefore, if a man write little, he had need have a great memory, if he confer little, he had need have a present wit, and if he read little, he had need have much cunning to seem to know that he doth not

XVI — WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

WHEN I am in a serious humour, I very often walk by myself in Westminster Abbey, where the gloominess of the place, and the use to which it is applied, with the solemnity of the building, and the condition of the people who lie in it, are apt to fill the mind with a kind of melancholy, or rather thoughtfulness, that is not disagreeable. I yesterday passed the whole afternoon in the churchyard, the cloisters, and the church, amusing myself with the tombstones and inscriptions that I met with in those several regions of the dead. Most of them recorded nothing else of the buried person, but that he was born upon one day, and died upon another; the whole history of his life being comprehended in those two circumstances, that are common to all mankind. I could not but look upon these registers of existence, whether of brass or marble, as a kind of satire upon the departed persons, who had left no other memorial of them, but that they were born, and that they died.

Upon my going into the church, I entertained myself with the digging of a grave, and saw in every shovelful of it that was thrown up, the fragment of a bone or skull, intermixed with a kind of fresh mouldering earth, that some time or other had a place in the composition of a human body

Upon this I began to consider with myself what innumerable multitudes of people lay confused together under the pavement of that ancient cathedral; how men and women, friends and enemies- priests and soldiers, monks and prebendaries, were crumbled amongst one another, and blended together in the same common mass, how beauty, strength, and youth, with old age, weakness, and deformity, lay undistinguished in the same promiscuous heap of matter.

After having thus surveyed this great magazine of mortality, as it were in the lump, I examined it more particularly, by the accounts which I found on several of the monuments that are raised in every quarter of that ancient fabric. Some of them were covered with such extravagant epitaphs, that if it were possible for the dead person to be acquainted with them, he would blush at the praises which his friends have bestowed upon him. There are others so excessively modest, that they deliver the character of the person departed in Greek or Hebrew, and by that means are not understood once in a twelvemonth. In the poetical quarter I found there were poets who had no monuments, and monuments which had no poets. I observed indeed that the present war had filled the church with many of these uninhabited monuments, which had been erected to the memory of persons whose bodies were perhaps buried in the plains of Blenheim, or in the bosom of the ocean.

I know that entertainments of this nature are apt to raise dark and dismal thoughts in timorous minds, and gloomy imaginations, but, for my own part, though I am always serious, I do not know what it is to be melancholy, and can therefore take a view of Nature in her deep and solemn scenes, with the same pleasure as in her most gay and delightful ones. By this means I can improve myself with those objects which others consider with terror. When I look upon the tombs of the great, every emotion of envy dies in me; when I read the epitaphs of the beautiful, every inordinate desire goes out; when I meet with the

grief of parents upon a tombstone, my heart melts with compassion ; when I see the tomb of the parents themselves, I consider the vanity of grieving for those whom we must quickly follow, when I see kings lying by those who deposed them, when I consider rival wits placed side by side, or the holy men that divided the world with their contests and disputes, I reflect, with sorrow and astonishment, on the little competitions, factions, and debates of mankind ; when I read the several dates of the tombs, of some that died yesterday, and some six hundred years ago, I consider that great day when we shall all of us be contemporaries, and make our appearance together.

XVII — REMARKS ON THE SWIFTESS OF TIME.

THE natural advantages which arise from the position of the earth that we inhabit, with respect to the other planets, afford much employment to mathematical speculation, by which it has been discovered, that no other conformation of the system could have given such commodious distributions of light and heat, or imparted fertility and pleasure to so great a part of a revolving sphere.

It may be perhaps observed by the moralist, with equal reason, that our globe seems particularly fitted for the residence of a being, placed here only for a short time, whose task is to advance himself to a higher and happier state of existence, by unremitted vigilance of caution, and activity of virtue.

The duties required of man are such as human nature does not willingly perform, and such as those are inclined to delay who yet intend some time to fulfil them. It was therefore necessary that this universal reluctance should be counteracted, and the drowsiness of hesitation awakened into resolve, that the danger of procrastination should be always in view, and the fallacies of security be hourly detected.

To this end all the appearances of nature uniformly con-

pire Whatever we see on every side, reminds us of the lapse of time and the flux of life. The day and night succeed each other, the rotation of seasons diversifies the year, the sun rises, attains the meridian, declines and sets; and the moon every night changes its form.

The day has been considered as an image of the year, and the year as the representation of life. The morning answers to the spring, and the spring to childhood and youth. The noon corresponds to the summer, and the summer to the strength of manhood. The evening is an emblem of autumn, and autumn of declining life. The night, with its silence and darkness, shows the winter, in which all the powers of vegetation are benumbed, and the winter points out the time when life shall cease, with its hopes and pleasures.

He that is carried forward, however swiftly, by a motion equable and easy, perceives not the change of place but by the variation of objects. If the wheel of life, which rolls thus silently along, passed on through undistinguishable uniformity, we should never mark its approaches to the end of the course. If one hour were like another; if the passage of the sun did not show that the day is wasting, if the change of seasons did not impress upon us the flight of the year, quantities of duration equal to days and years would glide unobserved. If the parts of time were not variously coloured, we should never discern their departure or succession, but should live thoughtless of the past, and careless of the future, without will, and perhaps without power, to compute the periods of life, or to compare the time which is already lost with that which may probably remain.

But the course of time is so visibly marked, that it is even observed by the passage, and by nations who have raised their minds very little above animal instinct. There are human beings, whose language does not supply them with words by which they can number five, but I have read of

none that have not names for day and night, for summer and winter.

Yet it is certain that these admonitions of nature, however forcible, however importunate, are too often vain ; and that many, who mark with such accuracy the course of time, appear to have little sensibility of the decline of life. Every man has something to do which he neglects every man has faults to conquer which he delays to combat

So little do we accustom ourselves to consider the effects of time, that things necessary and certain often surprise us like unexpected contingencies. We leave the beauty in her bloom, and, after an absence of twenty years, wonder, on our return, to find her faded. We meet those whom we left children, and can scarcely persuade ourselves to treat them as men. The traveller visits in age those countries through which he rambled in his youth, and hopes for merriment at the old place. The man of business, wearied with unsatisfactory prosperity, retires to the town of his nativity, and expects to play away the last years with the companions of his childhood, and recover youth in the fields where he once was young.

From this inattention, so general and so mischievous, let it be every man's study to exempt himself. Let him that desires to see others happy, make haste to give while his gift can be enjoyed, and remember that every moment of delay takes away something from the value of his benefaction. And let him who proposes his own happiness, reflect, that while he forms his purpose the day rolls on, and "the night cometh, when no man can work."

XVIII.—DISCONTENT THE COMMON LOT OF ALL MANKIND.

SUCH is the emptiness of human enjoyment, that we are always impatient of the present. Attainment is followed by neglect, and possession by disgust. Few moments are more pleasing than those in which the mind is concerting

measures for a new undertaking From the first hint that wakens the fancy, to the hour of actual execution, all is improvement and progress, triumph and felicity Every hour brings additions to the original scheme, suggests some new expedient to secure success, or discovers consequential advantages not hitherto foreseen While preparations are made and materials accumulated, day glides after day through Elysian prospects, and the heart dances to the song of hope

Such is the pleasure of projecting, that many content themselves with a succession of visionary schemes, and wear out their allotted time in the calm amusement of contriving what they never attempt or hope to execute

Others, not able to feast their imagination with pure ideas, advance somewhat nearer to the grossness of action, with great diligence collect whatever is requisite to their design, and, after a thousand researches and consultations, are snatched away by death, as they stand waiting for a proper opportunity to begin

If there were no other end of life, than to find some adequate solace for every day, I know not whether any condition could be preferred to that of the man who involves himself in his own thoughts, and never suffers experience to show him the vanity of speculation, for no sooner are notions reduced to practice, than tranquillity and confidence forsake the breast, every day brings its task, and often without bringing abilities to perform it difficulties embarrass, uncertainty perplexes, opposition retards, censure exasperates, or neglect depresses We proceed, because we have begun; we complete our design, that the labour already spent may not be in vain . but as expectation gradually dies away, the gay smile of alacrity disappears, we are necessitated to implore severer powers, and trust the event to patience and constancy

When once our labour has begun, the comfort that enables us to endure it is the prospect of its end; for though in

every long work there are some joyous intervals of self-applause, when the attention is recreated by unexpected facility, and the imagination soothed by incidental excellences not comprised in the first plan, yet the toil with which performance struggles after idea, is so irksome and disgusting, and so frequent is the necessity of resting below that perfection which we imagined within our reach, that seldom any man obtains more from his endeavours than a painful conviction of his defects, and a continual resuscitation of desires which he feels himself unable to gratify.

So certainly is weariness and vexation the concomitant of our undertakings, that every man, in whatever he is engaged, consoles himself with the hope of change. He that has made his way by assiduity and vigilance to public employment, talks among his friends of nothing but the delight of retirement. He whom the necessity of solitary application secludes from the world, listens with a beating heart to its distant noises, longs to mingle with living beings, and resolves, when he can regulate his hours by his own choice, to take his fill of merriment and diversions, or to display his abilities on the universal theatre, and enjoy the pleasures of distinction and applause.

Every desire, however innocent or natural, grows dangerous, as by long indulgence it becomes ascendant in the mind. When we have been much accustomed to consider any thing as capable of giving happiness, it is not easy to restrain our ardour, or to forbear some precipitation in our advances and irregularity in our pursuits. He that has long cultivated the tree, watched the swelling bud and opening blossom, and pleased himself with computing how much every sun and shower added to its growth, scarcely stays till the fruit has obtained its maturity, but defeats his own cares by eagerness to reward them. When we have diligently laboured for any purpose, we are willing to believe that we have attained it, and, because we have already done much, too suddenly conclude that no more is to be done.

All attraction is increased by the approach of the attracting body. We never find ourselves so desirous to finish, as in the latter part of our work, or so impatient of delay, as when we know that delay cannot be long. Part of this unseasonable importunity of discontent may be justly imputed to languor and weariness, which must always oppress us more as our toil has been longer continued, but the greater part usually proceeds from frequent contemplation of that ease which we now consider as near and certain, and which, when it has once flattered our hopes, we cannot suffer to be longer withheld.

XIX —THE PRESENT LIFE TO BE CONSIDERED ONLY AS IT MAY
CONDUCE TO THE HAPPINESS OF A FUTURE ONE.

SHOULD a spirit of superior rank, who is a stranger to human nature, accidentally alight upon the earth, and take a survey of its inhabitants, what would his notions of us be? Would not he think, that we are a species of beings made for quite different ends and purposes than what we really are? Must not he imagine that we are placed in this world to get riches and honours? Would not he think that it was our duty to toil after wealth, and station, and title? Nay, would not he believe we were forbidden poverty by threats of eternal punishment, and enjoined to pursue our pleasures under pain of damnation? He would certainly imagine that we were influenced by a scheme of duties quite opposite to those which are indeed prescribed to us. And truly, according to such an imagination, he must conclude that we are a species of the most obedient creatures in the universe; that we are constant to our duty, and that we keep a steady eye on the end for which we were sent hither.

But how great would be his astonishment, when he learned that we were beings not destined to exist in this world above threescore and ten years, and that the greatest part of this busy species fall short even of that age! How would he be

lost in horror and admiuation when he should know that this set of creatures, who lay out all their endeavours for this life, which scarce deserves the name of existence; when, I say, he should know that this set of creatures are to exist to all eternity in another life, for which they make no preparations? Nothing can be a greater disgrace to reason, than that men, who are persuaded of these two different states of being, should be perpetually employed in providing for a life of threescore and ten years, and neglecting to make provision for that, which, after many myriads of years, will be still new, and still beginning, especially when we consider that our endeavours for making ourselves great, or rich, or honourable, or whatever else we place our happiness in, may, after all, prove unsuccessful, whereas, if we constantly and sincerely endeavour to make ourselves happy in the other life, we are sure that our endeavours will succeed, and that we shall not be disappointed of our hope

The following question is started by one of the schoolmen. Supposing the whole body of the earth were a great ball or mass of the finest sand, and that a single grain or particle of this sand should be annihilated every thousand years. supposing, then, that you had it in your choice to be happy all the while this prodigious mass of sand was consuming by this slow method till there was not a grain of it left, on condition you were to be miserable for ever after; or supposing that you might be happy for ever after, on condition that you would be miserable till the whole mass of sand were thus annihilated at the rate of one sand in a thousand years which of these two cases would you make your choice?

It must be confessed in this case, so many thousands of years are to the imagination as a kind of eternity, though in reality they do not bear so great a proportion to that duration which is to follow them, as a unit does to the greatest number which you can put together in figures, or as one of those sands to the supposed heap. Reason therefore tells us,

without any manner of hesitation, which would be the better part in this choice. However, as I have before intimated, our reason might in such a case be so overset by the imagination, as to dispose some persons to sink under the consideration of the great length of the first part of this duration, and of the great distance of that second duration, which is to succeed it. The mind, I say, might give itself up to that happiness which is at hand, considering that is so very near, and that it would last so very long. But when the choice we actually have before us is this, whether we will choose to be happy for the space of only threescore and ten years, nay, perhaps, of only twenty or ten years, I might say of only a day or an hour, and miserable to all eternity; or, on the contrary, miserable for this short term of years, and happy for a whole eternity; what words are sufficient to express that folly and want of consideration which in such a case makes a wrong choice?

I here put the case even at the worst, by supposing (what seldom happens) that a course of virtue makes us miserable in this life; but if we suppose (as it generally happens) that virtue will make us more happy, even in this life, than a contrary course of vice, how can we sufficiently admire the stupidity or madness of those persons who are capable of making so absurd a choice!

Every wise man, therefore, will consider this life only as it may conduce to the happiness of the other, and cheerfully sacrifice the pleasures of a few years to those of an eternity.

XX —ON THE KNOWLEDGE OF THE WORLD.

Nothing has so much exposed men of learning to contempt and ridicule, as their ignorance of things which are known to all but themselves. Those who have been taught to consider the institutions of the schools as giving the last perfection to human abilities, are surprised to see men wrinkled with study, yet wanting to be instructed in the minute

circumstances of propriety, or the necessary forms of daily transactions, and quickly shake off their reverence for modes of education, which they find to produce no ability above the rest of mankind.

Books, says Bacon, can never teach the use of books. The student must learn by commerce with mankind to reduce his speculations to practice, and accommodate his knowledge to the purposes of life.

It is too common for those who have been bred to scholastic professions, and passed much of their time in academies where nothing but learning confers honours, to disregard every other qualification, and to imagine that they shall find mankind ready to pay homage to their knowledge, and to crowd about them for instruction. They therefore step out from their cells into the open world with all the confidence of authority and dignity of importance; they look round about them at once with ignorance and scorn on a race of beings to whom they are equally unknown and equally contemptible, but whose manners they must imitate, and with whose opinions they must comply, if they desire to pass their time happily amongst them.

To lessen that disdain with which scholars are inclined to look on the common business of the world, and the unwillingness with which they condescend to learn what is not to be found in any system of philosophy, it may be necessary to consider that, though admiration is excited by abstruse researches and remote discoveries, yet pleasure is not given, nor affection conciliated, but by softer accomplishments, and qualities more easily communicable to those about us. He that can only converse upon questions, about which only a small part of mankind has knowledge sufficient to make them curious, must lose his days in unsocial silence, and live in the crowd of life without a companion. He that can only be useful on great occasions, may die without exerting his abilities, and stand a helpless spectator of a thousand vexations which fret away happiness, and which nothing is

required to remove but a little dexterity of conduct and readiness of expedients

No degree of knowledge attainable by man is able to set him above the want of hourly assistance, or to extinguish the desire of fond endearments, and tender officiousness; and therefore, no one should think it unnecessary to learn those arts by which friendship may be gained. Kindness is preserved by a constant reciprocation of benefits or interchange of pleasures; but such benefits only can be bestowed, as others are capable of receiving, and such pleasures only imparted, as others are qualified to enjoy

By this descent from the pinnacles of art no honour will be lost; for the condescensions of learning are always overpaid by gratitude. An elevated genius employed in little things appears, to use the simile of Longinus, like the sun in his evening declination, he remits his splendour but retains his magnitude, and pleases more though he dazzles less.

XXI — THE PLANETARY AND TERRISTRIAL WORLDS.

To us, who dwell on its surface, the earth is by far the most extensive orb that our eyes can anywhere behold. It is also clothed with verdure, distinguished by trees, and adorned with a variety of beautiful decorations, whereas, to a spectator placed on one of the planets, it wears a uniform aspect, looks all luminous, and no larger than a spot. To beings who dwell at still greater distances, it entirely disappears. That which we call alternately the morning and the evening star—as in one part of the orbit she rides foremost in the procession of night, in the other, ushers in and anticipates the dawn—is a planetary world; which, with the five others that so wonderfully vary their mystic dance, are in themselves dark bodies, and shine only by reflection, have fields, and seas, and skies of their own; are furnished with all accommodations for animal subsistence, and are supposed to be the abodes of intellectual life: all which, together with

our earthly habitation, are dependent on that grand dispenser of divine munificence, the sun, receive their light from the distribution of his rays, and derive their comfort from his benign agency

The sun, which seems to perform its daily stages through the sky, is, in this respect, fixed and immovable; it is the great axle of heaven, about which the globe we inhabit, and other more spacious orbs, wheel their stated courses. The sun, though seemingly smaller than the dial it illuminates, is abundantly larger than this whole earth, on which so many lofty mountains rise, and such vast oceans roll. A line extending from side to side, through the centre of that resplendent orb, would measure more than eight hundred thousand miles—a girdle formed to go round its circumference, would require a length of millions. Were its solid contents to be estimated, the account would overwhelm our understanding, and be almost beyond the power of language to express. Are we startled at these reports of philosophy? Are we ready to cry out, in a transport of surprise, “How mighty is the Being who kindled such a prodigious fire, and keeps alive, from age to age, such an enormous mass of flame?” Let us attend our philosophic guides, and we shall be brought acquainted with speculations more enlarged and more inflaming.

This sun, with all its attendant planets, is but a very little part of the grand machine of the universe. Every star, though in appearance no bigger than the diamond that glitters upon a lady’s ring, is really a vast globe, like the sun in size and in glory; no less spacious, no less luminous, than the radiant source of day. So that every star is not barely a world, but the centre of a magnificent system; has a retinue of worlds, irradiated by its beams, and revolving round its attractive influence, all which are lost to our sight in immeasurable wilds of ether. That the stars appear like so many diminutive, and scarcely-distinguishable points, is owing to their immense and inconceivable distance. Im-

mense and inconceivable indeed it is ; since a ball, discharged from a cannon, and flying with unabated rapidity, must travel, at this impetuous rate, almost seven hundred thousand years, before it could reach the nearest of these twinkling luminaries.

While beholding this vast expanse, I learn my own extreme meanness, and also discover the abject littleness of all terrestrial things. What is the earth, with all her ostentatious scenes, compared with this astonishingly grand furniture of the skies ? What, but a dim speck, hardly perceivable in the map of the universe ? It is observed by a very judicious writer, that, if the sun himself, which enlightens this part of the creation, were extinguished, and all the host of planetary worlds, which move about him, were annihilated, they would not be missed by an eye that can take in the whole compass of nature, any more than a grain of sand upon the sea-shore. The bulk of which they consist, and the space which they occupy, are so exceedingly little in comparison of the whole, that their loss would scarcely leave a blank in the immensity of God's works. If then, not our globe only, but this whole system, be so very diminutive, what is a kingdom or a country ? What are a few lordships, or the so-much admired patrimonies of those who are styled wealthy ? When I measure them with my own little pittance, they swell into proud and bloated dimensions, but, when I take the universe for my standard, how scanty is their size ! how contemptible their figure ! They shrink into pompous nothings.

XXII.—THE PLEASURES OF SCIENCE.

To pass our time in the study of the sciences, has, in all ages, been reckoned one of the most dignified and happy of human occupations ; and the name of philosopher, or lover of wisdom, is given to him who leads such a life. But it is by no means necessary that a man should do nothing else

than study known truths, and explore new, in order to earn this high title. Some of the greatest philosophers, in all ages, have been engaged in the pursuits of active life; and he who, in whatever station his lot may be cast, prefers the refined and elevating pleasures of knowledge, to the low gratification of the senses, richly deserves the name of a Philosopher.

It is easy to show that there is a positive gratification resulting from the study of the sciences. If it be a pleasure to gratify curiosity—to know what we are ignorant of—to have our feelings of wonder called forth, how pure a delight of this very kind does natural science hold out to its students! Recollect some of the extraordinary discoveries of mechanical philosophy. Observe the extraordinary truths which optical science discloses. Chemistry is not behind in its wonders; and yet these are trifling when compared to the prodigies which astronomy opens to our view: the enormous masses of the heavenly bodies, their immense distances, their countless numbers; and their motions, whose swiftness mocks the uttermost efforts of the imagination. Then, if we raise our view to the structure of the heavens, we are again gratified with tracing accurate, but most unexpected resemblances. Is it not in the highest degree interesting to find that the power which keeps the earth in its shape, and in its path wheeling round the sun, extends over all the other worlds that compose the universe, and gives to each its proper place and motion; that the same power keeps the moon in her path round the earth; that the same power causes the tides upon our earth, and the peculiar form of the earth itself,—and that, after all, it is the same power which makes a stone fall to the ground? To learn these things, and to reflect upon them, produces certain as well as pure gratification.

We are raised, by science, to an understanding of the infinite wisdom and goodness, which the Creator has displayed in all his works. Not a step can we take in any direction without perceiving the most extraordinary traces of design;

and the skill everywhere conspicuous, is calculated, in so vast a proportion of instances, to promote the happiness of living creatures—and especially of ourselves—that we feel no hesitation in concluding, if we knew the whole scheme of Providence, every part would appear to be in harmony with a plan of absolute benevolence. Independently, however, of this most consoling inference, the delight is inexpressible of being able to follow, as it were with our eyes, the marvellous works of the Great Architect of nature, and to trace the unbounded power and exquisite skill which are exhibited in the most minute, as well as in the mightiest parts of his system.

XXIII —DEPENDENCE ON PROVIDENCE.

REGARD the world with cautious eye,
Nor raise your expectations high ;
See that the balanced scale be such,
You neither fear nor hope too much,
For disappointment's not the thing ;
'Tis pride and passion point the sting.
Life is a sea where storms must rise :
'Tis folly talks of cloudless skies ;
He who contracts his swelling sail,
Eludes the fury of the gale.

Be still, nor anxious thoughts employ ;
Distrust embitters present joy ;
On God for all events depend ;
You cannot want when God's your friend.
Weigh well your part, and do your best ;
Leave to your Maker all the rest.
The hand which form'd thee in the womb,
Guides from the cradle to the tomb.

Can the fond mother slight her boy,
Can she forget her prattling joy ?

Say, then, shall sov'reign love desert
The humble and the honest heart ?
Heav'n may not grant thee all thy mind,
Yet say not thou that heav'n's unkind.
God is alike both good and wise,
In what he grants, and what denies.
Perhaps, what Goodness gives to-day,
To-morrow Goodness takes away.

You say that troubles intervene ;
That sorrows darken half the scene
True,—and this consequence you see,
The world was ne'er designed for thee.
You're like a passenger below,
That stays, perhaps, a night or so ;
But still his native country lies
Beyond the bound'ries of the skies

Of heav'n ask virtue, wisdom, health ;
But never let thy pray'r be wealth.
If food be thine (though little gold),
And raiment to repel the cold ;
Such as may nature's wants suffice,
Not what from pride and folly rise ;
If soft the motions of thy soul,
And a calm conscience crowns the whole ;
Add but a friend to all this store,
You can't, in reason, wish for more ;
And if kind heav'n this comfort brings,
'Tis more than heav'n bestows on kings.

XXIV —ADVICE TO A RECKLESS YOUTH.

LEARN to be wise, and practise how to thrive,
That would I have you do and not to spend
Your coin on every bauble that you fancy,
Or every foolish brain that humours you,
I would not have you to invade each place,

Nor thrust yourself on all societies,
Till men's affections, or your own desert,
Should worthily invite you to your rank.
He that is so disrespectful in his courses,
Oft sells his reputation at cheap market.
Nor would I you should melt away yourself
In flashing finery, lest, while you affect
To make a blaze of gentry to the world,
A little puff of scorn extinguish it,
And you be left like an unsavoury snuff,
Whose property is only to offend.
I'd have you sober, and contain yourself;
Not that your sail be bigger than your boat;
But moderate your expenses now (at first)
As you may keep the same proportion still,
Nor stand so much on your gentility,
Which is an airy, and mere borrow'd thing,
From dead men's dust and bones; and none of yours,
Except you make, or hold it.

XXV.—REAL NOBILITY.

SEARCH we the springs,
And backward trace the principles of things.
There shall we find that when the world began,
One common mass compos'd the mould of man;
One paste of flesh on all degrees bestow'd;
And kneaded up alike with moist'ning blood.
The same Almighty pow'r inspir'd the frame
With kindled life, and form'd the souls the same.
The faculties of intellect and will,
Dispens'd with equal hand, dispos'd with equal skill,
Like liberty indulg'd, with choice of good or ill.
Thus born alike, from Virtue first began
The difference that distinguish'd man from man.

He claim'd no title from descent of blood,
But that which made him noble, made him good.
Warm'd with more particles of heavenly flame,
He wing'd his upward flight, and soar'd to fame ;
The rest remain'd below, a tribe without a name.
This law, though custom now diverts the course,
As nature's institute, is yet in force,
Uncancell'd, though diffus'd and he whose mind
Is virtuous, is alone of noble kind .
Though poor in fortune, of celestial race :
And he commits the crime, who calls him base.

XIXI —THE GOD OF NATURE.

Look abroad,
And tell me, shall we to blind chance ascribe
A scene so wonderful, so fair and good ?
Shall we no further search than sense will lead,
To find the glorious cause which so delights
The eye and ear, and scatters everywhere
Ambrosial perfumes ? Is there not a hand
Which operates unseen, and regulates
The vast machine we tread on ? Yes, there is ;
Who first created the great world, a work
Of deep construction, complicately wrought,
Wheel within wheel, though all in vain we strive
To trace remote effects through the thick maze
Of movements intricate, confused, and strange,
Up to the great Artificer who made
And guides the whole What if we see him not ?
No more can we behold the busy soul
Which animates ourselves Man to himself
Is all a miracle. I cannot see
The latent cause, yet such I know there is,
Which gives the body motion, nor can tell
By what strange impulse the so ready limb

Performs the purposes of will How then
Shalt thou and I, who cannot span ourselves,
In this our narrow vessel comprehend
The being of a God!

XXVII —ASPIRATIONS AFTER THE INFINITE.

Say, why was man so eminently raised
Amid the vast creation, why ordained
Through life and death to dart his piercing eye,
With thoughts beyond the limit of his frame;
But that the Omnipotent might send him forth
In sight of mortal and immortal powers,
As on a boundless theatre, to run
The great career of justice; to exalt
His generous aim to all diviner deeds;
To chase each partial purpose from his breast;
And through the mists of passion and of sense,
And through the tossing tide of chance and pain,
To hold his course unfaltering, while the voice
Of truth and virtue, up the steep ascent
Of nature, calls him to his high reward,
The applauding smile of heaven? Else wherefore burns
In mortal bosoms this unquenched hope,
That breathes from day to day sublimer things,
And mocks possession? wherefore darts the mind
With such resistless ardour to embrace
Majestic forms, impatient to be free,
Spurning the gross control of wilful might;
Proud of the strong contention of her toils;
Proud to be daring? who but rather turns
To heaven's broad fire his unconstrained view,
Than to the glimmering of a waven flame?
Who that, from alpine heights, his labouring eye
Shoots round the wide horizon, to survey
Nilus or Ganges rolling his bright wave

Through mountains, plains, through empires black with shade,
And continents of sand, will turn his gaze
To mark the windings of a scanty rill
That murmurs at his feet? The high-born soul
Disdains to rest her heaven-aspiring wing
Beneath its native quarry Tired of earth
And this diurnal scene, she springs aloft
Through fields of air, pursues the flying storm;
Rides on the volleyed lightning through the heavens;
Or, yoked with whirlwinds and the northern blast,
Sweeps the long tract of day Then high she soars
The blue profound, and, hovering round the sun,
Beholds him pouring the redundant stream
Of light, beholds his unrelenting sway
Bend the reluctant planets to absolve
The fated rounds of time Thence far effused,
She darts her swiftness up the long career
Of devious comets, through its burning signs
Exulting measures the perennial wheel
Of nature, and looks back on all the stars,
Whose blended lights, as with a milky zone,
Invest the orient Now, amazed she views
The empyreal waste, where happy spirits hold,
Beyond this concave heaven, their calm abode;
And fields of radiance, whose unfading light
Has travelled the profound six thousand years,
Nor yet arrives in sight of mortal things
Even on the barriers of the world, untired
She meditates the eternal depth below,
Till half recoiling, down the headlong steep
She plunges; soon o'erwhelmed and swallowed up
In that immense of being There her hopes
Rest at the fated goal For from the birth
Of mortal man, the sovereign Maker said,
That not in humble nor in brief delight,
Not in the fading echoes of renown,

Power's purple robes, nor pleasure's flowery lap,
The soul should find enjoyment: but from these
Turning disdainful to an equal good,
Through all the ascent of things enlarge her view,
Till every bound at length should disappear,
And infinite perfection close the scene

XXVIII — HUMAN LIFE

THE lark has sung his carol in the sky;
The bees have hummed their noontide lullaby;
Still in the vale the village-bells ring round,
Still in Llewellyn-hall the jests resound;
For now the caudle-cup is circling there,
Now, glad at heart, the go-sips breathe their prayer,
And, crowding, stop the cradle to admire
The babe, the sleeping image of his sire.

A few short years—and then these sounds shall hail
The day again, and gladness fill the vale;
So soon the child a youth, the youth a man.
Eager to run the race his fathers ran,
Then the huge ox shall yield the broad sirloin;
The ale, now brewed, in floods of amber shine:
And, basking in the chimney's ample blaze,
'Mid many a tale told of his boyish days,
The nurse shall cry, of all her ills beguiled,
"Twas on these knees he sate so oft and smiled."

And soon again shall music swell the breeze!
Soon, issuing forth, shall glitter through the trees
Vestures of nuptial white; and hymns be sung,
And violets scattered round; and old and young,
In every cottage-porch with garlands green,
Stand still to gaze, and, gazing, bless the scene;
While her dark eyes declining, by his side
Moves in her virgin-veil the gentle bride.

And once, alas ! nor in a distant hour,
Another voice shall come from yonder tower ;
When in dim chambers long black weeds are seen,
And weeping's heard where only joy has been ;
When by his children borne, and from his door
Slowly departing to return no more,
He rests in holy earth with them that went before.

And such is Human Life ;—so gliding on,
It glimmers like a meteor, and is gone !
Yet is the tale, brief though it be, as strange,
As full methinks of wild and wondrous change,
As any that the wandering tribes require,
Stretched in the desert round their evening fire,
As any sung of old in hall or bower
To minstrel-harps at midnight's witching hour !

XXIX —THE PRESENT CONDITION OF MAN VINDICATED.

HEAV'N from all creatures hides the book of Fate,
All but the page prescrib'd, their present state ;
From brutes what men, from men what spirits know,
Or who could suffer being here below ?
The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,
Had he thy reason, would he skip and play ?
Pleas'd to the last, he crops the flow'ry food,
And licks the hand just rais'd to shed his blood
O blindness to the future ! kindly given,
That each may fill the circle mark'd by Heav'n ;
Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,
A hero perish, or a sparrow fall ;
Atoms or systems into ruin hurl'd,
And now a bubble burst, and now a world.

Hope humbly then, with trembling pinions soar ;
Wait the great teacher, Death ; and God adore.
What future bliss, he gives not thee to know,
But gives that Hope to be thy blessing now.

Hope springs eternal in the human breast;
Man never *is*, but always *to be* blest:
The soul, uneasy and confin'd from home,
Rests and expatiates in a life to come.

Lo, the poor Indian ! whose untutor'd mind
Sees God in clouds, and hears him in the wind ;
His soul proud Science never taught to stray
Far as the solar walk, or milky way ;
Yet simple Nature to his hope has giv'n,
Behind the cloud-topp'd hill, an humbler heav'n :
Some safer world in depth of woods embrac'd,
Some happier island in the wat'ry waste,
Where slaves once more their native land behold,
No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for gold.
To *be* contents his natural desire,
He asks no angel's wing, no seraph's fire :
But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company.

Go, wiser thou ! and in thy scale of sense,
Weigh thy opinion against Providence,
Call imperfection what thou fanciest such,
Say, here he gives too little—there too much
Destroy all creatures for thy sport or gust,
Yet cry, if man's unhappy, God's unjust ;
If man alone engross not Heav'n's high care,
Alone made perfect here, immortal there :
Snatch from his hand the balance and the rod,
Rejudge his justice, be the god of God
In pride, in reas'ning'pride, our error lies ;
All quit their sphere, and rush into the skies.
Pride still is aiming at the blest abodes,
Men would be angels, angels would be gods.
Aspiring to be gods, if angels fell,
Aspiring to be angels, men rebel.
And who but wishes to invert the laws
Of ORDER, sins against th' Eternal Cause.

XXX —ON HAPPINESS.

O HAPPINESS! our being's end and aim!
Good, Pleasure, Ease, Content! whate'er thy name;
That something still which prompts th' eternal sigh,
For which we bear to live, and dare to die;
Which still so near us, yet beyond us lies,
O'erlook'd, seen double, by the fool and wise.
Plant of celestial seed! if dropp'd below,
Say, in what mortal soil thou deign'st to grow?
Fair op'ning to some court's propitious shine,
Or deep with diamonds in the flaming mine?
Twin'd with the wreaths Parnassian laurels yield,
Or reap'd in iron harvests of the field?
Where grows?—where grows it not? If vain our toil,
We ought to blame the culture, not the soil.
Fix'd to no spot is happiness sincere,
'Tis nowhere to be found, or ev'rywhere;
'Tis never to be bought, but always free,
And, fled from monarchs. St John! dwells with thee
Ask of the learn'd the way? the learn'd are blind,
This bids to serve, and that to shun mankind.
Some place the bliss in action, some in ease,
Those call it Pleasure, and Contentment these:
Some sunk to beasts, find pleasure end in pain
Some, swell'd to gods, confess ev'n Virtue vain:
Or indolent, to each extreme they fall,
To trust in ev'ry thing, or doubt of all
Take Nature's path, and mad Opinion's leave,
All states can reach it, and all heads conceive,
Obvious her goods, in no extreme they dwell,
There needs but thinking right, and meaning well;
And mourn our various portions as we please,
Equal is common sense, and common ease.
Remember, man, "the Universal Cause
Acts not by partial but by gen'ral laws;"

And makes what happiness we justly call
Subsist, not in the good of one, but all
Each has his share: and who would more obtain
Shall find the pleasure pays not half the pain
Order is Heav'n's first law; and this confess'd,
Some are, and must be, greater than the rest;
More rich, more wise: but who infers from hence
That such are happier, shocks all common sense.

Condition, circumstance, is not the thing,
Bliss is the same in subject or in king.
Fortune her gifts may variously dispose,
And these be happy called, unhappy those;
But Heav'n's just balance equal will appear,
While those are plac'd in hope, and these in fear:
Not present good or ill the joy or curse,
But future views of better or of worse.
Oh, sons of earth! attempt ye still to rise,
By mountains pil'd on mountains, to the skies?
Heav'n still with laughter the vain toil surveys,
And buries madmen in the heaps they raise

Know, all the good that individuals find,
Or God and Nature meant to mere mankind,
Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of sense,
Lie in three words, Health, Peace, and Competence
But health consists with temperance alone;
And Peace, O Virtue! Peace is all thy own.

XXXI.—POLONIUS'S ADVICE TO HIS SON.

THESE few precepts in thy memory
Look thou character. Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportioned thought his act
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar
The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel;
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment

Of each new-hatched unfledged comrade. Beware
 Of entrance to a quarrel; but, being in,
 Bear it that the opposer may beware of thee.
 Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice:
 Take each man's censure but reserve thy judgment
 Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
 But not expressed in fancy; rich, not gaudy;
 For the apparel oft proclaims the man:
 Neither a borrower nor a lender be,
 For loan oft loses both itself and friend;
 And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry
 This above all—To thine own self be true,
 And it must follow, as the night the day,
 Thou canst not then be false to any man.

XXXII—INDUSTRY.

TRAIN up thy children, England¹ in the way
 Of righteousness, and feed them with the bread
 Of wholesome doctrine. Where hast thou thy mines
 But in then industry?
 Thy bulwarks where but in their breast?
 Thy might but in their arms?
 Shall not their numbers therefore be thy wealth,
 Thy strength, thy power, thy safety, and thy pride?
 Oh, grief then, grief and shame,
 If in this flourishing land
 There should be dwellings where the new-born babe
 Doth bring unto its parent's soul no joy!
 Where squalid poverty
 Receives it at its birth,
 And on her wither'd knees
 Gives it the scanty food of discontent!

NOTE—The majority of the Examples under the head of "Promiscuous Exercises in Reading," are of a Moral or Didactic character. The learner should refer, in particular, to Nos 96 and 118

RELIGIOUS OR DEVOTIONAL READINGS¹

I—EXHORTATION TO YOUTH TO CULTIVATE A DEVOTIONAL SPIRIT

I EARNESTLY wish, that I could induce all young persons to divest religion of every gloomy and repulsive association; to feel, that it does not consist—as some would fain represent it—in grave and solemn looks, and a sanctified demeanour, or in an affected fondness for long sermons and long prayers. but that, properly understood, it is—and especially for the young—a cheerful and lightsome spirit, springing up naturally in pure and innocent hearts, whose affectionate confidence in the universal Father is not yet alloyed with fear, or weakened by distrust. Would you have within your bosoms that peace, which the world can neither give nor take away? Would you possess a source of the purest and sweetest pleasures? Would you have that richest of all blessings—a disposition to relish, in their highest perfection, all the innocent and rational enjoyments of life? Let me conjure you to cherish a spirit of devotion—a simple-hearted, fervent, and affectionate piety. Accustom yourselves to conceive of God, as a merciful and gracious parent—continually looking down upon you with the tenderest concern, and inviting you to be good, only that you may become everlastingly happy. Consider yourselves as placed upon earth for the express purpose of doing the will of God, and remember, if this be your constant object—whatever trials, disappointments, and sorrows you may be doomed to experience—you will be sustained under them all by the noblest consolations. With the view of keeping up a perpetual sense of your dependence on God, never omit to seek him habitually in prayer, and to connect the thought of Him with all that is affecting and impressive in the events of your

¹ It is almost unnecessary to observe, that in Readings of this kind, the manner should be impressive, and the tone devotional.

lives—with all that is stupendous, and vast, and beautiful in the productions of his creative power and skill. Whatever excites you—whatever interests you—whatever in the world of nature, or the world of man, strikes you as new and extraordinary—refer it all to God: discover in it some token of his providence, some proof of his goodness, convert it into some fresh occasion of praising and blessing his holy and venerable name. Do not regard the exercises of devotion as a bare duty, which have a merit in themselves, however they are performed; but recur to them, as a privilege and a happiness, which ennobles and purifies your nature, and binds you by the holiest of ties to the greatest and best of all beings.

When you consider what God is, and what he has done—when you cast your eyes over the broad field of creation, which he has replenished with so many curious and beautiful objects; or raise them to the brilliant canopy of heaven, where other worlds and systems of worlds beam upon the wondering view—when day and night, and summer and winter, and seed-time and harvest—when the things nearest to you, and most familiar to you, the very structure of your own bodily frame, and that principle of conscious life and intelligence which glows within you—all speak to you of God, and call upon your awakened hearts to tremble and adore—when to a Being thus vast—thus awful—you are permitted to approach in prayer,—when you are encouraged to address him by the endearing appellation of a Father in heaven, and, with all the confidence and ingenuousness of affectionate children, to tell him your wants and your fears, to implore his forgiveness, and earnestly to beseech him for a continuance of his mercies—you cannot, my young friends, if you have any feeling—any seriousness about you, regard the exercises of devotion as a task, but must rejoice in it, as an unspeakable privilege, to hold direct intercourse with that great and good Being—that unseen, but universal Spirit, to whose presence all things in heaven and on

earth bear witness, and in whom we all live, and move, and have our being. Thus excite and cherish the spirit of devotion. whenever any thing touches your hearts, or powerfully appeals to your moral feelings, give way to the religious impulse of the occasion, and send up a silent prayer to the Power who heareth in secret. And, in your daily addresses to God, do not confine yourselves to any stated form of words which may be repeated mechanically, without any concurrence either of the heart or of the head; but, after having reviewed the mercies of your particular condition—after having collected your thoughts, and endeavoured to ascertain the wants and weaknesses of your character—give utterance, in the simple and unstudied language which comes spontaneously to the lips, to all those emotions of gratitude and holy fear, of submission and trust, which cannot fail to arise in your hearts, when you have previously reflected what you are and find yourselves alone in the presence of an Almighty God.

Beloved friends, yours is the time to cultivate this pure, this heavenly frame of mind. You have as yet known God only in his countenance of love; you have felt his presence only in the communications of his loving-kindness and tender mercy. Your hearts are as yet strangers to the fear of habitual guilt, but swell with a holy, trembling joy, to think that He who made heaven and earth is your God and Father,—that He who controls the course of nature, and rules the destinies of nations, is not unmindful even of you. Seize, then, oh seize this precious, this golden period of existence! improve it, while it is yours; for, believe me, it will never return again. When the heart has once been alienated from God—when guilt has once polluted it—though repentance and reformation may at length bind up its broken peace, it will never more experience that warmth and fullness of affectionate confidence—that entire and unhesitating trust in the Father of mercies, which belong only to pure and innocent minds.

II.—ON THE CREATION OF THE WORLD.

BEFORE the sun and the moon had begun their course, before the sound of the human voice was heard, or the name of man was known; "in the beginning God created the heaven and the earth" To a beginning of the world we are led back by every thing that now exists; by all history, all records, all monuments of antiquity. In tracing the transactions of past ages, we arrive at a period, which clearly indicates the infancy of the human race. We behold the world peopled by degrees. We ascend to the origin of all those useful and necessary arts, without the knowledge of which mankind could hardly subsist. We discern society and civilization arising from rude beginnings in every corner of the earth; and gradually advancing to the state in which we now find them. all which afford plain evidence that there was a period when mankind began to inhabit and cultivate the earth. What is very remarkable, the most authentic chronology and history of most nations coincide with the account of Scripture, and make the period, during which the world has been inhabited by the race of men, not to extend beyond six thousand years. But, though there was a period when this globe, with all that we see upon it, did not exist, we have no reason to think that the wisdom and power of the Almighty were then without exercise or employment. Boundless is the extent of his dominions. Other globes and worlds, enlightened by other suns, may then have occupied—they still appear to occupy—the immense regions of space. Numberless orders of beings, to us unknown, people the wide extent of the universe, and afford an endless variety of objects to the ruling care of the great Father of all. At length, in the course and progress of his government, there arrived a period, when this earth was to be called into existence. When the signal moment, predestined from all eternity, was come, the Deity arose in his might, and with a word created the world. What an

illustrious moment was that, when from non-existence there sprang at once into being this mighty globe, on which so many millions of creatures now dwell! No preparatory measures were required. No long circuit of means was employed "He spake, and it was done, he commanded, and it stood fast The earth was" at first "without form and void. and darkness was upon the face of the deep." The Almighty surveyed the dark abyss; and fixed bounds to the several divisions of nature. He said "Let there be light, and there was light" Then appeared the sea and the dry land. The mountains rose; and the rivers flowed The sun and moon began their course in the skies. Herbs and plants clothed the ground The air, the earth, and the water were stored with their respective inhabitants At last man was made after the image of God. He appeared, walking with countenance erect, and received his Creator's benediction as Lord of this new world. The Almighty beheld his work when it was finished, and pronounced it good Superior beings saw with wonder this new accession to existence. "The morning stars sang together; and all the sons of God shouted for joy."

III —ON OUR SAVIOUR'S PREACHING

BOTH our Divine Master's matter and his manner were infinitely beyond any thing the world ever heard before. He did not, like the heathen philosophers, entertain his hearers with dry metaphysical discourses on the nature of the supreme good, and the several divisions and subdivisions of virtue; nor did he, like the Jewish rabbis, content himself with dealing out ceremonies and traditions, with discoursing on mint and cummin, and estimating the breadth of a phylactery But he drew off their attention from these trivial and contemptible things to the greatest and the noblest objects—the existence of one supreme Almighty Being, the creator, preserver, and governor of the universe;

the first formation of man ; his fall from original innocence ; the consequent corruption and depravity of his nature, the remedy provided for him by the goodness of our Maker, and the death of our Redeemer ; the nature of that divine religion which he himself came to reveal to mankind, the purity of heart, and sanctity of life, which he required ; the communications of God's Holy Spirit to assist our own feeble endeavours here, and a crown of immortal glory to recompense us hereafter. The morality he taught was the purest, the soundest, the sublimest, the most perfect, that had ever before entered into the imagination, or proceeded from the lips, of man. And this he delivered in a manner the most striking and impressive, in short, sententious, solemn, important, ponderous rules and maxims, or in familiar, natural, affecting similitudes and parables. He showed also a most consummate knowledge of the human heart, and dragged to light all its artifices, subtleties, and evasions. He discovered every thought, as it arose in the mind. He detected every irregular desire, before it ripened into action. He manifested, at the same time, the most perfect impartiality. He had no respect of persons. He reprov'd vice in every station wherever he found it, with the same freedom and boldness ; and he added to the whole the weight—the irresistible weight—of his own example. He, and he only, of all the sons of men, acted up in every the minutest instance, to what he taught ; and his life exhibited a perfect portrait of his religion. But what completed the whole was, that he taught, as the Evangelist expresses it, “with authority,”—with the authority of a divine teacher. The ancient philosophers could do nothing more than give good advice to their followers ; they had no means of enforcing that advice. but our great Lawgiver's precepts are all divine commands. He spoke in the name of God. he called himself the Son of God. He spoke in a tone of superiority and authority, which no one before had the courage or the right to assume, and, finally, he enforced every thing he taught

by the most solemn and awful sanctions—by a promise of eternal felicity to those who obeyed him, and a denunciation of the most tremendous punishment to those who rejected him. These were the circumstances which gave our blessed Lord the authority with which he spake. No wonder then that “the people were astonished at his doctrines,” and that they all declared “he spake as never man spake”

IV.—GOD THE AUTHOR OF NATURE

THERE lives and works
A soul in all things, and that soul is God.
The beauties of the wilderness are His,
That make so gay the solitary place
Where no eyes see them And the fairer forms
That cultivation glories in are His
He sets the bright procession on its way,
And marshals all the order of the year,
He marks the bounds which winter may not pass,
And blunts his pointed fury, in its case,
Russet and rude, folds up the tender germ,
Uninjured, with inimitable art,
And, ere one flowery season fades and dies,
Designs the blooming wonders of the next
The Lord of all, himself through all diffused,
Sustains, and is the life of all that lives
Nature is but a name for an effect,
Whose cause is God One spirit, His
Who wore the plaited thorns with bleeding brows,
Rules universal Nature! Not a flower
But shows some touch, in freckle, streak, or stain,
Of his unrivalled pencil He inspires
Their balmy odours, and imparts their hues,
And bathes their eyes with nectar, and includes,
In grains as countless as the sea-side sands,
The forms with which He sprinkles all the earth

Happy who walks with Him! whom, what he finds,
Of flavour, or of scent, in fruit or flower,
Or what he views of beautiful or grand
In Nature, from the broad majestic oak
To the green blade that twinkles in the sun,
Prompts with remembrance of a present God!

V.—THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL.

VITAL spark of heavenly flame!
Quit, oh, quit this mortal frame!
Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying;
Oh, the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond Nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life!

Hark! they whisper—angels say,
“Sister spirit, come away!”
What is this absorbs me quite;
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirits, draws my breath?
Tell me, my soul, can this be—death?

The world recedes! it disappears!
Heaven opens to my eyes!—my ears
With sounds seraphic ring!
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly
O Grave! where is thy victory?
O Death! where is thy sting?

VI.—HYMN TO THE CREATOR.

THESE are thy glorious works, Parent of good!
Almighty! Thine this universal frame,
Thus wondrous fair: Thyself how wondrous then!
Unspeakable! who sitt'st above these heavens

To^{us} invisible, or dimly seen
In these thy lowest works , yet these declare
Thy goodness beyond thought, and power divine.
Speak, ye who best can tell, ye sons of light,
Angels ; for ye behold him, and with songs
And choral symphonies, day without night,
Circle his throne rejoicing ; ye in heaven,
On earth, join all ye creatures, to extol
Him first, him last, him midst, and without end.
Finest of stars, last in the train of night,
If better thou belong not to the dawn,
Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn
With thy bright circlet, praise him in thy sphere,
While day arises, that sweet hour of prime
Thou sun, of this great world both eye and soul,
Acknowledge him thy greater ; sound his praise
In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,
And when high noon hast gained, and when thou fall'st
Moon, that now meet'st the orient sun, now fleest,
With the fix'd stars, fix'd in their orb that flies,
And ye five other wandering fires, that move
In mystic dance not without song, resound
His praise, who out of darkness call'd up light.
Air, and ye elements, the eldest birth
Of Nature's womb, that in quaternion run
Perpetual circle, multiform , and mix
And nourish all things, let your ceaseless change
Vary to our Great Maker still new praise.
Ye mists and exhalations, that now rise
From hill or steaming lake, dusky or gray,
Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,
In honour to the world's Great Author rise ;
Whether to deck with clouds the uncolour'd sky,
Or wet the thirsty earth with falling showers,
Rising or falling still advance his praise
His praise, ye winds that from four quarters blow,

Breathe soft or loud ; and, wave your tops, ye pines,
With every plant, in sign of worship wave
Fountains, and ye that warble, as ye flow,
Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praise.
Join voices, all ye living souls ye birds,
That singing up to heaven-gate ascend,
Bear on your wings and in your notes his praise.
Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk
The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep ;
Witness if I be silent, morn or even,
To hill or valley, fountain or fresh shade,
Made vocal by my song, and taught his praise.
Hail, Universal Lord, be bounteous still
To give us only good ; and if the night
Hath gather'd aught of evil, or conceal'd,
Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark.

VII —MISSIONARY HYMN.

From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand,
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft on Ceylon's isle,
Though ev'ry prospect pleases,
And only man is vile ;
In vain, with lavish kindness,
The gifts of God are strown,
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone

Shall we, whose souls are lighted
By wisdom from on high ;
Shall we, to man benighted,
The lamp of light deny ?
Salvation ! oh, salvation !
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole :
Till o'er our ransom'd nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign !

VIII.—HEAVEN.

THIS world is all a fleeting show,
For man's illusion given :
The smiles of joy, the tears of wo,
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow ;
There's nothing true but heaven !

And false the light on glory's plume,
As fading hues of even ;
And love, and hope, and beauty's bloom,
Are blossoms gather'd for the tomb,
There's nothing bright but heaven !

Poor wanderers of a stormy day,
From wave to wave we're driven ;
And fancy's flash, and reason's ray,
Serve but to light the troubled way ;
There's nothing calm but heaven !

IX —DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB'S HOST AT JERUSALEM.

THE Assyrian came down like a wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest, when summer is green,
That host, with their banners, at sunset were seen:
Like the leaves of the forest, when autumn hath blown,
That host, on the morrow, lay withered and strown
For the angel of death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed:
And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved, and for ever grew still!

And there lay the steed, with his nostril all wide,
But through it there rolled not the breath of his pride:
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow, and the rust on his mail;
The tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal,
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord!

PATHETIC PIECES.

I.—THE STORY OF LE FEVRE.

It was some time in the summer of that year in which Den-
dermond was taken by the Allies; when my uncle Toby was
one evening getting his supper, with Trim sitting behind
him at a small sideboard—I say sitting—for in consideration
of the Corporal's lame knee (which sometimes gave him

exquisite pain), when my uncle Toby dined or supped alone he would never suffer the Corporal to stand; and the poor fellow's veneration for his master was such, that, with a proper artillery, my uncle Toby could have taken Dendermond itself with less trouble than he was able to gain this point over him; for many a time when my uncle Toby supposed the Corporal's leg was at rest, he would look back and detect him standing behind him with the most dutiful respect this bred more little squabbles betwixt them than all other causes for five and twenty years together

He was one evening sitting thus at his supper, when the landlord of a little inn in the village came into the parlour with an empty phial in his hand, to beg a glass or two of sack: 'Tis for a poor gentleman—I think of the army—said the landlord, who has been taken ill at my house four days ago, and has never held up his head since, or had a desire to taste any thing, till just now, that he has a fancy for a glass of sack and a thin toast,—I think, says he, taking his hand from his forehead, it would comfort me

If I could neither beg, borrow, nor buy such a thing, added the landlord, I would almost steal it for the poor gentleman, he is so ill I hope he will still mend, continued he; we are all of us concerned for him

Thou art a good-natured soul, I will answer for thee, cried my uncle Toby; and thou shalt drink the poor gentleman's health in a glass of sack thyself, and take a couple of bottles, with my service, and tell him he is heartily welcome to them, and to a dozen more, if they will do him good

Though I am persuaded, said my uncle Toby, as the landlord shut the door, he is a very compassionate fellow, Trim, yet I cannot help entertaining a high opinion of his guest too; there must be something more than common in him that in so short a time should win so much upon the affections of his host And of his whole family, added the Corporal; for they are all concerned for him Step after him, said my uncle Toby—do, Trim—and ask if he knows his name.

I have quite forgot it, truly, said the landlord, coming back into the parlour with the Corporal, but I can ask his son again. Has he a son with him then? said my uncle Toby. A boy, replied the landlord, of about eleven or twelve years of age; but the poor creature has tasted almost as little as his father, he does nothing but mourn and lament for him night and day. he has not stirred from the bedside these two days.

My uncle Toby laid down his knife and fork and thrust his plate from before him, as the landlord gave him the account; and Trim, without being ordered, took away, without saying one word, and in a few minutes after brought him his pipe and tobacco.

Trim! said my uncle Toby, I have a project in my head, as it is a bad night, of wrapping myself up warm in my roquelaure, and paying a visit to this poor gentleman. Your honour's roquelaure, replied the Corporal, has not once been had on since the night before your honour received your wound, when we mounted guard in the trenches before the gate of St. Nicholas; and besides, it is so cold and rainy a night, that what with the roquelaure, and what with the weather, it will be enough to give your honour your death. I fear so, replied my uncle Toby, but I am not at rest in my mind, Trim, since the account the landlord has given me. I wish I had not known so much of this affair, added my uncle Toby, or that I had known more of it. How shall we manage it? Leave it, an't please your honour to me, quoth the Corporal, I'll take my hat and stick, and go to the house and reconnoitre, and act accordingly, and I will bring your honour a full account in an hour. Thou shalt go, Trim, said my uncle Toby; and here's a shilling for thee to drink with his servant. I shall get it all out of him, said the Corporal, shutting the door.

It was not till my uncle Toby had knocked the ashes out of his third pipe that Corporal Trim returned from the inn, and gave him the following account.—

I despaired at first, said the Corporal, of being able to bring back your honour any kind of intelligence concerning the poor sick lieutenant Is he in the army, then ? said my uncle Toby. He is, said the Corporal And in what regiment ? said my uncle Toby I'll tell your honour, replied the Corporal, every thing straightforward, as I learned it. Then, Trim, I'll fill another pipe, said my uncle Toby, and not interrupt thee ; so sit down at thy ease, Trim, in the window-seat, and begin thy story again The Corporal made his old bow, which geneally spoke as plain as a bow could speak it, " Your honour is good," and having done that, he sat down, as he was ordered, and began the story to my uncle Toby over again in pretty near the same words.

I despaired at first, said the Corporal, of being able to bring back any intelligence to your honour, about the lieutenant and his son ; for when I asked where his servant was, from whom I made myself sure of knowing every thing which was proper to be asked,—(That's a right distinction, Trim, said my uncle Toby,)—I was answered, an't please your honour, that he had no servant with him. that he had come to the inn with hired horses ; which, upon finding himself unable to proceed (to join, I suppose, the regiment), he had dismissed the morning after he came. If I get better, my dear, said he, as he gave his purse to his son to pay the man, we can hire horses from hence. But, alas ! the poor gentleman will never get from hence, said the landlady to me—for I heard the dead watch all night long ; and when he dies, the youth, his son, will certainly die with him—for he is broken-hearted already

I was hearing this account, continued the Corporal, when the youth came into the kitchen, to order the thin toast the landlord spoke of ;—but I will do it for my father myself, said the youth. Pray, let me save you the trouble, young gentleman, said I, taking up a fork for the purpose, and offering him my chair to sit down upon by the fire, whilst I did it. I believe, sir, said he, very modestly, I can please

him best myself. I am sure, said I, his honour will not like the toast the worse for being toasted by an old soldier. The youth took hold of my hand, and instantly burst into tears. Poor youth! said my uncle Toby; he has been bred up from an infant in the army, and the name of a soldier, Trim, sounded in his ears like the name of a friend: I wish I had him here.

I never in the longest march, said the Corporal, had so great a mind to my dinner, as I had to cry with him for company. What could be the matter with me, an' please your honour? Nothing in the world, Trim, said my uncle Toby, blowing his nose, but that thou art a good-natured fellow.

When I gave him the toast, continued the Corporal, I thought it was proper to tell him I was Captain Shandy's servant, and that your honour (though a stranger) was extremely concerned for his father; and that if there was any thing in your house or cellar,—(And thou mightst have added my purse too, said my uncle Toby),—he was heartily welcome to it. He made a very low bow (which was meant to your honour), but no answer—for his heart was full—so he went up stairs with the toast. I warrant you, my dear, said I, as I opened the kitchen door, your father will be well again. Mr Yorick's curate was smoking a pipe by the kitchen fire, but said not a word, good or bad, to comfort the youth. I thought it wrong, added the Corporal. I think so too, said my uncle Toby.

When the lieutenant had taken his glass of sack and toast, he felt himself a little revived, and sent down into the kitchen to let me know, that in about ten minutes he should be glad if I would step up stairs. I believe, said the landlord, he is going to say his prayers—for there was a book laid upon the chair by his bedside, and as I shut the door, I saw his son take up a cushion.

I thought, said the curate, that you gentlemen of the army, Mr Trim, never said your prayers at all. I heard

the poor gentleman say his prayers last night, said the landlady, very devoutly, and with my own ears, or I could not have believed it. Are you sure of it? replied the curate. A soldier, an' please your reverence, said I, prays as often (of his own accord) as a parson; and when he is fighting for his king, and for his own life, and for his honour too, he has the most reason to pray to God of any one in the whole world. 'Twas well said of thee, Trim, said my uncle Toby. But when a soldier, said I, an' please your reverence, has been standing for twelve hours together, in the trenches, up to his knees in cold water, or engaged, said I, for months together in long and dangerous marches, harassed, perhaps, in his rere to-day, harassing others to-morrow; detached here; countermanded there, resting this night out upon his arms; beat up in his shirt the next; benumbed in his joints, perhaps without straw in his tent to kneel on; he must say his prayers how and when he can. I believe, said I—for I was piqued, quoth the Corporal, for the reputation of the army—I believe, an' please your reverence, said I, that when a soldier gets time to pray, he prays as heartily as a parson, though not with all his fuss and hypocrisy. Thou shouldst not have said that, Trim, said my uncle Toby, for God only knows who is a hypocrite, and who is not. At the great and general review of us all, Corporal, at the day of judgment (and not till then), it will be seen who have done their duties in this world, and who have not; and we shall be advanced, Trim, accordingly. I hope we shall, said Trim. It is in the Scripture, said my uncle Toby, and I will show it thee to-morrow. In the meantime we may depend upon it, Trim, for our comfort, said my uncle Toby, that God Almighty is so good and just a governor of the world, that if we have but done our duties in it, it will never be inquired into, whether we have done them in a red coat or a black one. I hope not, said the Corporal. But go on, Trim, said my uncle Toby, with thy story.

When I went up, continued the Corporal, into the lieutenant's room, which I did not do till the expiration of the ten minutes, he was lying in his bed, with his head raised upon his hand, with his elbow upon the pillow, and a clean white cambric handkerchief beside it the youth was just stooping down to take up the cushion, upon which I supposed he had been kneeling—the book was laid upon the bed—and as he rose, in taking up the cushion with one hand, he reached out his other to take the book away at the same time Let it remain there, my dear, said the lieutenant

He did not offer to speak to me, till I had walked up close to his bedside If you are Captain Shandy's servant, said he, you must present my thanks to your master, with my little boy's thanks along with them, for his courtesy to me—if he was of Levens's, said the lieutenant—I told him your honour was Then, said he, I served three campaigns with him in Flanders, and remember him; but 'tis most likely, as I had not the honour of any acquaintance with him, that he knows nothing of me You will tell him, however, that the person his good-nature has laid under obligations to him, is one Le Fevre, a lieutenant in Angus's—but he knows me not, said he, a second time, musing, possibly he may know my story, added he, pray tell the captain, I was the ensign at Breda, whose wife was most unfortunately killed with a musket-shot, as she lay in my arms in my tent I remember the story, an't please your honour, said I very well Do you so? said he, wiping his eyes with his handkerchief, then well may I In saying this, he drew a little ring out of his bosom, which seemed tied with a black ribbon about his neck, and kissed it twice. Here, Billy, said he. The boy flew across the room to the bedside, and falling down upon his knee, took the ring in his hand, and kissed it too—then kissed his father, and sat down upon the bed and wept

I wish, said my uncle Toby, with a deep sigh, I wish, Trim, I was asleep

Your honour, replied the Corporal, is too much concerned

Shall I pour your honour out a glass of sack to your pipe? Do, Trim, said my uncle Toby.

I remember, said my uncle Toby, sighing again, the story of the ensign and his wife; and particularly well that he as well as she, upon some account or other (I forget what), was universally pitied by the whole regiment; but finish the story 'Tis finished already, said the Corporal, for I could stay no longer, so wished his honour a good night, young Le Fevre rose from off the bed, and saw me to the bottom of the stairs; and as we went down together, told me, they had come from Ireland, and were on their route to join the regiment in Flanders. But, alas! said the Corporal, the lieutenant's last day's march is over. Then what is to become of his poor boy? cried my uncle Toby.

Thou hast left this matter short, said my uncle Toby to the Corporal, as he was putting him to bed; and I will tell thee what, Trim, in the first place, when thou madest an offer of my services to Le Fevre—as sickness and travelling are both expensive, and thou knewest he was but a poor lieutenant, with a son to subsist as well as himself out of his pay—that thou didst not make an offer to him of my purse, because, had he stood in need, thou knowest, Trim, he had been as welcome to it as myself. Your honour knows, said the Corporal, I had no orders. True, quoth my uncle Toby, thou didst very right, Trim, as a soldier, but certainly very wrong as a man.

In the second place, for which, indeed, thou hast the same excuse, continued my uncle Toby, when thou offeredst him whatever was in my house, thou shouldst have offered him my house too. A sick brother officer should have the best quarters, Trim; and if we had him with us, we could tend and look to him. Thou art an excellent nurse thyself, Trim, and what with thy care of him, and the old woman's, and his boy's, and mine together, we might recruit him again at once, and set him upon his legs.

In a fortnight or three weeks, added my uncle Toby,

smiling, he might march. He will never march, an't please your honour, in this world, said the Corporal. He will march, said my uncle Toby, rising up from the side of the bed, with one shoe off. An't please your honour, said the Corporal, he will never march but to his grave. He shall march, cried my uncle Toby, marching the foot which had a shoe on, though without advancing an inch; he shall march to his regiment. He cannot stand it, said the Corporal. He shall be supported, said my uncle Toby. He'll drop at last, said the Corporal; and what will become of his boy? He shall not drop, said my uncle Toby, firmly. A-well-a-day, do what we can for him, said Trim, maintaining his point, the poor soul will die. He shall not die, by ——, cried my uncle Toby.

THE ACCUSING SPIRIT, which flew up to Heaven's chancery with the oath, blushed as he gave it in, and the RECORDING ANGEL, as he wrote it down, dropped a tear upon the word, and blotted it out for ever.

My uncle Toby went to his bureau, put his purse into his pocket, and having ordered the Corporal to go early in the morning for a physician, he went to bed and fell asleep.

The sun looked bright the morning after to every eye in the village but Le Fevre's and his afflicted son's, the hand of death pressed heavy upon his eyelids, and hardly could the wheel at the cistern turn round its circle, when my uncle Toby, who had got up an hour before his wonted time, entered the lieutenant's room, and without preface or apology, sat himself down upon the chair by the bedside, and independently of all modes and customs, opened the curtain in the manner an old friend and brother officer would have done it, and asked him how he did, how he had rested in the night, what was his complaint, where was his pain; and what he could do to help him; and without giving him time to answer any one of the inquiries, went on and told him of the little plan which he had been concerting with the Corporal the night before for him.

You shall go home directly, Le Fevre, said my uncle Toby, to my house, and we'll send for a doctor to see what's the matter, and we'll have an apothecary, and the Corporal shall be your nurse, and I'll be your servant, Le Fevre.

There was a frankness in my uncle Toby—not the effect of familiarity, but the cause of it—which let you at once into his soul, and showed you the goodness of his nature; to this, there was something in his looks, and voice, and manner, superadded, which eternally beckoned to the unfortunate to come and take shelter under him, so that before my uncle Toby had half finished the kind offers he was making to the father, had the son insensibly pressed up close to his knees, and had taken hold of the breast of his coat, and was pulling it towards him. The blood and spirits of Le Fevre, which were waxing cold and slow within him, and were retreating to their last citadel, rallied back, the film forsook his eyes for a moment, he looked up wistfully in my uncle Toby's face, then cast a look upon his boy. Nature instantly ebbed again, the film returned to its place; the pulse fluttered—stopped—went on—throbbed—stopped again—moved—stopped, shall I go on? No.

All that is necessary to be added is as follows.—

That my uncle Toby, with young Le Fevre in his hand, attended the poor lieutenant, as chief mourners, to his grave.

When my uncle Toby had turned every thing into money, and settled all accounts betwixt the agent of the regiment and Le Fevre, and betwixt Le Fevre and all mankind, there remained nothing more in my uncle Toby's hands than an old regimental coat and a sword; so that my uncle Toby found little or no opposition from the world in taking administration. 'The coat my uncle Toby gave the Corporal. Wear it, Tim, said my uncle Toby, as long as it will hold together, for the sake of the poor lieutenant. And this, said my uncle Toby, taking up the sword in his hand, and drawing it out of the scabbard as he spoke; and this, Le Fevre, I'll save for thee; 'tis all the fortune, continued

my uncle Toby, hanging it up upon a crook and pointing to it, 'tis all the fortune, my dear Le Fevre, which God has left thee, but if he has given thee a heart to fight thy way with it into the world, and thou dost it like a man of honour, 'tis enough for us

As soon as my uncle Toby had laid a foundation, he sent him to a public school, where, excepting Whitsuntide and Christmas, at which times the Corporal was punctually despatched for him, he remained to the spring of the year seventeen; when the stories of the Emperor's sending his army into Hungary against the Turks kindling a spark of fire in his bosom, he left his Greek and Latin without leave, and throwing himself upon his knees before my uncle Toby, begged his father's sword and my uncle Toby's leave along with it, to go and try his fortune under Eugene. Twice did my uncle Toby forget his wound, and cry out, Le Fevre! I will go with thee, and thou shalt fight beside me. And twice he laid his hand upon his side, and hung down his head in sorrow and disconsolation

My uncle Toby took down the sword from the crook where it had hung untouched ever since the lieutenant's death, and delivered it to the corporal to brighten up; and having detained Le Fevre a single fortnight to equip him, and contract for his passage to Leghorn, he put the sword into his hand. If thou art brave, Le Fevre, said my uncle Toby, this will not fail thee; but Fortune, said he, musing a little, Fortune may And if she does, added my uncle Toby, embracing him, come back again to me, Le Fevre, and we will shape thee another course

The greatest injury could not have oppressed the heart of Le Fevre more than my uncle Toby's paternal kindness. He parted from my uncle Toby as the best of sons from the best of fathers; both dropped tears, and as my uncle Toby gave him his last kiss, he slipped sixty guineas, tied up in an old purse of his father's, in which was his mother's ring, into his hand, and bid God bless him

II.—REYNO AND ALPIN.

Reyno.—The wind and rain are over Calm is the noon of day. The clouds are divided in heaven Over the green hill flies the inconstant sun Red, through the stony vale, comes down the stream of the hill. Sweet are thy murmurs, O stream! but more sweet is the voice I hear It is the voice of Alpin, the son of song, mourning for the dead Bent is his head of age, and red his tearful eye Alpin thou son of song, why alone on the silent hill? Why complainest thou as a blast in the wood, as a wave on the lonely shore?

Alpin.—My tears, O Reyno! are for the dead, my voice for the inhabitants of the grave. Tall thou art on the hill, fair among the sons of the plain. But thou shalt fall like Morar; and the mourner shall sit on thy tomb The hills shall know thee no more. Thy bow shall lie in the hall unstrung. Thou wert swift, O Morar! as a roe on the hill, terrible as a meteor of fire Thy wrath was as the storm—thy sword, in battle, as lightning in the field. Thy voice was like a stream after rain, like thunder on distant hills Many fell by thy arm; they were consumed in the flames of thy wrath. But when thou didst return from war, how peaceful was thy brow! Thy face was like the sun after rain, like the moon in the silence of night, calm as the breast of the lake, when the loud wind is hushed into repose Narrow is thy dwelling now; dark the place of thine abode. With three steps I compass thy grave, O thou who wast so great before! Four stones, with their heads of moss, are the only memorial of thee A tree, with scarce a leaf—long grass whistling in the wind—mark to the hunter's eye the grave of the mighty Morar. Morar, thou art low indeed! thou hast no mother to mourn thee; no maid with her tears of love; dead is she that brought thee forth; fallen is the daughter of Morglan! Who, on his staff, is this? who this, whose head is white with age, whose eyes are galled with

tears, who quakes at every step? It is thy father, O Morar! the father of no son but thee. Weep, thou father of Morar! weep; but thy son heareth thee not. Deep is the sleep of the dead, low their pillow of dust. No more shall he hear thy voice, no more awake at thy call. When shall it be morn in the grave, to bid the slumberer awake? Farewell! thou bravest of men! thou conqueror in the field; but the field shall see thee no more; nor the gloomy wood be lightened with the splendour of thy steel. Thou hast left no son; but the song shall preserve thy name.

III.—THE BEGGAR'S PETITION

PITY the sorrows of a poor old man,
Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door,
Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span,
Oh, give relief! and Heav'n will bless your store.

These tatter'd clothes my poverty bespeak,
These hoary locks proclaim my lengthen'd years,
And many a furrow in my grief-worn cheek
Has been the channel to a flood of tears.

Yon house, erected on the rising ground,
With tempting aspect drew me from my road;
For Plenty there a residence has found,
And Grandeur a magnificent abode.

Hard is the fate of the infirm and poor!
Here as I crav'd a morsel of their bread,
A pamper'd menial drove me from the door,
To seek a shelter in an humbler shed.

Oh! take me to your hospitable dome!
Keen blows the wind, and piercing is the cold!
Short is my passage to the friendly tomb,
For I am poor and miserably old

Should I reveal the sources of my grief,
If soft humanity e'er touch'd your breast,
Your hands would not withhold the kind relief,
And tears of pity would not be repress'd
Heav'n sends misfortunes, why should we repine ?
'Tis Heav'n has brought me to the state you see,
And your condition may be soon like mine,
The child of sorrow and of misery
A little farm was my paternal lot,
Then, like the lark, I sprightly hail'd the morn ;
But ah ! oppression forc'd me from my cot,
My cattle died, and blighted was my corn
My daughter, once the comfort of my age,
Lur'd by a villain from her native home,
Is cast abandon'd on the world's wide stage,
And doom'd in scanty poverty to roam
My tender wife, sweet soother of my care !
Struck with sad anguish at the stern decree,
Fell, ling'ring fell, a victim to despair,
And left the world to wretchedness and me
Pity the sorrows of a poor old man,
Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door,
Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span,
Oh ! give relief ! and Heav'n will bless your store.

IV —THE GRAVE OF ANNA.

I wish I was where Anna lies,
For I am sick of ling'ring here ;
And ev'ry hour affection cries,
Go and partake her humble bier.
I wish I could ! For when she died,
I lost my all ; and life has proved
Since that sad hour a dreary void—
A waste unlovely and unloved.

But who, when I am turned to clay,
Shall duly to her grave repair,
And pluck the ragged moss away,
And weeds that have "no business there?"
And who with pious hands shall bring
The flowers she cherished, snowdrops cold,
And violets that unheeded spring,
To scatter o'er her hallowed mould?
And who, while memory loves to dwell
Upon her name for ever dear,
Shall feel his heart with passion swell,
And pour the bitter, bitter tear?
I did it; and would fate allow,
Should visit still, should still deplore—
But health and strength have left me now
And I, alas! can weep no more.
Take then, sweet maid! this simple strain,
The last I offer at thy shrine,
Thy grave must then undecked remain,
And all thy memory fade with mine.
And can thy soft persuasive look,
Thy voice that might with music vie,
Thy air that every gazer took,
Thy matchless eloquence of eye;
Thy spirits frolicsome as good,
Thy courage by no ills dismayed,
Thy patience by no wrongs subdued,
Thy gay good-humour, can they fade?

V.—HOPE BEYOND THE GRAVE

Tis night, and the landscape is lovely no more:
I mourn; but, ye woodlands, I mourn not for you;
For morn is approaching, your charms to restore,
Perfum'd with fresh fragrance, and glitt'ring with dew.

Nor yet for the ravage of winter I mourn ;
Kind nature the embryo blossom will save ;
But when shall spring visit the mouldering urn !
Oh, when shall day dawn on the night of the grave !
'Twas thus by the glare of false science betray'd,
That leads, to bewilder, and dazzles, to blind ;
My thoughts wont to roam, from shade onward to shade,
Destruction before me, and sorrow behind.
Oh, pity, great Father of light, then I cried,
Thy creature who fain would not wander from thee !
Lo, humbled in dust, I relinquish my pride.
From doubt and from darkness thou only canst free
And darkness and doubt are now flying away ;
No longer I roam in conjecture forlorn :
So breaks on the traveller, faint and astray,
The bright and the balmy effulgence of morn
See Truth, Love, and Mercy, in triumph descending.
And nature all glowing in Eden's first bloom !
On the cold cheek of Death smiles and roses are blending,
And Beauty immortal awakes from the tomb.

VI.—ON THE MISERIES OF HUMAN LIFE.

Ah ! little think the gay licentious proud,
Whom pleasure, pow'r, and affluence surround ;
They, who their thoughtless hours in giddy mirth,
And wanton, often cruel, riot waste ;
Ah ! little think they, while they dance along,
How many feel, this very moment, death,
And all the sad variety of pain :
How many sink in the devouring flood,
Or more devouring flame. How many bleed,
By shameful variance betwixt man and man.
How many pine in want, and dungeon glooms,
Shut from the common air, and common use

Of their own limbs. How many drink the cup
 Of baleful grief, or eat the bitter bread
 Of misery. Sore pierc'd by wintry winds,
 How many shrink into the sordid hut
 Of cheerless poverty How many shake
 With all the fiercer tortures of the mind,
 Unbounded passion madness, guilt, remorse;
 Whence, tumbling headlong from the height of life,
 They furnish matter for the tragic Muse
 Ev'n in the vale, where Wisdom loves to dwell,
 With Friendship, Peace, and Contemplation join'd,
 How many rack'd with honest passions droop
 In deep retir'd distress How many stand
 Around the deathbed of their dearest friends,
 And point the parting anguish. Thought fond man
 Of these, and all the thousand nameless ills,
 That one incessant struggle render life,
 One scene of toil, of suffering, and of fate,
 Vice in his high career would stand appall'd,
 And heedless rambling Impulse learn to think,
 The conscious heart of Charity would warm,
 And her wide wish Benevolence dilate,
 The social tear would rise, the social sigh,
 And into clear perfection, gradual bliss,
 Refining still, the social passions work.

VII — ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF AN UNFORTUNATE MAN.

WHAT beck'ning ghost along the moonlight shade
 Invites my steps, and points to yonder glade?
 'Tis she! but why that bleeding bosom gor'd?
 Why dimly gleams the visionary sword?

But thou, false guardian of a charge too good,
 Thou, mean deserter of thy brother's blood!
 See on those ruby lips the trembling breath,
 Those cheeks now fading at the blast of death:

Cold is that breast which warm'd the world before,
And those love-darting eyes must roll no more.
Thus, if Eternal Justice rules the ball,
Thus shall your wives, and thus your children fall
On all the line a sudden vengeance waits,
And frequent hoarses shall besiege your gates
There passengers shall stand, and pointing say,
(While the long fun'rals blacken all the way,)
Lo! these were they, whose souls the Furies steel'd,
And curs'd with hearts unknowing how to yield
Thus unlamented pass the proud away, '
The gaze of fools, and pageant of a day!
So perish all, whose breasts ne'er learn'd to glow
For others' good, or melt at others' woe.
What can atone (oh, ever-injur'd shade!)
Thy fate unpitied, and thy rites unpaid?
No friend's complaint, no kind domestic tear,
Pleas'd thy pale ghost, or grac'd thy mournful bier
By foreign hands thy dying eyes were clos'd,
By foreign hands thy decent limbs compos'd,
By foreign hands thy humble grave adorn'd,
By strangers honour'd, and by strangers mourn'd!
What though no fiends in sable weeds appear,
Grieve for an hour, perhaps, then mourn a year,
And bear about the mockery of woe
To midnight dances, and the public show?
What though no weeping Loves thy ashes grace,
Nor polish'd marble emulate thy face?
What though no sacred earth allow thee room,
Nor hallow'd dirge be mutter'd o'er thy tomb?
Yet shall thy grave with rising flow'rs be dress'd,
And the green turf lie lightly on thy breast
There shall the morn her earliest tears bestow,
There the first roses of the year shall blow:
While angels with their silver wings o'ershade
The ground, now sacred by thy relics made.

So peaceful rests, without a stone, a name,
 What once had beauty, titles, wealth, and fame.
 How lov'd, how honour'd once, avails thee not,
 To whom related, or by whom begot;
 A heap of dust alone remains of thee,
 'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be!

Poets themselves must fall like those they sung,
 Deaf the prais'd ear, and mute the tuneful tongue
 Ev'n he, whose soul now melts in mournful lays,
 Shall shortly want the gen'rous tear he pays,
 Then from his closing eyes thy form shall part,
 And the last pang shall tear thee from his heart;
 Life's idle business at one gasp be o'er,
 The Muse forgot, and thou belov'd no more!

VIII — WOLSEY AND CROMWELL

Wol.—Farewell, a long farewell to all my greatness!
 This is the state of man: to-day he puts forth
 The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms,
 And bears his blushing honours thick upon him;
 The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,
 And when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
 His greatness is a ripening, nips his shoot;
 And then he falls, as I do. I have ventur'd,
 Like little wanton boys, that swim on bladders,
 These many summers in a sea of glory;
 But far beyond my depth. my high-blown pride
 At length broke under me; and now has left me,
 Weary and old with service, to the mercy
 Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me
 Vain pomp and glory of the world, I hate ye!
 I feel my heart new-open'd. Oh, how wretched
 Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours!
 There is, betwixt that smile he would aspire to,
 That sweet aspect of princes, and his ruin,

More pangs and fears than war or women have ;
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.— [*Enter Cromwell.*]
Why, how now, Cromwell ?

Crom — I have no power to speak, sir.

Wol. — What, amaz'd

At my misfortunes ? Can thy spirit wonder
A great man should decline ?

Crom — How does your Grace ?

Wol — Why, well ;

Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell.
I know myself now, and I feel within me
A peace above all earthly dignities ;
A still and quiet conscience. The King has cur'd me,
I humbly thank his Grace, and, from these shoulders,
These ruin'd pillars, out of pity taken
A load would sink a navy, too much honour
Oh, 'tis a burden, Cromwell, 'tis a burden
Too heavy for a man that hopes for heav'n !
Go get thee from me, Cromwell,
I am a poor fall'n man, unworthy now
To be thy lord and master Seek the King.
(That sun I pray may never set,) I've told him
What, and how true thou art ; he will advance thee ;
Some little memory of me will stir him
(I know his noble nature) not to let
Thy hopeful service perish too. Good Cromwell,
Neglect him not ; make use now and provide
For thine own future safety.

Crom — O my Lord !

Must I then leave you ? Must I needs forego
So good, so noble, and so true a master ?
Bear witness all that have not hearts of iron,
With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord.
The King shall have my service, but my pray'rs
For ever, and for ever, shall be yours.

Wol.—Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
 In all my miseries, but thou hast forced me,
 Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman—
 Let's dry our eyes ; and thus far hear me, Cromwell,
 And when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
 And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
 Of me must more be heard, say then I taught thee ,
 Say Wolsey, that once rode the waves of glory,
 And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour,
 Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in ;
 A sure and safe one, though thy master missed it
 Mark but my fall, and that which ruined me
 Cromwell, I charge thee fling away ambition ,
 By that sin fell the angels , how can man then
 (Though th' image of his Maker) hope to win by 't ?
 Love thyself last ; cherish those hearts that hate thee ,
 Corruption wins not more than honesty.
 Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
 To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not
 Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
 Thy God's and Truth's, then if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,
 Thou fall'st a blessed martyr !
 Lead me in, and take an inventory of all I have,
 To the last penny, 'tis the King's. My robe,
 And my integrity to Heav'n, are all
 I dare now call my own. O Cromwell, Cromwell,
 Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal
 I serv'd my King, he would not in mine age
 Have left me naked to mine enemies !

IX —ON THE DEATH OF HENRY KIRKE WHITE

UNHAPPY White ! while life was in its spring,
 And thy young muse just wav'd her joyous wing,
 The spoiler swept that soaring lyre away,
 Which else had sounded an immortal lay.

Oh! what a noble heart was here undone,
When Science self destroy'd her favourite son!
Yes, she too much indulg'd thy fond pursuit,
She sowed the seeds, but Death has reap'd the fruit.
'Twas thine own genius gave the final blow,
And help'd to plant the wound that laid thee low.
So the struck eagle, stretch'd upon the plain,
No more through rolling clouds to soar again,
View'd his own feather on the fatal dart,
And wing'd the shaft that quiver'd in his heart:
Keen were his pangs, but keener far to feel
He nursed the pinion which impell'd the steel;
While the same plumage that had warmed his nest
Drank the last life-drop of his bleeding breast.

X — UNHAPPY CLOSE OF LIFE.

How shocking must thy summons be, O Death!
To him that is at ease in his possessions;
Who counting on long years of pleasure here,
Is quite unfurnish'd for the world to come!
In that dread moment, how the frantic soul
Raves round the walls of her clay tenement;
Runs to each avenue, and shrieks for help;
But shrieks in vain! How wishfully she looks
On all she's leaving, now no longer heirs!
A little longer; yet a little longer;
Oh, might she stay to wash away her stains;
And fit her for her passage! Mournful sight!
Her very eyes weep blood; and ev'ry groan
She heaves is big with horror. But the foe,
Like a staunch murd'rer, steady to his purpose,
Pursues her close through ev'ry lane of life;
Nor misses once the track; but presses on,
Till forc'd at last to the tremendous verge,
At once she sinks to everlasting ruin.

HUMOROUS, SATIRICAL, AND COMIC PIECES

I.—ON FEMALE ORATORY.

We are told by some ancient authors, that Socrates was instructed in eloquence by a woman, whose name, if I am not mistaken, was Aspasia. I have indeed very often looked upon that art as the most proper for the female sex; and I think the universities would do well to consider whether they should not fill the rhetoric chairs with she-professors.

It has been said in the praise of some men that they could talk whole hours together upon any thing, but it must be owned, to the honour of the other sex, that there are many among them who can talk whole hours together upon nothing. I have known a woman branch out into a long extempore dissertation upon the edging of a petticoat, and chide her servant for breaking a china cup, in all the figures of rhetoric.

Were women admitted to plead in courts of judicature, I am persuaded they would carry the eloquence of the bar to greater heights than it has yet arrived at. If any one doubts this, let him but be present at those debates which frequently arise among the ladies of the British fishery.¹

The first kind, therefore of female orators which I shall take notice of, are those who are employed in stirring up the passions, a part of rhetoric in which Socrates's wife had perhaps made a greater proficiency than his above-mentioned teacher.

The second kind of female orators are those who deal in invectives, and who are commonly known by the name of the Censorious. The imagination and elocution of this set of rhetoricians is wonderful. With what a fluency of invention, and copiousness of expression, will they enlarge upon every little slip in the behaviour of another! With how many different circumstances, and with what variety of

¹ The writer means the Fishwomen of Billingsgate.

phrases, will they tell over the same story! I have known an old lady make an unhappy marriage the subject of a month's conversation. She blamed the bride in one place, pitied her in another, laughed at her in a third, wondered at her in a fourth, was angry with her in a fifth; and, in short, wore out a pair of coach-horses in expressing her concern for her. At length, after having quite exhausted the subject on this side, she made a visit to the new-married pair, praised the wife for the prudent choice she had made, told her the unreasonable reflections which some malicious people had cast upon her, and desired that they might be better acquainted. The censure and approbation of this kind of women are therefore only to be considered as helps to discourse.

A third kind of female orators may be comprehended under the word Gossips. Mrs Fiddle-Faddle is perfectly accomplished in this sort of eloquence; she launches out into descriptions of christenings, runs divisions upon a head-dress, knows every dish of meat that is served up in her neighbourhood, and entertains her company a whole afternoon together with the wit of her little boy, before he is able to speak.

The Coquette may be looked upon as a fourth kind of female orator. To give herself the larger field for discourse, she hates and loves in the same breath, talks to her lap-dog or parrot, is uneasy in all kinds of weather, and in every part of the room; she has false quarrels and feigned obligations to all the men of her acquaintance: sighs when she is not sad, and laughs when she is not merry. The Coquette is in particular a great mistress of that part of oratory which is called action; and indeed seems to speak for no other purpose but as it gives her an opportunity of stirring a limb, or varying a feature, of glancing her eyes, or playing with her fan.

As for newsmongers, politicians, mimics, storytellers, with other characters of that nature, which give birth to loquacity,

they are as commonly found among the men as the women, for which reason I shall pass them over in silence.

I have often been puzzled to assign a cause why women should have this talent of a ready utterance in so much greater perfection than men. I have sometimes fancied that they have not a retentive power, or the faculty of suppressing their thoughts as men have; but that they are necessitated to speak every thing they think; and if so, it would perhaps furnish a very strong argument to the Cartesians for the supporting of their doctrine, that the soul always thinks. But as several are of opinion, that the fair sex are not altogether strangers to the art of dissembling and concealing their thoughts, I have been forced to relinquish that opinion, and have therefore endeavoured to seek after some better reason. In order to do it, a friend of mine, who is an excellent anatomist, has promised me, by the first opportunity, to dissect a woman's tongue, and to examine whether there may not be in it certain juices which render it so wonderfully voluble or suppliant, or whether the fibres may not be made up of a finer or more pliant thread, or whether there are not in it some particular muscles which dart it up and down by such sudden glances and vibrations, or whether, in the last place, there may not be some certain undiscovered channels running from the head and the heart to this little instrument of loquacity, and conveying into it a perpetual affluency of animal spirits. Nor must I omit the reason which Hudibras has given, why those who can talk on trifles speak with the greatest fluency; namely, that the tongue is like a race-horse, which runs the faster the less weight it carries.

Which of these reasons soever may be looked upon as the most probable, I think the Irishman's thought was very natural, who after some hours' conversation with a female orator, told her, that he believed her tongue was very glad when she was asleep, for that it had not a moment's rest all the while she was awake.

That excellent old ballad of the Wife of Bath has the following remarkable lines —

I think, quoth Thomas, women's tongues
Of aspen leaves are made

And Ovid, though in the description of a very barbarous circumstance, tells us, that when the tongue of a beautiful female was cut out, and thrown upon the ground, it could not forbear muttering even in that posture.

If a tongue could be talking without a mouth, what could it have done when it had all its organs of speech, and accomplices of sound about it? I might here mention the story of the pippin-woman, had I not some reason to look upon it as fabulous.

I must confess I am so wonderfully charmed with the music of this little instrument, that I would by no means discourage it. All that I aim at by this dissertation is, to cure it of several disagreeable notes, and in particular of those little jarrings and dissonances which arise from anger, censoriousness, gossiping, and coquetry. In short, I would always have it tuned by good-nature, truth, discretion, and sincerity.

II — AWKWARDNESS IN COMPANY.

WHEN an awkward fellow first comes into a room, he attempts to bow; and his sword, if he wears one, gets between his legs, and nearly throws him down. Confused and ashamed, he stumbles to the upper end of the room, and seats himself in the very place where he should not. He there begins playing with his hat, which he presently drops; and, recovering his hat, he lets fall his cane; and, in picking up his cane, down goes his hat again. Thus 'tis a considerable time before he is adjusted.

When his tea or coffee is handed to him, he spreads his handkerchief upon his knees, scalds his mouth, drops either the cup or saucer, and spills the tea or coffee in his lap. At

dinner, he seats himself upon the edge of the chair, at so great a distance from the table, that he frequently drops his meat between his plate and his mouth; he holds his knife, fork, and spoon, differently from other people, eats with his knife, to the manifest danger of his mouth, and picks his teeth with his fork.

If he is to carve, he cannot hit the joint; but, in labouring to cut through the bone, splashes the sauce over everybody's clothes. He generally daubs himself all over, his elbows are in the next person's plate, and he is up to the knuckles in soup and grease. If he drinks, 'tis with his mouth full, interrupting the whole company with, "To your good health, sir," and "My service to you" perhaps coughs in his glass, and bespinkles the whole table.

He addresses the company by improper titles, as, sir for my lord; mistakes one name for another; and tells you of Mr. What-d'ye-call-him, or You-know-who, Mrs. Thungum, What's-her-name, or How-d'ye-call-her. He begins a story, but not being able to finish it, breaks off in the middle, with—"I've forgot the rest."

III.—RECEIPT TO MAKE AN EPIC POEM.

For the *fable*. Take out of any old poem, history-book, romance, or legend, (for instance, "Geoffry of Monmouth," or "Don Belianis of Greece,") those parts of the story which afford most scope for *long descriptions*. Put these pieces together, and throw all the adventures into *one tale*. Then take a *hero*, whom you may choose for the sound of his *name*, and put him into the *midst* of these *adventures*. There let him work for *twelve books*; at the end of which you may take him out ready to *conquer*, or to *marry*: it being necessary, that the conclusion of an epic poem be *fortunate*.

For the *machines*. Take of *deities, male and female*, as many as you can use. Separate them into two *equal parts*, and keep *Jupiter* in the *middle*. Let *Juno* put him in a

ferment, and *Venus mollify* him. Remember on all occasions to make use of *volatile Mercury*. If you have need of *devils*, draw them from Milton; and extract your *spirits* from Tasso. When you cannot extricate your *hero* by any *human means*, or *yourself* by your *uits*, seek relief from the *skies*, and the *gods* will help you out of the scrape *immediately*. This is according to the direct *prescription* of Horace, in his "Art of Poetry."

Nec deus intersit, nisi dignus vindice nodus
Inciderit

That is to say, a poet has no occasion to be at a loss, when the gods are always ready at a call.

For the descriptions, as a *tempest*, for instance. Take *Eurus*, *Zephyrus*, *Auster*, and *Boreas*, and cast them together in *one verse*. Add to these, of *rain*, *lightning*, and *thunder* (the *loudest* you can get) *quantum sufficit*. Mix your clouds and billows, till they *foam*, and *thicken* your description here and there with a *quicksand*. Brew your tempest well in your *head*, before you set it a blowing.

For a *battle*. Pick half a dozen *large handfuls* of images of your *lion*, *bear*, and other *quarrelsome animals*, from Homer's "*Iliad*," with a spice or two from Virgil. If there remain an *overplus*, lay them by for a *skirmish* in an odd *episode*, or so. Season it well with *smiles*, and it will make an *excellent battle*.

For a *burning town*, if you choose to have one, old *Troy* is ready *burned* to your *hands*.

IV — ON PEDANTRY

PEDANTRY, in the common sense of the word, means an absurd ostentation of learning, and stiffness of phraseology, proceeding from a misguided knowledge of books, and a total ignorance of men.

But I have often thought, that we might extend its signification a good deal farther; and, in general, apply it to

that failing, which disposes a person to obtrude upon others subjects of conversation relating to his own business, studies, or amusements.

In this sense of the phrase, we should find pedants in every character and condition of life. Instead of a black coat and plain shirt, we should often see pedantry appear in an embroidered suit and Brussels lace; instead of being bedaubed with snuff, we should find it breathing perfumes; and, in place of a book-worm, crawling through the gloomy cloisters of an university, we should mark it in the state of a gilded butterfly, buzzing through the gay region of the drawing-room.

Robert Dausy, Esq., is a pedant of this last kind. When he tells you that his ruffles cost twenty guineas a pair, that his buttons were the last of the kind, made by one of the most eminent artists in Birmingham, that his buckles were procured by means of a friend at Paris, and are the exact pattern of those worn by the Comte d'Artois, that the loop of his hat was of his own contrivance, and has set the fashion to half a dozen of the finest fellows in town, when he descants on all these particulars, with that smile of self-complacency which sits for ever on his cheek, he is as much a pedant as his quondam tutor, who recites verses from Pindar, tells stories out of Herodotus, and talks for an hour on the energy of the Greek particles.

But Mr. Dausy is struck dumb by the approach of his brother, Sir Thomas, whose pedantry goes a pitch higher, and pours out all the intelligence of France and Italy, whence the young baronet is just returned, after a tour of fifteen months over all the kingdoms of the continent. Talk of music, he cuts you short with the history of the first singer at Naples; of painting, he runs you down with a description of the gallery at Florence, of architecture, he overwhelms you with the dimensions of St Peter's or the great church at Antwerp, or, if you leave the province of art altogether, and introduce the name of a river or hill, he instantly deluges

you with the Rhine, or makes you dizzy with the height of *Ætna* or *Mont Blanc*.

Miss will have no difficulty of owning her great aunt to be a pedant, when she talks all the time of dinner on the composition of the pudding, or the seasoning of the mince-pies; or enters into a disquisition on the figure of the damask tablecloth, with a word or two on the thrift of making one's own linen but the young lady will be surprised when I inform her, that her own history of last Thursday's assembly, with the episode of Lady Di's feather, and the digression to the qualities of *Mr Frizzle*, the hair-dresser, was also a piece of downright pedantry.

Mrs Caudle is guilty of the same weakness, when she recounts the numberless witticisms of her daughter *Emmy*, describes the droll figure her little *Bill* made yesterday at trying on his first pair of breeches, and informs us that *Bobby* has got seven teeth, and is just cutting an eighth, though he will be but nine months old next Wednesday, at six o'clock in the evening. Nor is her pedantry less disgusting, when she proceeds to enumerate the virtues and good qualities of her husband, though this last species is so uncommon, that it may, perhaps, be admitted into conversation for the sake of novelty.

There is pedantry in every disquisition, however masterly it may be, that stops the general conversation of the company When *Silius* delivers that sort of lecture he is apt to get into, though it is supported by the most extensive information and the clearest discernment, it is still pedantry, and, while I admire the talents of *Silius*, I cannot help being uneasy at his exhibition of them In the course of this dissertation, the farther a man proceeds, the more he seems to acquire strength and inclination for the progress Last night, after supper, *Silius* began upon Protestantism, proceeded to the Irish rebellion, went through the Revolution, drew the character of King *William*, repeated anecdotes of *Schomberg*, and ended at a quarter past twelve, by delineat-

ing the course of the Boyne, in half a bumper of port, upon my best table; which river, happening to overflow its banks, did infinite damage to my cousin Sophy's white satin petticoat

In short, every thing, in this sense of the word, is pedantry which tends to destroy that equality of conversation which is necessary to the perfect ease and good-humour of the company. Every one would be struck with the unpoliteness of that person's behaviour, who should help himself to a whole plate of peas or strawberries which some friend had sent him for a rarity in the beginning of the season. Now, conversation is one of those good things of which our guests or companions are equally entitled to a share, as of any other constituent part of the entertainment, and it is as essential a want of politeness to engross the one as to monopolize the other.

Besides, it unfortunately happens, that we are very inadequate judges of the value of our own discourse, or the rate at which the dispositions of our company will incline them to hold it. The reflections we make, and the stories we tell, are to be judged of by others, who may hold a very different opinion of their acuteness or their humour. It will be prudent therefore to consider, that the dish we bring to this entertainment, however pleasing to our own taste, may prove but moderately palatable to those we mean to treat with it, and that to every man, as well as ourselves (except a few very humble ones), his own conversation is the *plate of peas or strawberries*.

V —ON HUMAN GRANDEUR.

AN alehouse-keeper, near Islington, who had long lived at the sign of the French King, upon the commencement of the last war, pulled down his old sign, and put up that of the Queen of Hungary. Under the influence of her red face and golden sceptre he continued to sell ale, till she was no

longer the favourite of his customers; he changed her therefore, some time ago, for the King of Prussia, who may probably be changed, in turn, for the next great man that shall be set up for vulgar admiration.

In this manner the great are dealt out, one after the other, to the gazing crowd. When we have sufficiently wondered at one of them, he is taken in, and another exhibited in his room, who seldom holds his station long; for the mob are ever pleased with variety.

I must own, I have such an indifferent opinion of the vulgar, that I am ever led to suspect that merit which raises then shout; at least I am certain to find those great, and sometimes good men, who find satisfaction in such acclamations, made worse by it, and history has too frequently taught me, that the head which has grown this day giddy with the roar of the million, has, the very next, been fixed upon a pole.

There is scarce a village in Europe, and not one university, that is not furnished with its little great men. The head of a petty corporation, who opposes the designs of a prince, who would tyrannically force his subjects to save their best clothes for Sundays; the puny pedant, who finds one undiscovered quality in the polypus, or describes an unheeded process in the skeleton of a mole, and whose mind, like his microscope, perceives nature only in detail, the rhymster, who makes smooth verses, and paints to our imagination when he should only speak to our hearts; all equally fancy themselves walking forward to immortality, and desire the crowd behind them to look on. The crowd takes them at their word. Patriot, philosopher, and poet are shouted in their train. "Where was there ever so much merit seen? no times so important as our own! Ages yet unborn shall gaze with wonder and applause!" To such music the important pigmy moves forward, bustling and swelling, and aptly compared to a puddle in a storm.

I have lived to see great patriots, who once had crowds

hallooing after them wherever they went, who were be-
praised by the newspapers—those echoes of the voice of the
vulgar,—and yet they have long sunk into merited obscurity,
with scarce even an epitaph left to flatter. A few years
ago the herring-fishery employed all Grub-street; it was
the topic in every coffee-house, and the burden of every
ballad. We were to drag up oceans of gold from the bottom
of the sea; we were to supply all Europe with herrings upon
our own terms. At present we hear no more of all this.
We have fished up very little gold that I can learn; nor do
we furnish the world with herrings as was expected. Let us
wait but a few years longer, and we shall find all our expec-
tations—a herring-fishery.

VI —LADY LILLYCRAFT'S RETINUE

In the first place, her ladyship has a pampered coachman,
with a red face, and checks that hang down like dew-laps.
He evidently domineers over her a little, with respect to the
fat horses; and only dives out when he thinks proper, and
when he thinks it will be “good for the cattle.”

She has a favourite page to attend upon her person—a
handsome boy of about twelve years of age, but a mis-
chievous valet, very much spoiled, and in a fair way to be
a good-for-nothing.

He is dressed in green, with a profusion of gold cord and
gilt buttons about his clothes. She always has one or two
attendants of the kind, who are replaced by others as soon
as they grow to fourteen years of age. She has brought
two dogs with her also, out of a number of pets which she
maintains at home. One is a fat spaniel, called Zephyr—
though heaven defend me from such a zephyr! He is fed out
of shape and comfort, his eyes are nearly strained out of his
head; he wheezes with corpulency, and cannot walk without
great difficulty. The other is a little, old, gray-muzzled
curmudgeon, with an unhappy eye, that kindles like a coal,

you only look at him ; his nose turns up , his mouth is rawn into wrinkles , so as to show his teeth , in short , he as altogether the look of a dog far gone in misanthropy , and totally sick of the world . When he walks , he has his tail curled up so tight , that it seems to lift his feet from the ground , and he seldom makes use of more than three legs at a time , keeping the other drawn up as a reserve . This last wretch is called Beauty !

These dogs are full of elegant ailments unknown to vulgar dogs ; and are petted and nursed by Lady Lillycraft with the tenderest kindness . They are pampered and fed with delicacies by their fellow minion , the page ; but their stomachs are often weak and out of order , so that they cannot eat , though I have now and then seen the page give them a mischievous pinch , or thwack over the head , when his mistress was not by . They have cushions for their express use , on which they lie before the fire , and yet are apt to shiver and moan , if there is the least draught of air . When any one enters the room , they make a most tyrannical barking that is absolutely deafening . They are insolent to all the other dogs of the establishment . There is a noble stag-hound , a great favourite of the squire's , who is a privileged visitor to the parlour ; but the moment he makes his appearance , these intruders fly at him with furious rage ; and I have admired the sovereign indifference and contempt with which he seems to look down upon his puny assailants . When her ladyship drives out , these dogs are generally carried with her to take the air ; when they look out of each window of the carriage , and bark at all vulgar pedestrian dogs . These dogs are a continual source of misery to the household ; as they are always in the way , they every now and then get their toes trod on , and then there is a yelping on their part , and a lamentation on the part of their mistress , that fills the room with clamour and confusion .

Lastly , there is her ladyship's waiting-woman , Mrs. Hannah , a prim , pragmatical old maiden , whose every word

and look smacks of verjuice. She is the very opposite to her mistress, for the one hates, and the other loves, all mankind. How they first came together I cannot imagine, but they have lived together for many years, and the abigail's temper being tart and encroaching, and her ladyship's easy and yielding the former has got the complete upper hand, and tyrannizes over the good lady in secret. Lady Lillycraft now and then complains of it, in great confidence, to her friends, but hushes up the subject immediately, if Mrs Hannah makes her appearance. Indeed, she has been so accustomed to be attended by her, that she thinks she could not do without her; and the one great study of her life is, to keep Mrs Hannah in good humour by little presents and kindnesses.

Master Simon has a most devout abhorrence, mingled with awe, for this ancient spinster. He told me the other day, in a whisper, that she was a cursed brimstone—in fact, he added another epithet, which I would not repeat for the world. I have remarked, however, that he is always extremely civil to her when they meet.

VII.—CONTEST BETWEEN THE EYES AND THE NOSE.

BETWEEN Nose and Eyes a strange contest arose,

The spectacles set them unhappily wrong;

The point in dispute was, as all the world knows,

To which the said spectacles ought to belong

So the Tongue was the lawyer, and argued the cause

With a great deal of skill, and a wig-full of learning,

While chief baron Ear sat to balance the laws,

So famed for his talent in nicely discerning

“In behalf of the Nose, it will quickly appear,

And your Lordship,” he said, “will undoubtedly find,

That the Nose has had spectacles always in wear,

Which amounts to possession time out of mind.”

Then, holding the spectacles up to the Court—

“Your Lordship observes they are made with a straddle,
As wide as the ridge of the Nose is ; in short.

Design'd to sit close to it, just like a saddle.

“Again, would your Lordship a moment suppose—

'Tis a case that has happen'd. and may be again—

That the visage or countenance had not a Nose,

Pray, who would, or who could wear spectacles then?

“On the whole, it appears, and my argument shows,

With a reasoning the Court will never condemn,

That the spectacles plainly were made for the Nose,

And the Nose was as plainly intended for them.”

Then shifting his side, as a lawyer knows how,

He pleaded again in behalf of the Eyes ;

But what were his arguments few people know.

For the Court did not think they were equally wise.

So his Lordship decreed, with a grave solemn tone,

Decisive and clear without one *if* or *but*,

That whenever the Nose put his Spectacles on—

By day-light or candle-light—Eyes should be shut.

VIII.—THE NEWCASTLE APOTHECARY.

A MAN in many a country town we know

Professing openly with Death to wrestle ;

Entering the field against the grimly foe,

Arm'd with a mortar and a pestle.

Yet some affirm, no enemies they are ;

But meet just like prize-fighters in a fair.

Who first shake hands before they box,

Then give each other plaguy knocks.

With all the love and kindness of a brother :

So (many a suffering patient saith)

Though the apothecary fights with Death,

Still they're sworn friends to one another.

A member of this Æsculapian line,
Lived at Newcastle-upon-Tyne
No man could better gild a pill ;
Or make a bill ;
Or mix a draught, or bleed, or blister ;
Or draw a tooth out of your head ,
Or chatter scandal by your bed ;
Or spread a plaster

His fame full six miles round the country ran,
In short, in reputation he was *solus* !
All the old women call'd him "a fine man !"
His name was Bolus
Benjamin Bolus, though in *trade*,
(Which oftentimes will genius fetter)
Read works of fancy, it is said,
And cultivated the *Belles-lettres*.

And why should this be thought so odd?
 Can't men have taste that cure a phthisic?
 Of poetry though patron god,
 Apollo patronizes physic
 Bolus loved verse; and took so much delight in't,
 That his prescriptions he resolved to write in't
 No opportunity he e'er let pass
 Of writing the directions on his labels,
 In dapper couplets—like *Gay's Fables*,
 Or rather like the lines in *Hudibras*.

Apothecary's verse !—and where's the treason ?
'Tis simple honest dealing ;—not a crime ;
When patients swallow physic without reason,
It is but fair to give a little rhyme
He had a patient lying at death's door,
Some three miles from the town—it might be four ;
To whom one evening Bolus sent an article—
In pharmacy, that's call'd cathartical.

And on the label of the stuff
He wrote this veise,
Which one should think was clear enough
And terse -

*" When taken,
To be well shaken."*

Next morning early, Bolus rose ;
And to the patient's house he goes
Upon his pad,
Who a vile trick of stumbling had :
It was indeed a very sorry hack ;
But that's of course
For what's expected from a horse,
With an apothecary on his back ?

Bolus arrived, and gave a doubtful tap,
Between a single and a double rap.

Knocks of this kind
Are given by gentlemen who teach to dance ;
By fiddlers, and by opera-singers .
One loud, and then a little one behind,
As if the knocker fell by chance
Out of their fingers.

The servant let him in with dismal face,
Long as a courtier's out of place—

Portending some disaster
John's countenance as rueful look'd and grim,
As if the apothecary had physic'd him,
And not his master.

" Well, how's the patient ?" Bolus said.

John shook his head.

" Indeed ?—hum !—ha !—that's very odd,
He took the draught ?"—John gave a nod.

" Well—how ?—What then ?—Speak out, you dunce !

" Why then," says John, " we *shook* him once."

"Shook him!—how?" Bolus stammer'd out

"We jolted him about"

"Zounds! shake a patient, man—a shake won't do"

"No, sir, and so we gave him two"

"Two shakes!—odds curse!"

"'Twould make the patient worse"

"It did so, sir—and so a third we tried."

"Well, and what then?"—"Then, sir, my master died!"

IX —LODGINGS FOR SINGLE GENTLEMEN

Who has e'er been in London, that overgrown place,
Has seen "Lodgings to Let" stare him full in the face
Some are good, and let dearly; while some, 'tis well known,
Are so dear, and so bad, they are best let alone.

Will Waddle, whose temper was studious and lonely,
Hired lodgings that took Single Gentlemen only;
But Will was so fat, he appear'd like a tun,
Or like two single gentlemen roll'd into one

He enter'd his rooms, and to bed he retreated;
But all the night long he felt fever'd and heated,
And, though heavy to weigh, as a score of fat sheep,
He was not, by any means, heavy to sleep

Next night 'twas the same! and the next! and the next!
He per-pired like an ox; he was nervous and vex'd
Week pass'd after week, till by weekly succession,
His weakly condition was past all expression

In six months his acquaintance began much to doubt him,
For his skin, "like a lady's loose gown," hung about him!
So he sent for a doctor, and cried, like a nunny,
"I have lost many pounds—make me well—there's a guinea!"

The doctor look'd wise—"A slow fever," he said;
Prescribed sudorifics—and going to bed
"Sudorifics in bed," exclaim'd Will, "are humbugs!"
I've enough of them there, without paying for drugs!"

Will kick'd out the doctor ; but, when ill indeed,
E'en dismissing the doctor don't *always* succeed ;
So, calling his host, he said—" Sir, do you know,
I'm the fat Single Gentleman, six months ago ?

" Look ye, landlord, I think," argued Will with a grin,
" That with honest intentions you first *took* me in
But from the first night—and to say it I'm bold—
I've been so very hot, that I'm sure I've caught cold !"

Quoth the landlord,—“ Till now, I ne'er had a dispute ;
I've let lodgings ten years,—I'm a baker to boot ;
In airing your sheets, sir, my wife is no sloven ,
And your bed is immediately—over my oven ”

" The oven !!!" says Will — Says the host, " Why this passion ?
In that excellent bed died three people of fashion !
Whv so crusty, good sir ?"—“ Zounds !” cried Will in a taking,
“ Who would not be *crusty*, with half a year's *baking* ?”

Will paid for his rooms —cried the host, with a sneer,
“ Well, I see you have been *going away* half a year.”
“ Friend, we can't well agree ; yet no quarrel,” Will said ;
“ But I'd rather not *perish*, while you make your *bread*.”

X.—ADDRESS TO THE MUMMY IN BEIZONI'S EXHIBITION.

AND thou hast walk'd about (how strange a story !)
In Thebes's streets three thousand years ago,
When the Memnonium was in all its glory,
And time had not begun to overthrow
Those temples, palaces, and piles stupendous,
Of which the very ruins are tremendous

Speak ! for thou long enough hast acted dummy,
Thou hast a tongue—come let us hear its tune ;
Thou'rt standing on thy legs, above ground, Mummy !
Revisiting the glimpses of the moon,

Not like thin ghosts or disembodied creatures
But with thy bones and flesh, and limbs and features.

Tell us—for doubtless thou canst recollect—

To whom should we assign the Sphinx's fame ?
Was Cheops or Cephrenes architect
Of either pyramid that bears his name ?
Is Pompey's pillar really a misnomer ?
Had Thebes a hundred gates, as sung by Homer ?

Perchance that very hand, now prison'd flat
Has hob-a-nobb'd with Pharaoh glass to glass ;
Or dropp'd a halfpenny in Homer's hat,
Or doff'd thine own to let Queen Dido pass,
Or held, by Solomon's own invitation,
A torch at the great Temple's dedication.

I need not ask thee if that hand, when arm'd,
Has any Roman soldier maul'd and knuckled,
For thou wert dead and buried and embalm'd,
Ere Romulus and Remus had been suckled.—
Antiquity appears to have begun
Long after thy primeval race was run

Since first thy form was in this box extended,
We have, above ground, seen some strange mutations ;
The Roman empire has begun and ended,
New worlds have risen—we have lost old nations,
And countless kings have into dust been humbled,
While not a fragment of thy flesh has crumbled

Didst thou not hear the pother o'er thy head,
When the great Persian conqueror, Cambyzes,
March'd armies o'er thy tomb with thundering tread,
O'erthrew Osiris, Orus, Apis, Isis,
And shook the Pyramids with fear and wonder,
When the gigantic Memnon fell asunder ?

If the tomb's secrets may not be confess'd,
The nature of thy private life unfold —
A heart has throb'd beneath that leathern breast,
And tears adown that dusty cheek have roll'd —
Have children clumb'd those knees and kiss'd that face,
What was thy name and station, age and race ?

Statue of flesh—immortal of the dead !
Imperishable type of evanescence !
Posthumous man, who quitt'st thy narrow bed,
And standest undecayed within our presence,
Thou wilt hear nothing till the judgment morning,
When the great trump shall thrill thee with its warning

Why should this worthless tegument endure,
If its undying guest be lost for ever ?
Oh ! let us keep the soul embalm'd and pure
In living virtue, that when both must sever,
Although corruption may our frame consume,
The immortal spirit in the skies may bloom.

XI —THE WELL OF ST KEYNE.

A WELL there is in the west country,
And a clearer one never was seen,
There is not a wife in the west country,
But has heard of the well of St. Keyne.

An oak and an elm tree stand beside,
And behind does an ash-tree grow ;
And a willow from the bank above,
Droops to the water below.

A traveller came to the well of St Keyne,
Joyfully he drew nigh ;
For from cock-crow he had been travelling,
And there was not a cloud in the sky.

He drank of the water so cool and clear,
For thirsty and hot was he ;
And he sat down upon the bank,
Under the willow-tree.

There came a man from the neighbouring town,
At the well to fill his pail,
On the well-side he rested it,
And he bade the stranger hail.

“Now, art thou a bachelor, stranger ?” quoth he ;
“For an if thou hast a wife,
The happiest draught thou hast drank this day,
That ever thou didst in thy life.

“Or has thy good woman, if one thou hast,
Ever here in Cornwall been ?
For an if she have, I’ll venture my life,
She has drank of the Well of St. Keyne ”

“I have left a good woman who never was here,”
The stranger he made reply ;
“But that my draught should be better for that,
I pray you answer me why.”

“St Keyne,” quoth the Cornishman, “many a time
Drank of this crystal well,
And before the angel summon’d her,
She laid on the water a spell

“If the husband of this gifted well
Shall drink before his wife,
A happy man henceforth is he,
For he shall be master for life.

“But if the wife should drink of it first,
God help the husband then ”
The stranger stoop’d to the well of St. Keyne,
And drank of the water again.

"You drank of the well, I warrant, betimes,"
He to the Cornishman said ;
But the Cornishman smiled as the stranger spake,
And sheepishly shook his head.

"I hasten'd as soon as the wedding was done,
And left my wife in the porch ;
But r' faith she had been wiser than I,
For she took a bottle to church."

XII.—THE MARCH OF INTELLECT.

OH ! learning's a very fine thing,
As also is wisdom and knowledge,
For a man is as great as a king,
If he has but the airs of a college.
And now-a-days all must admit,
In LEARNING we're wondrously favour'd,
For you scarce o'er your window can spit,
But some learned man is beslaver'd !

We'll all of us shortly be doom'd
To part with our plain understanding,
For INTELLECT now has assumed
An attitude truly commanding !
All ranks are so dreadfully wise,
Common sense is set quite at defiance,
And the child for its porridge that cries,
Must cry in the language of SCIENCE

The WEAVER it surely becomes,
To talk of his web's involution,
For doubtless the hero of thrums
Is a member of some institution ;
He speaks of supply and demand,
With the airs of a great legislator,
And almost can tell you off-hand,
That the smaller is less than the greater !

The BLACKSMITH 'midst cinders and smoke
Whose visage is one of the dimmest,
His furnace profoundly will poke,
With the air of a practical chemist,
Poor Vulcan has recently got
A lingo that's almost historic,
And can tell you that iron is hot,
Because it is fill'd with caloric !

The MASON, in book-learned tone,
Describes in the very best grammar
The resistance that dwells in the stone,
And the power that resides in the hammer ;
For the son of the trowel and hod
Looks as big as the frog in the fable,
While he talks in a jargon as odd
As his brethren, the builders of Babel !

The COBBLER who sits at your gate
Now pensively points his hog's bristle,
Though the very same cobbler of late
O'er his work used to sing and to whistle,
But cobbling's a paltry pursuit
For a man of polite education—
His works may be trod under foot,
Yet he's one of the lords of creation !

Oh ! learning's a very fine thing !
It almost is treason to doubt it—
Yet many of whom I could sing,
Perhaps might as well be without it !
And without it my days I will pass,
For to me it was ne'er worth a dollar,
And I don't wish to look like an ass
By trying to talk like a SCHOLAR !

SPECIMENS OF ANCIENT AND MODERN
ELOQUENCE

I — DEMOSTHENES AGAINST PHILIP.

WHEN I compare, Athenians, the speeches of some amongst us with their actions, I am at a loss to reconcile what I see with what I hear. Their protestations are full of zeal against the public enemy; but their measures are so inconsistent, that all their professions become suspected. By confounding you with a variety of projects, they perplex your resolutions, and lead you from executing what is in your power, by engaging you in schemes not reducible to practice.

'Tis true, there was a time, when we were powerful enough, not only to defend our own borders, and protect our allies, but even to invade Philip in his own dominions. Yes, Athenians, there was such a juncture; I remember it well. But, by neglect of proper opportunities, we are no longer in a situation to be invaders: it will be well for us, if we can provide for our own defence, and our allies. Never did any conjuncture require so much prudence as this. However, I should not despair of seasonable remedies, had I the art to prevail with you to be unanimous in right measures. The opportunities which have so often escaped us, have not been lost through ignorance or want of judgment, but through negligence or treachery. — If I assume, at this time, more than ordinary liberty of speech, I conjure you to suffer patiently those truths which have no other end but your own good. You have too many reasons to be sensible how much you have suffered by hearkening to sycophants. I shall, therefore, be plain in laying before you the grounds of past miscarriages, in order to correct you in your future conduct.

You may remember, it is not above three or four years since we had the news of Philip's laying siege to the fortress of Juno in Thrace. It was, as I think, in October we received this intelligence. We voted an immediate supply of threescore talents; forty men of war were ordered to sea;

and so zealous we were, that, preferring the necessities of state to our very laws, our citizens above the age of five and forty years were commanded to serve. What followed? A whole year was spent idly without any thing done; and it was but in the third month of the following year, a little after the celebration of the feast of Ceres, that Chamedemus set sail, furnished with no more than five talents, and ten galleys not half-manned!

A rumour was spread, that Philip was sick. That rumour was followed by another, that Philip was dead. And then, as if all danger died with him, you dropped your preparations; whereas, then, then was your time to push and be active; then was your time to secure yourselves, and confound him at once. Had your resolutions, taken with so much heat, been as warmly seconded by action, you had then been as terrible to Philip, as Philip, recovered, is now to you. "To what purpose at this time, these reflections? What is done cannot be undone"—But, by your leave, Athenians, though past moments are not to be recalled, past errors may be repeated. Have we not, now, a fresh provocation to war? Let the memory of oversights, by which you have suffered so much, instruct you to be more vigilant in the present danger. If the Olynthians are not instantly succoured, and with your utmost efforts, you become assistants to Philip, and serve him more effectually than he can help himself.

It is not, surely, necessary to warn you, that votes alone can be of no consequence. Had your resolutions, of themselves, the virtue to compass what you intend, we should not see them multiply every day, as they do, and upon every occasion, with so little effect; nor would Philip be in a condition to brave and affront us in this manner. Proceed, then, Athenians, to support your deliberations with vigour. You have heads capable of advising what is best, you have judgment and experience to discern what is right; and you have power and opportunity to execute what you determine. What time so proper for action? What occasion so happy?

And when can you hope for such another, if this be neglected? Has not Philip, contrary to all treaties, insulted you in Thrace? Does he not at this instant straiten and invade your confederates whom you have solemnly sworn to protect? Is he not an implacable enemy? a faithless ally? the usurper of provinces, to which he has no title or pretence? a stranger? a barbarian? a tyrant? and, indeed, what is he not?

Observe, I beseech you, men of Athens, how different your conduct appears, from the practices of your ancestors. They were friends to truth and plain dealing, and detested flattery and servile compliance. By unanimous consent, they continued arbiters of all Greece, for the space of forty-five years, without interruption a public fund, of no less than ten thousand talents, was ready for any emergency. they exercised over the kings of Macedon that authority which is due to barbarians, obtained, both by sea and land, in their own persons, frequent and signal victories; and by their noble exploits, transmitted to posterity an immortal memory of their virtue, superior to the reach of malice and detraction. It is to them we owe that great number of public edifices, by which the city of Athens exceeds all the rest of the world in beauty and magnificence. It is to them we owe so many stately temples, so richly embellished, but, above all, adorned with the spoils of vanquished enemies. But, visit their own private habitations; visit the houses of Aristides, Miltiades, or any other of those patriots of antiquity, you will find nothing, not the least mark or ornament, to distinguish them from their neighbours. They took part in the government, not to enrich themselves, but the public; they had no scheme or ambition, but for the public. nor knew any interest, but the public. It was by a close and steady application to the general good of their country, by an exemplary piety towards the immortal gods, by a strict faith and religious honesty, betwixt man and man, and a moderation always uniform and of a piece, they established that reputation which remains to this day, and will last to utmost posterity.

Such, O men of Athens ! were your ancestors : so glorious in the eye of the world ; so bountiful and munificent to their country ; so sparing, so modest, so self-denying to themselves. What resemblance can we find, in the present generation, of these great men ? At a time, when your ancient competitors have left you a clear stage, when the Lacedemonians are disabled, the Thebans employed in troubles of their own ; when no other state whatever is in a condition to rival or molest you ; in short, when you are at full liberty ; when you have the opportunity and the power to become, once more, the sole arbiters of Greece ; you permit, patiently, whole provinces to be wrested from you ; you lavish the public money in scandalous and obscure uses, you suffer your allies to perish in time of peace, whom you preserved in time of war ; and, to sum up all, you yourselves, by your mercenary court, and servile resignation to the will and pleasure of designing, insidious leaders, abet, encourage, and strengthen the most dangerous and formidable of your enemies. Yes, Athenians, I repeat it, you yourselves are the contrivers of your own ruin. Lives there a man who has confidence enough to deny it ? let him arise and assign, if he can, any other cause of the success and prosperity of Philip. "But," you reply, "what Athens may have lost in reputation abroad, she has gained in splendour at home. Was there ever a greater appearance of prosperity ; a greater face of plenty ? Is not the city enlarged ? Are not the streets better paved, houses repaired and beautified ?" Away with such trifles ! shall I be paid with counters ? An old square new ramped up ! a fountain ! an aqueduct ! Are these acquisitions to boast of ? Cast your eyes upon the magistrate, under whose ministry you boast these precious improvements. Behold the despicable creature raised, all at once, from dirt to opulence ; from the lowest obscurity to the highest honours. Have not some of these upstarts built private houses and seats vying with the most sumptuous of our public palaces ? And how have their

fortunes and their power increased, but as the Commonwealth has been ruined and impoverished !

To what are we to impute these disorders ; and to what cause assign the decay of a state so powerful and flourishing in past times ? The reason is plain The servant is now become the master. The magistrate was then subservient to the people ; punishments and rewards were properties of the people ; all honours, and dignities, and preferments, were disposed by the voice and favour of the people ; but the magistrate, now, has usurped the right of the people, and exercises an arbitrary authority over his ancient and natural lord You miserable people ! the meanwhile, without money, without friends, from being the ruler are become the servant ; from being the master, the dependent happy that these governors, into whose hands you have thus resigned your own power, are so good and so gracious as to continue your poor allowance to see plays

Believe me, Athenians, if, recovering from this lethargy, you would assume the ancient freedom and spirit of your fathers, if you would be your own soldiers and your own commanders, confiding no longer your affairs in foreign or mercenary hands, if you would charge yourselves with your own defence, employing abroad, for the public, what you waste in unprofitable pleasures at home, the world might, once more, behold you making a figure worthy of Athenians, “ You would have us then (you say) do service in our armies, in our own persons, and, for so doing, you would have the pensions we receive in time of peace accepted as pay in time of war Is it thus we are to understand you ? ” Yes, Athenians, ’tis my plain meaning. I would make it a standing rule, that no person, great or little, should be the better for the public money, who should grudge to employ it for the public service. Are we in peace ? the public is charged with your subsistence. Are we in war, or under a necessity, as at this time, to enter into a war ? let your gratitude oblige you to accept, as pay, in defence of your benefactors, what you re-

ceive in peace, as mere bounty Thus, without any innovation, without altering or abolishing any thing, but pernicious novelties, introduced for the encouragement of sloth and idleness; by converting only, for the future, the same funds, for the use of the serviceable, which are spent, at present, upon the unprofitable; you may be well served in your armies; your troops regularly paid, justice duly administered; the public revenues reformed and increased; and every member of the Commonwealth rendered useful to his country, according to his age and ability, without any further burden to the state

This, O men of Athens! is what my duty prompted me to represent to you upon this occasion May the gods inspire you to determine upon such measures, as may be most expedient, for the particular and general good of our country!

II —CICERO AGAINST VERRES.

THE time is come, Fathers, when that which has long been wished for, towards allaying the envy your order has been subject to, and removing the imputations against trials, is effectually put in our power. An opinion has long prevailed, not only here at home, but likewise in foreign countries, both dangerous to you, and pernicious to the state—that in prosecutions men of wealth are always safe, however clearly convicted There is now to be brought upon his trial before you, to the confusion, I hope, of the propagators of this slanderous imputation, one whose life and actions condemn him in the opinion of all impartial persons; but who, according to his own reckoning, and declared dependence upon his riches, is already acquitted; I mean Caius Verres. I demand justice of you, Fathers, upon the robber of the public treasury, the oppressor of Asia Minor and Pamphylia, the invader of the rights and privileges of Romans, the scourge and curse of Sicily If that sentence is passed upon him which his crimes deserve, your authority, Fathers, will be venerable and sacred in the eyes of the public, but if his great riches

should bias you in his favour, I shall still gain one point—to make it apparent to all the world, that what was wanting in this case was not a criminal nor a prosecutor, but justice and adequate punishment.

To pass over the shameful irregularities of his youth, what does his quaestorship, the first public employment he held, what does it exhibit, but one continued scene of villanies? Cneius Carbo plundered of the public money by his own treasurer, a consul stripped and betrayed, an army deserted and reduced to want, a province robbed, the civil and religious rights of a people violated. The employment he held in Asia Minor and Pamphylia, what did it produce but the ruin of those countries? in which houses, cities, and temples were robbed by him. What was his conduct in his praetorship here at home? Let the plundered temples, and public works neglected that he might embezzle the money intended for carrying them on, bear witness. How did he discharge the office of a judge? Let those who suffered by his injustice answer. But his praetorship in Sicily crowns all his works of wickedness, and finishes a lasting monument of his infamy. The mischiefs done by him in that unhappy country, during the three years of his iniquitous administration, are such, that many years under the wisest and best of praetors will not be sufficient to restore things to the condition in which he found them: for it is notorious that, during the time of his tyranny, the Sicilians neither enjoyed the protection of their own original laws, of the regulations made for their benefit by the Roman senate upon their coming under the protection of the Commonwealth, nor of the natural and unalienable rights of men. His nod has decided all causes in Sicily for these three years. And his decisions have violated all law, all precedent, all right. The sums he has, by arbitrary taxes and unheard-of impositions, extorted from the industrious poor, are not to be computed. The most faithful allies of the Commonwealth have been treated as enemies. Roman citizens have, like slaves, been put to death

with tortures. The most atrocious criminals, for money, have been exempted from the deserved punishments; and men of the most unexceptionable characters condemned and banished unheard. The harbours, though sufficiently fortified, and the gates of strong towns, opened to pirates and ravagers. The soldiery and sailors belonging to a province under the protection of the Commonwealth, starved to death. Whole fleets, to the great detriment of the provinces, suffered to perish. The ancient monuments of either Sicilian or Roman greatness, the statues of heroes and princes, carried off; and the temples stripped of the images. Having, by his iniquitous sentences, filled the prisons with the most industrious and deserving of the people, he then proceeded to order numbers of Roman citizens to be strangled in the gaols, so that the exclamation, "I am a citizen of Rome!" which has often, in the most distant regions, and among the most barbarous people, been a protection, was of no service to them; but, on the contrary, brought a speedier and more severe punishment upon them.

I ask now, Verres, what you have to advance against this charge? Will you pretend to deny it? Will you pretend that any thing false, that even any thing aggravated, is alleged against you? Had any prince, or any state, committed the same outrage against the privilege of Roman citizens, should we not think we had sufficient ground for declaring immediate war against them? What punishment ought, then, to be inflicted upon a tyrannical and wicked prætor, who dared, at no greater distance than Sicily, within sight of the Italian coast, to put to the infamous death of crucifixion that unfortunate and innocent citizen Publius Gavius Cosanus, only for his having asserted his privilege of citizenship, and declared his intention of appealing to the justice of his country against a cruel oppressor, who had unjustly confined him in prison at Syracuse, whence he had just made his escape? The unhappy man, arrested as he was going to embark for his native country, is brought before

the wicked prætor. With eyes darting fury, and a countenance distorted with cruelty, he orders the helpless victim of his rage to be stripped, and rods to be brought, accusing him, but without the least shadow of evidence, or even of suspicion, of having come to Sicily as a spy. It was in vain that the unhappy man cried out, "I am a Roman citizen. I have served under Lucius Pretrius, who is now at Panormus, and will attest my innocence." The blood-thirsty prætor, deaf to all he could urge in his own defence, ordered the infamous punishment to be inflicted. Thus, Fathers, was an innocent Roman citizen publicly mangled with scourging; whilst the only words he uttered amidst his cruel sufferings were, "I am a Roman citizen!" With these he hoped to defend himself from violence and infamy. But of so little service was this privilege to him, that while he was thus asserting his citizenship, the order was given for his execution—for his execution upon the cross!

O liberty! O sound once delightful to every Roman ear! O sacred privilege of Roman citizenship! once sacred! now trampled upon! But what then!—Is it come to this? Shall an inferior magistrate, a governor, who holds his whole power of the Roman people, in a Roman province, within sight of Italy, bind, scourge, torture with fire and red-hot plates of iron, and at last put to the infamous death of the cross, a Roman citizen? Shall neither the cries of innocence, expiring in agony, nor the tears of pitying spectators, nor the majesty of the Roman Commonwealth, nor the fear of the justice of his country, restrain the licentious and wanton cruelty of a monster, who, in confidence of his riches, strikes at the root of liberty, and sets mankind at defiance?

I conclude, with expressing my hopes, that your wisdom and justice, Fathers, will not, by suffering the atrocious and unexampled insolence of Caius Verres to escape the due punishment, leave room to apprehend the danger of a total subversion of authority, and introduction of general anarchy and confusion.

III.—EXTRACT FROM A SPEECH OF LORD MANSFIELD.*

IF I have ever supported the king's measures ; if I have ever afforded any assistance to government ; if I have discharged my duty as a public or private officer, by endeavouring to preserve pure and perfect the principles of the constitution ; maintaining unsullied the honour of the courts of justice, and by an upright administration of, to give due effect to, the laws ; I have hitherto done it without any other gift or reward, than that most pleasing and most honourable one, the conscientious conviction of doing what is right. I do not affect to scorn the opinion of mankind ; I wish earnestly for popularity ; but I will tell you how I will obtain it. I will have the popularity which *follows*, and not that which is *run after* 'Tis not the applause of a day, 'tis not the huzzas of thousands, that can give a moment's satisfaction to a rational being, that man's mind must, indeed, be a weak one, and his ambition of a most depraved sort, who can be captivated by such wretched allurements, or satisfied with such momentary gratifications. I say with the Roman orator, and can say it with as much truth as he did, "Ego hoc animo semper fui ut invidiam virtute paritam, gloriam non infamiam putarem"† But threats have been carried farther ; personal violence has been denounced, unless public humour be complied with. I do not fear such threats ; I don't believe there is any reason to fear them ; it is not the genius of the worst of men, in the worst of times, to proceed to such shocking extremities, but if such an event should happen, let it be so ; even such an event might be productive of wholesome effects, such a stroke might rouse the better part of the nation from their lethargic condition, to a state of activity,

* In the debate on Wilkes's Outlawry, in which he was accused of braving the popular opinion.

† The meaning is—my mind is so constituted, that I have always regarded odium incurred in the discharge of my duty as glory, not as infamy.

to assert and execute the law, and punish the daring and impious hands which had violated it; and those who now supinely behold the danger which threatens all liberty from the most abandoned licentiousness, might by such an event be awakened to a sense of their situation, as drunken men are often shamed into sobriety. If the security of our persons and property, of all we hold dear or valuable, is to depend upon the caprice of a giddy multitude, or to be at the disposal of a mob, if, in compliance with the humours, and to appease the clamours of these, all civil and political institutions are to be disregarded or overthrown: a life somewhat more than sixty is not worth preserving at such a price, and he can never die too soon, who lays down his life in support and vindication of the policy, the government, and the constitution of his country.

IV —EXTRACT FROM A SPEECH OF LORD MANSTFIELD *

I COME now to speak upon what, indeed, I would have gladly avoided, had I not been particularly pointed at for the part I have taken in this bill. It has been said by a noble lord on my left hand, that I likewise am running the race of popularity. If the noble lord means, by *popularity*, that applause bestowed by after ages on good and virtuous actions, I have long been struggling in that race; to what purpose all-tying time can alone determine. But if the noble lord means that mushroom popularity that is raised without merit, and lost without a crime, he is much mistaken in his opinion. I defy the noble lord to point out a single action of my life, where the popularity of the times ever had the smallest influence on my determinations. I thank God I have a more permanent and steady rule for my conduct,—the dictates of my own breast. Those that have foregone that pleasing adviser.

* In the debate on the Bill for the further preventing the delays of justice by reason of Privilege of Parliament. In this debate he was accused of counting the popular opinion.

and given up their mind to be the slave of every popular impulse, I sincerely pity. I pity them still more, if their vanity leads them to mistake the shouts of a mob for the trumpet of fame. Experience might inform them, that many who have been saluted with the huzzas of a crowd one day, have received their execrations the next; and many, who, by the popularity of their times, have been held up as spotless patriots, have, nevertheless, appeared upon the historian's page, when truth has triumphed over delusion, the assassins of liberty. Why then the noble lord can think I am ambitious of present popularity, that echo of folly, and shadow of renown, I am at a loss to determine. Besides, I do not know that the bill now before your lordships will be popular; it depends much upon the caprice of the day. It may not be popular to compel people to pay their debts, and, in that case, the present must be a very unpopular bill. It may not be popular either, to take away any of the privileges of parliament, for I very well remember, and many of your lordships may remember, that not long ago the popular cry was for the extension of privilege, and so far did they carry it at that time, that it was said that the privilege protected members, even in criminal actions; nay, such was the power of popular prejudices over weak minds, that the very decisions of some of the courts were tinged with that doctrine. It was undoubtedly an abominable doctrine, I thought so then, and think so still; but, nevertheless, it was a popular doctrine, and came immediately from those who are called the friends of liberty; how deservedly time will show. True liberty, in my opinion, can only exist when justice is equally administered to all, to the king, and to the beggar. Where is the justice then, or where is the law, that protects a member of parliament more than any other man, from the punishment due to his crimes? The laws of this country allow of no place or employment to be a sanctuary for crimes; and where I have the honour to sit as judge, neither royal favour nor popular applause shall ever protect the guilty.

V.—MR HORACE WALPOLE IN REPROOF OF MR PITT *

SIR, I was unwilling to interrupt the course of this debate while it was carried on with calmness and decency, by men who do not suffer the ardour of opposition to cloud their reason, or transport them to such expressions as the dignity of this assembly does not admit. I have hitherto deferred to answer the gentleman who declaimed against the bill with such fluency of rhetoric, and such vehemence of gesture, who charged the advocates for the expedients now proposed with having no regard for any interest but their own, and with making laws only to consume paper, and threatened them with the defection of their adherents, and the loss of their influence, upon this new discovery of their folly and their ignorance. Nor, sir, do I now answer him for any other purpose, than to remind him how little the clamours of rage, and petulance of invectives contribute to the purposes for which this assembly is called together; how little the discovery of truth is promoted, and the security of the nation established, by pompous diction and theatrical emotion. Formidable sounds and furious declamations, confident assertions and lofty periods, may affect the young and inexperienced, and perhaps the gentleman may have contracted his habits of oratory, by conversing more with those of his own age, than with such as have had more opportunities of acquiring knowledge, and more successful methods of communicating their sentiments. If the heat of his temper, sir, would suffer him to attend to those whose age and long acquaintance with business give them an indisputable right to deference and superiority, he would learn in time, to reason rather than to declaim, and to prefer justice of argument, and an accurate knowledge of facts, to sounding epithets and splendid superlatives, which may disturb the imagination for a moment, but leave no lasting impression on the mind. He

* Afterwards the first Earl of Chatham.

would learn, sir, that to accuse and to prove are very different; and that reproaches, unsupported by evidence, affect only the character of him that utters them. Excursions of fancy and flights of oratory are indeed pardonable in young men, but in no other, and it surely would contribute more, even to the purpose for which some gentlemen appear to speak (that of depreciating the conduct of the administration), to prove the inconveniences and injustice of this bill, than barely to assert them, with whatever magnificence of language, or appearance of zeal, honesty, or compassion.

VI —MR PITT'S REPLY

SIR, the atrocious crime of being a young man, which the honourable gentleman has with such spirit and decency charged upon me, I shall neither attempt to palliate nor deny; but content myself with wishing that I may be one of those whose follies may cease with their youth, and not of that number who are ignorant in spite of experience. Whether youth can be imputed to any man as a reproach, I will not, sir, assume the province of determining, but, surely age may become justly contemptible, if the opportunities which it brings have passed away without improvement, and vice appears to prevail when the passions have subsided. The wretch who, after having seen the consequences of a thousand errors, continues still to blunder, and whose age has only added obstinacy to stupidity, is surely the object of either abhorrence or contempt, and deserves not that his gray hairs should secure him from insult. Much more, sir, is he to be abhorred, who, as he has advanced in age, has receded from virtue, and becomes more wicked with less temptation; who prostitutes himself for money which he cannot enjoy, and spends the remains of his life in the ruin of his country. But youth, sir, is not my only crime. I have been accused of acting a theatrical part — A theatrical part may either imply some peculiarities of gesture, or dissimulation of my real

sentiments, and an adoption of the opinions and language of another man.

In the first sense, sir, the charge is too trifling to be confuted, and deserves only to be mentioned to be despised. I am at liberty, like every other man to use my own language, and though, perhaps, I may have some ambition to please this gentleman, I shall not lay myself under any restraint, or very solicitously copy his diction or his men, however matured by age or modelled by experience. But if any man shall, by charging me with theatrical behaviour, imply that I utter any sentiments but my own, I shall treat him as a calumniator and a villain, nor shall any protection shelter him from the treatment he deserves. I shall, on such an occasion, without scruple, trample upon all those forms with which wealth and dignity intreath themselves, nor shall any thing but age restrain my resentment,—age, which always brings one privilege, that of being insolent and supercilious without punishment. But with regard, sir, to those whom I have offended, I am of opinion, that if I *had* acted a borrowed part, I should have avoided their censure. the heat that has offended them is the ardour of conviction, and that zeal for the service of my country, which neither hope nor fear shall influence me to suppress. I will not sit unconcerned while my liberty is invaded, nor look in silence upon public robbery. I will exert my endeavours, at whatever hazard, to repel the aggressor, and drag the thief to justice, whoever may protect him in his villany, and whoever may partake of his plunder

VII.—SPEECH OF LORD CHATHAM AGAINST THE AMERICAN WAR, AND THE EMPLOYMENT OF THE INDIANS IN IT

I CANNOT, my Lords, I will not, join in congratulation on misfortune and disgrace. This, my Lords, is a perilous and tremendous moment. It is not a time for adulation: the smoothness of flattery cannot save us in this rugged and

awful crisis It is now necessary to instruct the throne in the language of truth We must, if possible, dispel the delusion and darkness which envelop it, and display, in its full danger and genuine colours, the ruin which is brought to our doors Can ministers still presume to expect support in their infatuation? Can parliament be so dead to its dignity and duty, as to give their support to measures thus obtruded and forced upon them? Measures, my Lords, which have reduced this late flourishing empire to scorn and contempt! "But yesterday, and Britain might have stood against the world; now, none so poor as to do her reverence"—The people, whom we at first despised as rebels, but whom we now acknowledge as enemies, are abetted against us, supplied with every military store, have their interest consulted, and their ambassadors entertained, by our inveterate enemy—and ministers do not, and dare not, interpose with dignity or effect The desperate state of our army abroad is in part known No man more highly esteems and honours the British troops than I do; I know their virtues and their valour; I know they can achieve any thing but impossibilities; and I know that the conquest of British America is an impossibility. You cannot, my Lords, you cannot conquer America. What is your present situation there? We do not know the *worst*, but we know that in three campaigns we have done nothing and suffered much. You may swell every expense, accumulate every assistance, and extend your traffic to the shambles of every German despot. your attempts will be for ever vain and impotent—doubly so, indeed, from this mercenary aid on which you rely, for it irritates, to an incurable resentment, the minds of your adversaries, to overrun them with the mercenary sons of rapine and plunder, devoting them and their possessions to the rapacity of hireling cruelty If I were an American as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop was landed in my country, I never would lay down my arms—*never, never, never!*

But, my Lords, who is the man that, in addition to the

disgraces and mischiefs of the war, has dared to authorize and associate to our arms the tomahawk and scalping-knife of the savage?—to call into civilized alliance, the wild and inhuman inhabitants of the woods?—to delegate to the merciless Indian the defence of disputed rights, and to wage the horrors of his barbarous war against our brethren? My Lords, these enormities cry aloud for redress and punishment. But, my Lords, this barbarous measure has been defended, not only on the principles of policy and necessity, but also on those of morality; “for it is perfectly allowable,” says Lord Suffolk, “to use all the means which God and nature have put into our hands” I am astonished, I am shocked, to hear such principles confessed; to hear them avowed in this House, or in this country. My Lords, I did not intend to encroach so much on your attention, but I cannot repress my indignation—I feel myself impelled to speak. My Lords, we are called upon as members of this House, as men, as Christians, to protest against such horrible barbarity!—“That God and nature have put into our hands!” What ideas of God and nature that noble lord may entertain, I know not, but I know that such detestable principles are equally abhorrent to religion and humanity. What! to attribute the sacred sanction of God and nature to the massacres of the Indian scalping-knife! to the cannibal savage, torturing, murdering, devouring, drinking the blood of his mangled victims! Such notions shock every precept of morality, every feeling of humanity, every sentiment of honour. These abominable principles, and this more abominable avowal of them, demand the most decisive indignation.

I call upon that Right Reverend, and this most Learned Bench, to vindicate the religion of their God, to support the justice of their country. I call upon the Bishops to interpose the unsullied sanctity of their lawn; upon the Judges to interpose the purity of their ermine, to save us from this pollution. I call upon the honour of your Lordships to reverence the dignity of your ancestors, and to maintain your own. I

call upon the spirit and humanity of my country, to vindicate the national character. I INVOKE THE GENIUS OF THE CONSTITUTION !

My Lords, I am old and weak, and at present unable to say more ; but my feelings and indignation were too strong to have said less I could not have slept this night in my bed, nor even reposed my head upon my pillow, without giving vent to my eternal abhorrence of such enormous and preposterous principles.

VIII —QUARREL BETWEEN FLOOD AND GRATTAN.

[In a debate in the Irish Parliament, October 28, 1783, on a Resolution for declaring that the condition of the kingdom required every practicable retrenchment consistent with the honour and safety of the state, Mr. Grattan made some strong personal allusions to Mr Flood, who supported the Resolution, accusing him particularly of having affected an indisposition, and being guilty of apostacy. Mr Flood rose, and replied in these words —]

“The right honourable member can have no doubt of the propriety of my saying a word in reply to what he has delivered Every member of the House can bear witness of the infirmity I mentioned, and therefore it required but little candour to make a nocturnal attack upon that infirmity. But I am not afraid of the right honourable member : I will meet him anywhere, or upon any ground, by night or by day. I should stand poorly in my own estimation and in my country’s opinion, if I did not stand far above him I do not come here dressed in a rich wardrobe of words to delude the people I am not one who has promised repeatedly to bring in a Bill of Rights, yet does not bring in that bill, or permit any other person to do it. I am not one who threatened to impeach the Chief Justice of the King’s Bench, and afterwards shrunk from the charge. I am not one who would come at midnight, and attempt a vote of this House to stifle the people, which my egregious folly had raised against me I am not the gentleman who subsists upon your accounts. I am not the mendicant patriot who was bought by his

country for a sum of money, and then sold my country for prompt payment.* I never was bought by the people, nor ever sold by them. The gentleman says he never apostatized, but I say I never changed my principles. Let every man say the same, and let the people believe it if they can.

"I have now done, and give me leave to say, if the gentleman enters often into this kind of colloquy with me, he will not have much to boast of at the end of the session "

Mr. Grattan —"In respect to the House, I could wish to avoid personality, but I must request liberty to explain some circumstances alluded to by the honourable member" [After making this explanation, he proceeded] "It is not the slander of the bad tongue of a bad character that can defame me I maintain my reputation in public and in private life; no man who has not a bad character can say I ever deceived him, no country has called me cheat I will suppose a public character—a man not of course in the House, but who formerly might have been here. I will suppose it was his constant practice to abuse every man who differed from him, and to betray every man who trusted him I will suppose him active; I will begin from his cradle, and divide his life into three stages In the first he was intemperate; in the second, corrupt; and in the third, seditious Suppose him a great egotist; his honour equal to his oath, and I will stop him, and say, 'Sir, your talents are not so great as your life is infamous; you were silent for years, and you were silent for money; when affairs of consequence to the nation were debating, you might be seen passing by these doors like a guilty spirit just waiting for the moment of putting the question, that you might pop in and give your venal vote, or you might be seen hovering over the dome like an ill-omened bird of night, with sepulchral notes, with cadaverous aspect, and broken beak,† ready to stoop and pounce upon

* Alluding to the grant of £100,000 to Mr. Grattan for his public services, the half of which sum he accepted

† Alluding to a personal defect of Mr Flood's.

your prey You can be trusted by no man; the people cannot trust you, the ministers cannot trust you; you deal out the most impartial treachery to both; you tell the nation it is ruined by other men, when it is sold by yourself, you fled from the Embargo Bill, you fled from the Mutiny Bill, you fled from the Sugar Bill I therefore tell you in the face of your country, before all the world, and to your very beard, *you are not an honest man.*"

Mr Flood — "I have heard very extraordinary language indeed, and I challenge any man to say that any thing half so unwarrantable was ever uttered in this House The right honourable gentleman set out with declaring he did not wish to use personality, and no sooner had he opened his mouth, than forth issued all the venom that ingenuity and disappointed vanity for two years brooding over corruption, has been able to produce But tant my public character it cannot; four and twenty years employed in your service has established that; and as to my private, let that be learned from my friends, from those under my own roof To these I appeal, and this appeal I boldly make with an utter contempt of insinuations, false as they are illiberal."

[Mr Flood was proceeding, when the Speaker rose, and called for the support of the House to keep the gentlemen in order

Mr John Burke then moved, that the gentlemen should be made to promise that nothing farther should pass between them, and this being resolved, the House was cleared But in the meantime, both Mr. Flood and Mr. Grattan had disappeared.*]

*Next morning Mr Flood and Mr Grattan were brought in custody before Lord Chief Justice Annaly, who bound them both over to keep the peace, in recognizances of £20,000 each. They had, attended by their respective friends, almost reached the ground appointed for a serious interview, when they were arrested by officers whom the magistrates had despatched after them

The following epigrammatic dialogue appeared shortly after in the public prints —

Question — Say, what has given to Flood a mortal wound?

Answer — Grattan's obtaining fifty thousand pound.

Question — Can Flood forgive an injury so sore?

Answer. — Yes, if they give him fifty thousand more

IX.—BURKE'S PANEGYRIC ON THE ELOQUENCE OF SHERIDAN.

He has this day surprised the thousands who hung with rapture on his accents, by such an array of talents, such an exhibition of capacity, such a display of powers, as are unparalleled in the annals of oratory,—a display that reflected the highest honour on himself—lustre upon letters—renown upon parliament—glory upon the country Of all species of rhetoric, of every kind of excellence that has been witnessed or recorded, either in ancient or modern times, whatever the acuteness of the bar, the dignity of the senate, the solidity of the judgment-seat, and the sacred morality of the pulpits, have hitherto furnished, nothing has equalled what we have this day heard in Westminster Hall No holy seer of religion, no statesman, no orator, no man of any literary description whatever, has come up, in the one instance, to the pure sentiments of morality, or in the other, to that variety of knowledge, force of imagination, propriety and vivacity of allusion, beauty and elegance of diction, strength and copiousness of style, pathos, and sublimity of conception, to which we this day listened, with ardour and admiration. From poetry up to eloquence, there is not a species of composition, of which a complete and perfect specimen might not, from that single speech, be culled and collected

X —LORD BROUGHAM ON NEGRO SLAVERY

I TRUST that, at length, the time is come, when parliament will no longer bear to be told, that slave-owners are the best law-givers on slavery: no longer suffer our voice to roll across the Atlantic, in empty warnings and fruitless orders. Tell me not of rights—talk not of the property of the planter in his slaves. I deny his right—I acknowledge not the property The principles, the feelings of our common nature, rise in rebellion against it Be the appeal made to the understanding or to the heart, the sentence is the same—that

rejects it ! In vain you tell me of laws that sanction such a claim ! There is a law, above all the enactments of human codes—the same, throughout the world—the same, in all times such as it was, before the daring genius of Columbus pierced the night of ages, and opened to one world the sources of power, wealth, and knowledge, to another, all utterable woes,—such is it at this day it is the law written by the finger of God on the heart of man ; and by that law, unchangeable and eternal—while men despise fraud, and loathe rapine, and hate blood—they shall reject, with indignation, the wild and guilty fantasy, that man can hold property in man !

In vain you appeal to treaties—to covenants between nations The covenants of the Almighty, whether the old covenant or the new, denounce such unholy pretensions. To these laws did they of old refer, who maintained the African trade Such treaties did they cite—and not untruly, for, by one shameful compact, you bartered the glories of Blenheim for the traffic in blood Yet, in despite of law and of treaty, that infernal traffic is now destroyed, and its votaries put to death like other punes How came this change to pass ? Not, assuredly, by parliament leading the way but the country at length awoke ; the indignation of the people was kindled ; it descended in thunder, and smote the traffic, and scattered its guilty profits to the winds. Now, then, let the planters beware—let their assemblies beware—let the government at home beware—let the parliament beware ! The same country is once more awake—awake to the condition of negro slavery ; the same indignation kindles in the bosom of the same people ; the same cloud is gathering, that annihilated the slave trade ; and if it shall descend again, they on whom its crash may fall, will not be destroyed before I have warned them, but I pray, that their destruction may turn away from us the more terrible judgments of God !

SPEECHES AND DIALOGUES FROM SHAKSPEARE.

I.—HAMLET'S INSTRUCTIONS TO THE PLAYERS

SPEAK the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue But if you mouth it, as many of our players do, I had as lief the town-crier had spoke my lines And do not saw the air too much with your hand thus; but use all gently; for in the very torrent, tempest, and as I may say, whirlwind of your passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness. Oh! it offends me to the soul, to hear a robustious periwigged fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings, who (for the most part) are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb show and noise: I would have such a fellow whipped for o'erdoing Termagant; it out-herods Herod. Pray you, avoid it.

Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor. Suit the action to the word, the word to the action, with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature; for any thing so overdone is from the purpose of playing; whose end, both at the first and now, was and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure. Now this overdone or come tardy off, though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve; the censure of one of which must, in your allowance, o'erweigh a whole theatre of others. Oh! there be players that I have seen play, and heard others praise, and that highly (not to speak it profanely), that neither having the accent of Christian, nor the gait of Christian, Pagan, nor man, have so strutted and bellowed, that I have thought some of Nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.

And let those that play your clowns, speak no more than is set down for them: for there be of them that will them-

selves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too; though, in the meantime, some necessary question of the play be then to be considered—that's villanous, and shows a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it

II.—CASSIUS INCITING BRUTUS TO CONSPIRE AGAINST CÆSAR.

Bru—What means this shouting?—I do fear the people
Choose Cæsar for their king

Cus—Ay, do you fear it?

Then must I think you would not have it so.

Bru.—I would not, Cassius, yet I love him well:—
But wherefore do you hold me here so long?
What is it that you would impart to me?

If it be aught toward the general good,
Set honour in one eye, and death i' the other,
And I will look on both indifferently.
For, let the gods so speed me, as I love
The name of honour more than I fear death.

Cus—I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,
As well as I do know your outward favour—
Well, honour is the subject of my story.

I cannot tell what you and other men
Think of this life, but, for my single self,
I had as lief not be, as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself.

I was born free as Cæsar, so were you
We both have fed as well; and we can both
Endure the winter's cold as well as he
For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
The troubled Tyber chafing with his shores,
Cæsar said to me, "Darest thou, Cassius, now,
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point?"—Upon the word,
Accoutred as I was I plunged in,
And bade him follow. so indeed he did.

The torrent roar'd ; and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews, throwing it aside,
And stemming it with hearts of controversy.
But ere we could arrive the point proposed,
Cæsar cried, " Help me, Cassius, or I sink."
I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,
Did from the flames of Troy, upon his shoulder,
The old Anchises bear, so, from the waves of Tiber,
Did I the tired Cæsar . and this man
Is now become a god , and Cassius is
A wretched creature, and must bend his body,
If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.
He had a fever when he was in Spain,
And when the fit was on him, I did mark
How he did shake · 'tis true this god did shake ;
His coward lips did from their colour fly ;
And that same eye, whose bend doth awe the world,
Did lose its lustre . I did hear him groan,
Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans
Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,
Alas ! it cried, " Give me some drink, Titinius,"
As a sick girl Ye gods, it doth amaze me,
A man of such a feeble temper should
So get the start of the majestic world,
And bear the palm alone.

Bru —Another general shout !

I do believe that these applauses are
For some new honours ~~that~~ are heap'd on Cæsar

Cas —Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world,
Like a Colossus , and we, petty men,
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about,
To find ourselves dishonourable graves
Men at some time are masters of their fates .
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings
Brutus, and Cæsar : What should be in that Cæsar ?

Why should that name be sounded more than yours ?
Write them together, yours is as fair a name ;
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well ;
Weigh them ; it is as heavy ; conjure with 'em,
Brutus will start a spirit, as well as Cæsar
Now, in the names of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,
That he is grown so great ? Age, thou art sham'd .
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods !
When went there by an age, since the great flood,
But it was fam'd with more than with one man ?
When could they say, till now, that talked of Rome,
That her wide walls encompass'd but one man ?
Oh ! you and I have heard our fathers say,
There was a Brutus once, that would have brook'd
The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome,
As easily as a king

Br — That you do love me, I am nothing jealous ;
What you would work me to, I have some aim
How I have thought of this, and of these times,
I shall recount hereafter, for this present,
I would not—so with love I might entreat you—
Be any further moved. What you have said,
I will consider ; what you have to say,
I will with patience hear, and find a time
Both meet to hear and answer such high things

III — BRUTUS ON THE DEATH OF CÆSAR

ROMANS, countrymen, and lovers ! hear me for my cause ;
and be silent that you may hear Believe me for mine
honour ; and have respect to mine honour that you may
believe. Censure me in your wisdom ; and awake your
senses, that you may the better judge If there be any
in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say,
that Brutus's love to Cæsar was no less than his If, then,

that friend demand why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer: not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves, than that Cæsar were dead to live all freemen? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him, as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him; but as he was ambitious, I slew him! There are tears for his love, joy for his fortune, honour for his valour, and death for his ambition! Who's here so base, that would be a bondman? if any, speak! for him have I offended. Who's here so rude, that would not be a Roman? if any, speak! for him have I offended. Who's here so vile, that will not love his country? if any, speak! for him have I offended.—I pause for a reply.

None? then none have I offended! I have done no more to Cæsar, than you should do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol, his glory not extenuated wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death.

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony; who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the Commonwealth? as, which of you shall not?—With this I depart—that as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

IV —ANTONY'S ORATION OVER CÆSAR'S BODY.

• FRIENDS, Romans, countrymen! lend me your ears;
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them,
The good is oft interred with their bones:
So let it be with Cæsar! The noble Brutus
Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious:
If it were so, it was a grievous fault;
And grievously hath Cæsar answered it!
Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest,

(For Brutus is an honourable man;
So are they all—all honourable men,)
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.

He was my friend, faithful and just to me;
But Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept:
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff.
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
You all did see, that, on the Lupercal,
I thence presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse—was this ambition?
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And, sure, he is an honourable man.
I speak, not to disprove what Brutus spoke;
But here I am to speak what I do know
You all did love him once; not without cause
What cause withholds you then to mourn for him?
O judgment! thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason—Bear with me,
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar;
And I must pause till it come back to me
But yesterday, the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world; now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.
O Masters! if I were disposed to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong;
Who, you all know, are honourable men:
I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you,
Than I will wrong such honourable men.

But here's a parchment with the seal of Cæsar:
I found it in his closet, 'tis his will !
Let but the commons hear this testament,
(Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read,)
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood ;
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it as a rich legacy
Unto their issue !

If you have tears prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle ! I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on ·
'Twas on a summer's evening in his tent,
That day he overcame the Nervii.—
Look ! in this place ran Cassius's dagger through—
See what a rent the envious Casca made.
Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd,
And, as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar followed it !
As rushing out of doors to be resolved
If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no ;
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel ·
Judge, O ye gods, how dearly Cæsar loved him !
This, this was the unkindest cut of all,
For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitor's arms,
Quite vanquished him then burst his mighty heart,
And, in his mantle, muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statue
(Which all the while ran blood)— great Cæsar fell.
Oh, what a fall was there, my countrymen !
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down ;
Whilst bloody treason flourished over us. •
Oh, now you weep, and I perceive you feel
'The dint of pity these are gracious drops.

Kind souls! what, weep you, when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here!
Here is himself—marr'd, as you see, by traitors!

Good friends! sweet friends! let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny:
They that have done this deed are honourable;
What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,
That made them do it; they are wise and honourable,
And will, no doubt, with reason answer you
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts.
I am no orator, as Brutus is;
But, as you know me all, a plain, blunt man,
That love my friend; and that they know full well,
That gave me public leave to speak of him.
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood; I only speak right on.
I tell you that which you yourselves do know,
Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths,
And bid them speak for me. But were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny!

V —BRUTUS AND CASSIUS

Cas.—That you have wrong'd me, doth appear in this.
You have condemned and noted Lucius Pella
For taking bribes here of the Sardians;
Wherein my letter (praying on his side
Because I knew the man) was slighted of.

Bru —You wrong'd yourself to write in such a case.

Cas —In such a time as this, it is not meet
That every nice offence should bear its comment

Bru —Yet let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself

Are much condemned to have an itching palm ;
To sell and mart your offices for gold
To undeservers

Cas —I an itching palm !
You know that you are Brutus that speak this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.

Bru —The name of Cassius honours this corruption ;
And chastisement doth therefore hide its head

Cas.—Chastisement !

Bru —Remember March, the Ides of March remember,
Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake ?

What ! shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world,
But for supporting robbers ; shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes ?
And sell the mighty space of our large honours
For so much trash as may be grasped thus ?
I had rather be a dog and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.

Cas.—Brutus, bay not me -
I'll not endure it You forget yourself,
To hedge me in I am a soldier
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.

Bru.—Go to ! you *are* not, Cassius

Cas —I am

Bru —I say you are *not*

Cas —Urge me no more, I shall forget myself ;
Have mind upon your health . tempt me no farther.

Bru —Away, slight man !

Cas —Is't possible !

Bru —Hear me, for I will speak
Must I give way and room to your rash choler ?
Shall I be fought when a madman stares ?

Cas —O gods ! ye gods ! must I endure all this ?

Bru.—All this ! ay, more. flet till your proud heart break.

Go, show your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble Must I budge?
Must I observe you? must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humour? By the gods,
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you for, from this day forth,
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish

Cas —Is it come to this?

Br —You say, you are a better soldier;
Let it appear so, make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well. For mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men

Cas —You wrong me every way—you wrong me, Brutus;
I said an elder soldier, not a better.

Did I say better?

Br —If you did, I care not

Cas —When Cæsar liv'd, he durst not thus have
moved me,

Br —Peace, peace, you durst not so have tempted him.

Cas —I durst not!

Br —No

Cas —What! durst not tempt him?

Br —For your life you durst not

Cas —Do not presume too much upon my love,
I may do that I shall be sorry for

Br —You have done that you should be sorry for
There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;
For I am arm'd so strong in honesty,
That they pass by me as the idle wind
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you denied me,
For I can raise no money by vile means:

———— I had rather coin my heart

And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash,

By any indirection ! I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions ,
Which you denied me Was that done like Cassius ?
Should I have answered Caius Cassius so ?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
Be ready, gods ! with all your thunderbolts
Dash him in pieces

Cas —I denied you not.

Bru —You did

Cas —I did not . he was but a fool

That brought my answer back—Brutus hath riv'd my heart.
A friend should bear a friend's infirmities ;
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are

Bru —I do not Still you practise them on me

Cas —You love me not

Bru —I do not like your faults

Cas —A friendly eye could never see such faults

Bru —A flatterer's would not, though they did appear
As huge as high Olympus.

Cas.—Come, Antony ! and young Octavius, come !
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius .

For Cassius is a weary of the world—

Flattered by one he loves ; brav'd by his brother ;

Check'd like a bondman , all his faults observ'd,

Set in a note-book, learn'd and conn'd by rote,

To cast into my teeth. Oh, I could weep

My spout from mine eyes !—There is my dagger,

And here my naked breast——within, a heart

Dearer than Plutus's mine, richer than gold .

If that thou need'st a Roman's take it forth

I that denied thee gold, will give my heart.

Strike as thou didst at Cæsar , for I know,

When thou didst hate him worst, thou lov'dst him better
Than ever thou lov'dst Cassius.

Bru.—Sheath your dagger.

Be angry when you will it shall have scope ;
Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour.
O Cassius! you are yoked with a lamb
That carries anger as the flint bears fire ;
Which, much enforced, shows a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again.

Cas —Hath Cassius liv'd

To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief and blood ill-temper'd vexeth him ?

Bru —When I spoke that, I was ill-temper'd too.

Cas —Do you confess so much ? Give me your hand

Bru —And my heart too. [Embracing.]

Cas —O Brutus !

Bru —What's the matter ?

Cas —Have you not love enough to bear with me,
When that rash humour which my mother gave me,
Makes me forgetful ?

Bru —Yes, Cassius ; and, from henceforth,
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

VI —GLOUCESTER'S SPEECH TO THE NOBLES.

BRAVE Peers of England, pillars of the state!
To you Duke Humphrey must unload his grief,
Your grief, the common grief of all the land
What ! did my brother Henry spend his youth,
His valour, coin, and people in the wars ?
Did he so often lodge in open field,
In winter's cold, and summer's parching heat,
To conquer France, his true inheritance ?
And did my brother Bedford toil his wits,
To keep by policy what Henry got ?
Have you yourselves, Somerset, Buckingham,
Brave York, and Salisbury, victorious Warwick,
Receiv'd deep scars in France and Normandy ?

Or hath mine uncle Beaufort and myself,
 With all the learned council of the realm
 Studied so long, sat in the council-house
 Early and late, debating to and fro,
 How France and Frenchmen might be kept in awe ?
 And was his Highness in his infancy
 Crowned in Paris, in despite of foes ?
 And shall these labours and these honours die ?
 Shall Henry's conquest, Bedford's vigilance,
 Your deeds of war, and all our counsel, die ?
 O Peers of England ! shameful is this league,
 Fatal this marriage, cancelling your fame,
 Blotting your names from books of memory,
 Razing the characters of your renown,
 Defacing monuments of conquer'd France,
 Undoing all, as all had never been !

VII — HENRY V. AND LORD CHIEF JUSTICE

Ch. Just — I am assur'd, if I be measur'd rightly,
 Your majesty has no just cause to hate me.

P. Henry — No !
 How might a prince of my great hopes forget
 So great indignities you laid upon me ?
 What ! rate, rebuke, and roughly send to prison
 Th' immediate heir of England ! was this easy ?
 May this be wash'd in Lethe and forgotten ?

Ch. Just — I then did use the person of your father ;
 The image of his pow'r lay then in me .
 And in th' administration of his law,
 While I was busy for the Commonwealth,
 Your Highness pleased to forget my place,
 The majesty and pow'r of law and justice,
 The image of the king whom I presented,
 And struck me in my very seat of judgment ;
 Whereon, as an offender to your father,
 I gave bold way to my authority,

And did commit you. If the deed were ill,
 Be you contented, wearing now the garland,
 To have a son set your decrees at nought,
 To pluck down justice from your awful bench,
 To trip the course of law, and blunt the sword
 That guards the peace and safety of your person :
 Nay more, to spurn at your most royal image,
 And mock your workings in a second body.
 Question your royal thoughts, make the case yours ;
 Be now the father, and propose a son ,
 Hear your own dignity so much profan'd ;
 See your most dreadful laws so loosely slighted ;
 Behold yourself so by a son disdain'd ,
 And then imagine me taking your part,
 And in your pow'r so silencing your son.
 After this cold consid'rance sentence me ,
 And, as you are a king, speak in your state,
 What I have done that misbecame my place,
 My person, or my Læge's sov'ignty.

P Henry — You are right, Justice, and you weigh this well ;
 Therefore still bear the balance and the sword :
 And I do wish your honours may increase,
 Till you do live to see a son of mine
 Offend you, and obey you, as I did .
 So shall I live to speak my father's words :
 " Happy am I, that have a man so bold
 That dares do justice on my proper son ;
 And no less happy, having such a son,
 That would deliver up his greatness so,
 Into the hand of justice " — You committed me ;
 For which I do commit into your hand
 Th' unstain'd sword that you have us'd to bear ;
 With this remembrance, that you use the same
 With a like bold, just, and impartial spirit,
 As you have done 'gainst me. There is my hand,
 You shall be as a father to my youth :

My voice shall sound as you do prompt mine ear ;
And I will stoop and humble my intents
To your well-practic'd, wise directions.

VIII.—ROMEO'S DESCRIPTION OF AN APOTHECARY.

O MISCHIEF, thou art swift
To enter in the thoughts of desperate men !
I do remember an apothecary,
And hereabouts he dwells, whom late I noted
In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming brows,
Culling of simples ; meagre were his looks,
Sharp misery had worn him to the bones :
And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,
An alligator stuff'd, and other skins
Of ill-shaped fishes , and about his shelves
A beggarly account of empty boxes,
Green earthen pots, bladders, and musty seeds,
Remnants of packthread, and old cakes of roses,
Were thinly scatter'd to make up a show.
Noting this penury, to myself I said,
An' if a man did need a poison now,
Whose sale is present death in Mantua,
Here lives a caitiff wretch would sell it him.
Oh, this same thought did but forerun my need ;
'And this same needy man must sell it me.
As I remember, this should be the house .
Being holiday, the beggar's shop is shut.

IX —THE WORLD COMPARED TO A STAGE

ALL the world's a stage,
And all the men and women, merely players :
They have their exits and their entrances ;
And one man, in his time, plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages —At first, the INFANT,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms

And, then, the whining SCHOOL-BOY, with his satchel,
 And shining morning face, creeping, like snail,
 Unwillingly to school —And, then, the LOVER;
 Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad,
 Made to his mistress' eyebrow.—Then, the SOLDIER;
 Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard;
 Jealous in honour; sudden and quick in quarrel;
 Seeking the bubble reputation
 Even in the cannon's mouth —And then the JUSTICE;
 In fair round belly, with good capon lin'd,
 With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut;
 Full of wise saws and modern instances.
 And so he plays his part —The sixth age shifts
 Into the lean and slipper'd PANTALOOK;
 With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side;
 His youthful hose, well sav'd, a world too wide
 For his shrunk shanks; and his big manly voice
 Turning again towards childish treble, pipes
 And whistles in his sound —Last scene of all,
 That ends this strange eventful history,
 Is SECOND CHILDISHNESS, and mere oblivion:
 Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing

X.—ORLANDO AND ADAM.

Orlan —Who's there?

Adam.—What, my young master! Oh, my gentle master!

Oh, my sweet master! Oh, you memory
 Of old Sir Rowland! Why, what makes you here?
 Why are you virtuous? why do people love you?
 And wherefore are you gentle, strong, and valiant?
 Why would you be so fond to overcome
 The bony prize of the hum'rous Duke?
 Your praise is come too quickly home before you
 Know you not, master, to some kind of men
 Their graces serve them but as enemies?

No more do yours : your virtues, gentle master,
Are sanctified and holy traitors to you
Oh, what a world is this, when what is comely
Envenoms him that bears it !

Orlan — Why, what's the matter ?

Adam.— Oh, unhappy youth,

Come not within these doors ; within this roof
The enemy of all your graces lives :
Your brother (no, no brother ; yet the son ;
Yet not the son ; I will not call him son,
Of him I was about to call his father)
Hath heard your praises, and this night he means
To burn the lodging where you used to lie,
And you within it ; if he fail of that,
He will have other means to cut you off.
I overheard him and his practices :
This is no place, this house is but a butchery ,
Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.

Orlan.— Why, whither, Adam, wouldst thou have me go ?

Adam.— No matter whither, so you come not here.

Orlan — What, wouldst thou have me go and beg my food ?

Or with a base and boist'rous sword enforce
A thievish living on the common road ?
Thus must I do, or know not what to do :
Yet this I will not do, do how I can ;
I rather will subject me to the malice
Of a diverted blood and bloody brother.

Adam.— But do not so ; I have five hundred crowns,
The thrifty hire I sav'd under your father,
Which I did store to be my foster-nurse,
When service should in my old limbs lie lame,
And unregarded age in corners thrown .
Take that ; and He that doth the ravens feed,
Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,
Be comfort to my age ! Here is the gold ;
All this I give you, let me be your servant :

Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty ;
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood,
Nor did I with unbashful forehead woo
The means of weakness and debility ;
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly, let me go with you ;
I'll do the service of a younger man
In all your business and necessities

Orlan — O ! good old man, how well in thee appears
The constant service of the antique world,
When service sweat for duty, not for meed !
Thou art not for the fashion of these times,
Where none will sweat, but for promotion ;
And, having that, do choke their service up
Ev'n with the having. 'tis not so with thee ;
But, poor old man, thou prun'st a rotten tree,
That cannot so much as a blossom yield
In lieu of all thy pains and husbandry
But come thy ways, we'll go along together,
And ere we have thy youthful wages spent,
We'll light upon some settled low content
Adam.—Master, go on and I will follow thee
To the last gasp with truth and loyalty

XI — RICHMOND ENCOURAGING HIS SOLDIERS

Thus far into the bowels of the land
Have we marched on without impediment
Richard, the bloody and devouring boar,¹
Whose ravenous appetite has spoiled your fields,
Laid this rich country waste, and rudely cropped
Its ripened hopes of fair posterity,
Is now even in the centre of the isle.
Thrice is he armed who hath his quarrel just ;

¹ In allusion to the badge of Richard, which was a silver *Boar*

And he but naked, though locked up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted :
The very weight of Richard's guilt shall crush him—
Then, let us on, my friends, and boldly face him !
In peace, there's nothing so becomes a man
As mild behaviour and humanity ;
But, when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Let us be tigers in our fierce deportment .
For me, the ransom of my bold attempt
Shall be—this body on the earth's cold face ;
But, if we thrive, the glory of the action
The meanest soldier here shall share his part of
Advance your standards, draw your willing swords,
Sound drums and trumpets boldly and cheerfully ;
The word's—" St. George, Richmond, and Victory ! "

PROMISCUOUS PIECES

I.—HOTSPUR READING A LETTER

" But, for mine own part, my lord, I could be well contented to be there, in respect of the love I bear your house " He could be contented to be there ! Why is he not, then ? " In respect of the love he bears our house." He shows in this, he loves his own barn better than he loves our house ! Let me see some more. " The purpose you undertake is dangerous." Why, that's certain, 'tis dangerous to take a cold, to sleep, to drink ; but I tell you, my lord fool, out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety. " The purpose you undertake is dangerous ; the friends you have named, uncertain ; the time itself, unsorted ; and your whole plot too light, for the counterpoise of so great an opposition " Say you so, say you so ? I say unto you again, you are a shallow cowardly hind, and you lie. What a lackbrain is this ! Our plot is a good plot as ever was laid, our friends true and constant, a good plot, good friends, and full of expectation ; an excellent plot, very good friends. What a frosty-

spirited rogue this is! Why, my Lord of York commends the plot, and the general course of the action. By this hand, if I were now by this rascal, I could brain him with his lady's fan. Is there not my father, my uncle, and myself? Lord Edmund Mortimer, my Lord of York, and Owen Glendower? Is there not, besides, the Douglas? Have I not all their letters to meet me in arms by the ninth of next month? and are there not some of them set forward already? What a pagan rascal is this? an infidel!—Ha! you shall see now, in very sincerity of fear and cold heart, will he to the King, and lay open all our proceedings. Oh! I could divide myself, and go to buffets, for moving such a dish of skim-milk with so honourable an action. Hang him! let him tell the King. We are prepared, I will set forward to-night.

II—ON CRITICISM.

AND how did Garrick speak the soliloquy last night? Oh, against all rule, my lord—most ungrammatically! Betwixt the substantive and the adjective, which should agree together in number, case, and gender, he made a breach thus—stopping as if the point wanted settling, and betwixt the nominative case, which your lordship knows should govern the verb, he suspended his voice in the epilogue a dozen times, three seconds and three-fifths, by a stop-watch, my lord, each time. Admnable grammarian!

But in suspending his voice, was the sense suspended likewise? did no expression of attitude or countenance fill up the chasm? Was the eye silent? Did you narrowly look? I looked only at the stop-watch, my lord. Excellent observer!

And what of this new book the whole world makes such a rout about? Oh, 'tis out of all plumb, my lord—quite an irregular thing; not one of the angles at the four corners was a right angle. I had my rule and compasses, &c, my lord, in my pocket. Excellent critic!

And for the epic poem your lordship bid me look at; upon

taking the length, breadth, height, and depth of it, and trying them at home upon an exact scale of Bossu's, 'tis out, my lord, in every one of its dimensions Admirable connoisseur!

And did you step in, to look at the grand picture in your way back? 'Tis a melancholy daub! my lord, not one principle of the pyramid in any one group! and what a price! for there is nothing of the colouring of Titian, the expression of Rubens, the grace of Raphael, the purity of Dominichino, the corregiescity of Corregio, the learning of the Poussins, the airs of Guido, the taste of the Carrachis, or the grand contour of Angelo.

Grant me patience, just heaven! Of all the can'ts which are cant'd in this canting world—though the cant of hypocrisy may be the worst, the cant of criticism is the most tormenting!

I would go fifty miles on foot to kiss the hand of that man, whose generous heart will give up the reins of his imagination into his author's hands, be pleased he knows not why, and cares not wherefore

III — LIBERTY AND SLAVERY.

DISGUISE thyself as thou wilt, still, Slavery! still thou art a bitter draught, and though thousands in all ages have been made to drink of thee, thou art no less bitter on that account It is thou, Liberty! thine sweet and gracious goddess, whom all in public or in private worship, whose taste is grateful and ever will be so, till Nature herself shall change—No tint of words can spot thy snowy mantle, or chemic power turn thy sceptre into iron—with thee to smile upon him as he eats his crust the swain is happier than his monarch, from whose court thou art exiled Gracious Heaven! grant me but health, thou great Bestower of it, and give me but this fair goddess as my companion; and shower down thy mitres, if it seems good unto thy divine providence, upon those heads which are aching for them.

Pursuing these ideas, I sat down close by my table, and leaning my head upon my hand, I began to figure to myself the miseries of confinement. I was in a right frame for it, and so I gave full scope to my imagination.

I was going to begin with the millions of my fellow-creatures born to no inheritance but slavery; but finding, however affecting the picture was, that I could not bring it near me, and that the multitude of sad groups in it did but distract me——

I took a single captive, and having first shut him up in his dungeon, I then looked through the twilight of his grated door to take his picture.

I beheld his body half wasted away with long expectation and confinement, and felt what kind of sickness of the heart it was which arises from hope deferred. Upon looking nearer I saw him pale and feverish: in thirty years the western breeze had not once fanned his blood—he had seen no sun, no moon, in all that time—nor had the voice of friend or kinsman breathed through his lattice. His children——

But here my heart began to bleed—and I was forced to go on with another part of the portrait.

He was sitting upon the ground upon a little straw, in the farthest corner of his dungeon, which was alternately his chair and bed, a little calendar of small sticks was laid at the head, notched all over with the dismal days and nights he had passed there—he had one of those little sticks in his hand, and with a rusty nail he was etching another day of misery to add to the heap. As I darkened the little light he had, he lifted up a hopeless eye towards the door, then cast it down—shook his head, and went on with his work of affliction. I heard his chains upon his legs as he turned his body to lay his little stick upon the bundle—He gave a deep sigh—I saw the *non* enter into his soul—I burst into tears—I could not sustain the picture of confinement which my fancy had drawn.

IV —BURKE'S EULOGIUM ON HOWARD.

I CANNOT name this gentleman without remarking that his labours and writings have done much to open the eyes and hearts of mankind. He has visited all Europe.—not to survey the sumptuousness of palaces, or the stateliness of temples; not to make accurate measurements of the remains of ancient grandeur; or to form a scale of the curiosity of modern art; not to collect medals, or collate manuscripts—but to dive into the depths of dungeons; to plunge into the infections of hospitals; to survey the mansions of sorrow and pain, to take the gauge and dimensions of misery, depression, and contempt, to remember the forgotten, to attend to the neglected, to visit the forsaken, and to compare and collate the distresses of all men in all countries. His plan is original; and it is as full of genius as it is of humanity. It was a voyage of discovery, a circumnavigation of charity. Already the benefit of his labour is felt more or less in every country. I hope he will anticipate his final reward, by seeing all its effects fully realized in his own. He will receive, not by retail, but in gross, the reward of those who visit the prisoner, and he has so forestalled and monopolized this branch of charity, that there will be, I trust, little room to merit by such acts of benevolence hereafter.

V.—HENRY THE FOURTH'S SOLILOQUY ON SLEEP

How many thousands of my poorest subjects
Are at this hour asleep! O gentle Sleep!
Nature's soft nurse! how have I frightened thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down
And steep my senses in forgetfulness?
Why rather, Sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber,
Than in the perfum'd chambers of the great,

Under the canopies of costly state,
 And lull'd with sounds of sweetest melody?
 O thou dull god! why hest thou with the vile
 In loathsome beds, and leav'st the kingly couch
 A watch-case or a common larum bell?
 Wilt thou, upon the high and giddy mast,
 Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
 In cradle of the rude imperious surge;
 And, in the visitation of the winds,
 Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
 Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
 With deafening clamours in the slippery shrouds,
 That, with the hurly, Death itself awakes?
 Canst thou, O partial Sleep! give thy repose
 To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude?
 And, in the calmest and the stillest night,
 With all appliances and means to boot,
 Deny it to a king? Then, happy lowly clown!—
 Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown

VI.—ON LIFE AND DEATH

Duke —Reason thus with life,—
 If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing
 That none but fools would keep a breath thou art,
 (Servile to all the slavery influences,
 That dost this habitation, where thou keep'st,
 Hourly afflict merely thou art death's fool;
 For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun,
 And yet run'st tow'rd him still Thou art not noble;
 For all the accommodations, that thou bear'st,
 Are nursed by baseness thou'rt by no means valiant;
 For thou dost fear the soft and tender fork
 Of a poor worm. Thy best of rest is sleep,
 And that thou oft provok'st; yet grossly fear'st
 Thy death, which is no more. Thou'rt not thyself,

For thou exist'st on many a thousand grains,
That issue out of dust Happy thou art not,
For what thou hast not, still thou striv'st to get,
And what thou hast, forget'st Thou art not certain,
For thy complexion shifts to strange effects,
After the moon If thou art rich thou'rt poor,
For like an ass, whose back with ingots bows,
Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,
And death unloads thee. Friend thou hast none,
For thy own bowels, which do call thee sure ;
The mere effusion of thy proper loins,
Do curse the gout, serpigo, and the rheum,
For ending thee no sooner. Thou hast nor youth nor age,
But as it were an after dinner's sleep,
Dreaming on both : for all thy blessed youth
Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms
Of palsied eld ; and when thou'rt old and rich,
Thou hast neither heat, affection, limb, nor beauty,
To make thy riches pleasant What's yet in this,
That bears the name of life ? Yet in this life
Lie hid more thousand deaths, yet death we fear,
That makes these odds all even.

Isabella —Oh, I do fear thee, Claudio ; and I quake,
Lest thou a feverous life shouldst entertain,
And six or seven winters more respect
Than a perpetual honour Dar'st thou die ?
The sense of death is most in apprehension ;
And the poor beetle, that we tread upon,
In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great,
As when a giant dies

Claud —Ay, but to die, and go we know not where ;
To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot.
This sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod ; and the delighted spirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice ;

To be imprisoned in the viewless winds,
And blown with restless violence round about
The pendent world: or to be worse than worst
Of those, that lawless and uncertain thoughts
Imagine howling! 'tis too horrible!
The weariest and most loathed worldly life,
That age, ache, penury, and imprisonment,
Can lay on nature, is a paradise
To what we fear of death.

VII.—MARIE ANTOINETTE.

It is now sixteen or seventeen years since I saw the Queen of France, then the dauphiness, at Versailles; and surely never lighted on this orb, which she hardly seemed to touch, a more delightful vision. I saw her just above the horizon, decorating and cheering the elevated sphere she just began to move in,—glittering like the morning-star, full of life, and splendour, and joy. Oh! what a revolution! and what a heart must I have, to contemplate without emotion that elevation and that fall! Little did I dream when she added titles of veneration to those of enthusiastic, distant, respectful love, that she should ever be obliged to carry the sharp antidote against disgrace concealed in that bosom; little did I dream that I should have lived to see such disasters fallen upon her in a nation of gallant men, in a nation of men of honour and of cavaliers. I thought ten thousand swords must have leaped from their scabbards to avenge even a look that threatened her with insult. But the age of chivalry is gone. That of sophisters, economists, and calculators has succeeded; and the glory of Europe is extinguished for ever. Never, never more shall we behold that generous loyalty to rank and sex, that proud submission, that dignified obedience, that subordination of the heart, which kept alive, even in servitude itself, the spirit of an exalted freedom. The unbought grace of life, the cheap

defence of nations, the nurse of manly sentiment and heroic enterprise is gone! It is gone, that sensibility of principle, that chastity of honour, which felt a stain like a wound, which inspired courage whilst it mitigated ferocity, which ennobled whatever it touched, and under which vice itself lost half its evil, by losing all its grossness.

VIII — LIVING TO ONE'S SELF.

WHAT I mean by living to one's self is, living in the world, as in it, not of it, it is as if no one knew there was such a person, and you wished no one to know it. it is to be a silent spectator of the mighty scene of things, not an object of attention or curiosity in it; to take a thoughtful, anxious interest in what is passing in the world, but not to feel the slightest inclination to make or meddle with it. It is such a life as a pure spirit might be supposed to lead, and such an interest as it might take in the affairs of men—calm, contemplative, passive, distant, touched with pity for their sorrows, smiling at their follies without bitterness, sharing their affections, but not troubled by their passions, not seeking their notice, nor once dreamed of by them. He who lives wisely to himself and to his own heart, looks at the busy world through the loopholes of retreat, and does not want to mingle in the fray. "He hears the tumult and is still." He is not able to mend it, nor willing to mar it. He sees enough in the universe to interest him, without putting himself forward to try what he can do to fix the eyes of the universe upon him. Vain the attempt! He reads the clouds, he looks at the stars, he watches the return of the seasons, the falling leaves of autumn, the perfumed breath of spring, starts with delight at the note of a thrush in a copse near him, sits by the fire, listens to the moaning of the wind, pores upon a book, or discourses the freezing hours away, or melts down hours to minutes in pleasing thought. All this while he is taken up with other things,

forgetting himself. He relishes an author's style, without thinking of turning author. He is fond of looking at a print from an old picture in the room, without teasing himself to copy it. He does not fret himself to death with trying to be what he is not, or to do what he cannot. He hardly knows what he is capable of, and is not in the least concerned, whether he shall ever make a figure in the world. He looks out of himself at the wide extended prospect of nature, and takes an interest beyond his narrow pretensions in general humanity. He is free as air, and independent as the wind. Woe be to him when he first begins to think what others say of him. While a man is contented with himself and his own resources, all is well. When he undertakes to play a part on the stage, and to persuade the world to think more about him than they do about themselves, he is got into a track where he will find nothing but briers and thorns, vexation and disappointment.

IX —MERCY.

THE quality of mercy is not strain'd ;
It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heav'n
Upon the place beneath. It is twice blessed ;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes.
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest, it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown :
His sceptre shows the force of temporal pow'r,
The attribute to awe, and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of king ;
But mercy is above this sceptred sway,
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings ;
It is an attribute to God himself,
And earthly power doth then show likest God's,
When mercy seasons justice.—We do pray for mercy ;
And that same prayer doth teach us all
To render the deeds of mercy

X.—DESCRIPTION OF QUEEN MAB

Oh, then I see Queen Mab hath been with you.
She is the fairies' midwife; and she comes
In shape no bigger than an agate-stone
On the fore-finger of an alderman,
Drawn by a team of little atomies,
Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep.
Her waggon-spokes made of long spinners' legs;
The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers,
The traces, of the smallest spider's web;
The collars, of the moonshine's wat'ry beams,
Her whip of cricket's bone; the lash of film
Her waggoner a small gray-coated gnat,
Not half so big as a round little worm,
Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid.
Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,
Made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub,
Tune out of mind the fairies' coachmakers
And in this state she gallops, night by night,
Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love.
On courtiers' knees, that dream on court'sies straight.
O'er doctors' fingers, who straight dream on fees.
O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream.
Sometimes she gallops o'er a lawyer's nose,
And then dreams he of smelling out a suit
And sometimes comes she with a tithe-pig's tail,
Tickling the parson as he lies asleep,
Then dreams he of another benefice
Sometimes she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
And then he dreams of cutting foreign throats,
Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
Of healths five fathoms deep; and then anon
Drums in his ears, at which he starts and wakes;
And being thus frightened, swears a prayer or two,
And sleeps again.

XI.—PROLOGUE TO THE TRAGEDY OF CATO

To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
To raise the genius, and to mend the heart,
To make mankind in conscious virtue bold,
Live o'er each scene, and be what they behold.
For this the Tragic Muse first trod the stage,
Commanding tears to stream through every age:
Tyrants no more their savage nature kept,
And foes to virtue wonder'd how they wept
Our author shuns by vulgar themes to move
The hero's glory, or the virgin's love:
In pitying love we but our weakness show,
And wild ambition well deserves its woe.
Here tears shall flow from a more generous cause;
Such tears as patriots shed for dying laws:
He bids your breast with ancient ardours rise,
And calls forth Roman drops from British eyes
Virtue confess'd in human shape he draws,
What Plato thought, and god-like Cato was:
No common object to your sight displays,
But what with pleasure heav'n itself surveys,
A brave man struggling in the storms of fate,
And greatly falling with a falling state!
While Cato gives his little senate laws,
What bosom beats not in his country's cause?
Who sees him act, but envies every deed?
Who hears him groan and does not wish to bleed?
Ev'n when proud Cæsar, 'midst triumphal cars,
The spoils of nations, and the pomp of wars,
Ignobly vain and impotently great,
Show'd Rome her Cato's figure drawn in state;
As her dead father's rev'rend image pass'd
The pomp was darken'd, and the day o'ercast,
The triumph ceas'd,—tears gush'd from every eye;
The world's great victor pass'd unheeded by:

Her last good man dejected Rome ador'd,
And honour'd Cæsar's, less than Cato's sword.

Britons ! attend ! Be worth like this approv'd ;
And show you have the virtue to be mov'd.
With honest scorn the first fam'd Cato view'd
Rome learning arts from Greece, whom she subdued :
Our scene precariously subsists too long
On French translation, and Italian song
Dare to have sense yourselves · assert the stage :
Be justly warm'd with your own native rage.
Such plays alone should please a British ear,
As Cato's self had not disdain'd to hear.

XII —CATO'S SOLILOQUY.

It must be so—Plato, thou reason'st well !
Else, whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after immortality ?
Or whence this secret dread, and inward horror,
Of falling into nought ? Why shrinks the soul
Back on herself, and startles at destruction ?
'Tis the Divinity that stirs within us ·
'Tis Heav'n itself that points out an hereafter,
And intimates—Eternity to man
Eternity ! thou pleasing—dreadful thought !
Through what variety of untried being,
Through what new scenes and changes must we pass !
The wide, th' unbounded prospect lies before me,
But shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon it
Here will I hold. If there's a Pow'r above us,
(And that there is, all Nature cries aloud
Through all her works), He must delight in virtue ;
And that which He delights in must be happy—
But when ? or where ? This world—was made for Cæsar.
I'm weary of conjectures—this must end them—

[*Laying his hand on his sword*]

Thus am I doubly arm'd · My death and life,

My bane, and antidote are both before me.
This—in a moment, brings me to an end ;
But this—informs me I shall never die.
The soul, secur'd in her existence, smiles
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point —
The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years ;
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amidst the war of elements,
The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds !

XIII —IL PENSEROSO.

HENCE, vain deluding joys,
The brood of folly, without father bred !
How little you bested,
Or fill the fixed mind with all your toys !
Dwell in some idle brain,
And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,
As thick and numberless
As the gay motes that people the sunbeams,
Or likest hovering dreams,
The fickle pensioners of Morpheus' train
But hail, thou goddess, sage and holy,
Hail, divinest Melancholy !
Whose saintly visage is too bright
To hit the sense of human sight,
And therefore to our weaker view,
O'erlaid with black, staid Wisdom's hue ;
Black, but such as in esteem,
Prince Memnon's sister might beseem.
Come, pensive nun, devout and pure,
Sober, steadfast, and demure,
All in a robe of darkest grain,
Flowing with majestic train,
And sable stole of cyprus lawn,
Over thy decent shoulders drawn.

Come, but keep thy wonted state,
With even step, and musing gait,
And looks commencing with the skies,
Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes
There, held in holy passion still,
Forget thyself to marble, till
With a sad leaden downward cast,
Thou fix them on the earth as fast ;
And join with thee calm Peace and Quiet,
Spare Fast, that oft with gods doth diet,
And hears the Muses in a ring
Aye round about Jove's altar sing :
And add to these retired Leisure,
That in trim gardens takes his pleasure.
But first, and chiefest, with thee bring
Him that yon soars on golden wing,
Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne,
The cherub Contemplation :
And the mute Silence hist along,
'Less Philomel will deign a song,
In her sweetest, saddest plight,
Smoothing the rugged brow of night,
While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke,
Gently o'er the accustom'd oak :
Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of folly,
Most musical, most melancholy !
Thee, chauntress, oft the woods among,
I woo to hear thy evening song ;
And missing thee, I walk unseen
On the dry smooth-shaven green,
To behold the wand'ring moon,
Riding near her highest noon,
Like one that had been led astray
Through the heaven's wide pathless way ;
And oft, as if her head she bow'd,
Stooping through a fleecy cloud.

Oft on a plat of rising ground,
I hear the far-off curfew sound,
Over some wide-water'd shore,
Swinging slow with sullen roar :
Or if the air will not permit,
Some still removed place will fit,
Where glowing embers through the room,
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom ;
Far from all resort of mirth,
Save the cricket on the hearth,
Or the bellman's drowsy charm,
To bless the doors from nightly harm.

Or let my lamp at midnight hour
Be seen on some high lonely tow'r,
Where I may oft out-watch the Bear,
With thrice-great Hermes, or unsphere
The spirit of Plato, to unfold
What worlds, or what vast regions hold
The immortal mind that hath forsook
Her mansion in this fleshly nook.
And of those demons that are found
In fire, air, flood, or under ground,
Whose power hath a true consent
With planet, or with element.

Sometimes let gorgeous Tragedy
In sceptred pall come sweeping by,
Presenting Thebes' or Pelops' line,
Or else the tale of Troy divine ;
Or what (though rare) of later age,
Unnobled hath the buskin'd stage

But, O sad virgin, that thy power
Might raise Musæus from his bower !
Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing
Such notes as, warbled to the string,
Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,
And made hell grant what love did seek ;

Or call up 'him that left half told
The story of Cambuscan bold—

And if aught else great bards beside
In sage and solemn tunes have sung,
Of tourneys, and of trophies hung,
Of forests, and enchantments drear,
Where more is meant than meets the ear.

Thus, Night, oft see me in thy pale career,
Till civil-suited Morn appear
And when the sun begins to fling
His flaming beams, me, goddess, bring
To arched walks of twilight groves,
And shadows brown that Sylvan loves,
Of pine or monumental oak,
Where the rude axe with heaved stroke
Was never heard the nymphs to daunt,
Or fright them from their hallow'd haunt.
There in close covert by some brook,
Where no profaner eye may look,
Hide me from day's garish eye,
While the bee with honey'd thigh,
That at her flow'ry work doth sing,
And the waters murmuring,
With such concert as they keep,
Entice the dewy-feather'd sleep ;
And let some strange mysterious dream,
Wave at his wings in æry stream
Of lively portraiture display'd,
Softly on my eyelids laid ;
And as I wake sweet music breathe
Above, about, or underneath,
Sent by some spirit to mortals good,
Or th' unseen Genius of the wood.

But let my due feet never fail
To walk the studious cloisters pale,

And love the high-embowed roof,
 With antique pillars massy proof,
 And storied windows richly dight,
 Casting a dim religious light.
 There let the pealing organ blow,
 To the full-voic'd choir below,
 In service high and anthems clear,
 As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
 Dissolve me into ecstasies,
 And bring all Heav'n before mine eyes.

And may at last my weary age
 Find out the peaceful hermitage,
 The hairy gown and mossy cell,
 Where I may sit and rightly spell
 Of ev'ry star that heav'n doth show,
 And ev'ry herb that sips the dew;
 Till old experience do attain
 To something like prophetic strain
 These pleasures, MELANCHOLY, give.
 And I with thee will choose to live.

XIV.—L'ALLEGRO

HENCE, loathed Melancholy,
 Of Cerberus and blackest midnight born,
 In Stygian cave forlorn,
 'Mongst horrid shapes and shrieks and sights unholy !
 Find out some uncouth cell,

Where brooding darkness spreads his jealous wings,
 And the night raven sings,
 There under ebon shades, and low-brow'd rocks,
 As ragged as thy locks,

In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.

But come, thou goddess, fair and free,
 In heav'n yclep'd Euphrosyne,
 And by men, heart-easing Mirth,
 Whom lovely Venus at a birth,

With two sister Graces more
To ivy-crowned Bacchus bore.

Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee,
Jest and youthful Jollity,
Quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles,
Nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimples sleek ;
Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides,
Come, and trip it as you go
On the light fantastic toe,
And in thy right hand lead with thee
The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty ;
And, if I give thee honour due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
To live with her and live with thee,
In unproved pleasures free .
To hear the lark begin his flight,
And singing startle the dull night,
From his watch-tower in the skies,
Till the dappled dawn doth rise ;
Then to come, in spite of sorrow,
And at my window bid good-morrow,
Through the sweetbrier, or the vine,
Or the twisted eglantine :
While the cock with lively din
Scatters the rear of darkness thin.
And to the stack, or the barn-door,
Stoutly struts his dames before .
Oft list'ning how the hounds and horn
Cheerly rouse the slumb'ring morn,
From the side of some hoar hill,
Through the high wood echoing shrill .
Some time walking not unseen
By hedge-row elms, or hillocks green,

Right against the eastern gate,
Where the great sun begins his state,
Rob'd in flames, and amber light,
The clouds in thousand liveries dight,
While the ploughman near at hand,
Whistles o'er the furrow'd land.
And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
And the mower whets his scythe,
And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale.

Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures,
Whilst the landscape round it measures—
Russet lawns, and fallows gray,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray,
Mountains, on whose barren breast,
The labouring clouds do often rest;
Meadows trim with daisies pied,
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide:
Towers and battlements it sees,
Bosom'd high in tufted trees,
Where perhaps some beauty lies,
The Cynosure of neighbouring eyes
Hard by, a cottage chimney smokes,
From betwixt two aged oaks,
Where Corydon and Thyrsis met,
Are at their savoury dinner set,
Of herbs, and other country messes,
Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses;
And then in haste her bower she leaves,
With Thestylis to bind the sheaves;
Or if the earlier season lead
To the tann'd haycock in the mead

Sometimes with secure delight
The upland hamlets will invite,
When the merry bells ring round,
And the jocund rebecks sound

To many a youth and many a maid,
Dancing in the chequer'd shade ;
And young and old come forth to play
On a sunshine holiday,
Till the live-long daylight fail ;
Then to the spicy nut-brown ale,
With stories told of many a feat,
How fairy Mab the junkets ate ;
She was pinch'd, and pull'd, she said,
And he by friar's lantern led ,
Tells how the drudging goblin sweat
To earn his cream-bowl duly set,
When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
His shadowy flail hath thresh'd the corn,
That ten day labourers could not end ,
Then lies him down the lubber fiend,
And stretch'd out all the chimney's length,
Basks at the fire his hairy strength ;
And crop-full out of doors he flings,
Ere the first cock his matin rings
Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,
By whispering winds soon lull'd to sleep
 Tow'rd cities please us then,
And the busy hum of men,
Where throngs of knights and barons bold
In weeds of peace high triumphs hold,
With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
Rain influence, and judge the prize
Of wit, or arms, while both contend
To win her grace, whom all commend.
There let Hymen oft appear
In saffron robe with taper clear,
And pomp, and feast, and revelry,
With mask and antique pageantry ;
Such sights as youthful poets dream,
On summer eves by haunted stream.

Then to the well-trod stage anon,
If Jonson's learned sock be on,
Or sweetest Shakspeare, Fancy's child,
Warble his native wood-notes wild
And ever against eating cares
Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
Married to immortal verse,
Such as the melting soul may pierce,
In notes with many a winding bout
Of linked sweetness long drawn out,
With wanton heed, and giddy cunning,
The melting voice through mazes running,
Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony ;
That Orpheus' self may heave his head
From golden slumber on a bed
Of heap'd Elysian flowers, and hear
Such strains as would have won the ear
Of Pluto, to have quite set free
His half-regain'd Eurydice
 These delights if thou canst give,
MIRTH, with thee I mean to live.

XV.—ALEXANDER'S FEAST.

'Twas at the royal feast for Persia won
By Philip's warlike son—
Aloft, in awful state,
The god-like hero sat
 On his imperial throne.
His valiant peers were plac'd around,
Their brows with roses and with myrtle bound :
 So should desert in arms be crown'd.
The lovely Thais, by his side,
Sat like a blooming eastern bride,
In flower of youth and beauty's pride.—

Happy, happy, happy pair !
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deserves the fair.

Timotheus, plac'd on high
Amid the tuneful choir,
 With flying fingers touch'd the lyre ;
The trembling notes ascend the sky,
 And heavenly joys inspire.—
The list'ning crowd admire the lofty sound :
A present deity ! they shout around !
A present deity ! the vaulted roofs rebound —
 With ravish'd ears
 The monarch hears,
 Assumes the god,
 Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the spheres.

The praise of Bacchus, then, the sweet musician sung,
 Of Bacchus, ever fair and ever young !
The jolly god in triumph comes !
 Sound the trumpets ! beat the drums !
Flush'd with a purple grace,
 He shows his honest face.
Now give the hautboys breath ! he comes ! he comes !
 Bacchus ever fair and young,
Drinking joys did first ordain ;
 Bacchus' blessings are a treasure ;
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure.
 Rich the treasure ;
 Sweet the pleasure ;
 Sweet is pleasure after pain.

Sooth'd with the sound, the king grew vain ;
Fought all his battles o'er again ;
And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he slew the slain !

The master saw the madness rise,
 His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes;
 And, while he heav'n and earth defied—
 Chang'd his hand and check'd his pride.

He chose a mournful muse,

Soft pity to infuse:

He sung Darius, great and good,

By too severe a fate,

Fall'n! fall'n! fall'n! fall'n!

Fall'n from his high estate,

And weltering in his blood!

Deserted at his utmost need

By those his former bounty fed,

On the bare earth exposed he lies,

With not a friend to close his eyes!

With downcast look the joyless victor sat,

Revolving, in his alter'd soul,

The various turns of fate below;

And, now and then, a sigh he stole,

And tears began to flow!

The mighty master smil'd, to see

That love was in the next degree,

'Twas but a kindred sound to move;

For pity melts the mind to love

Softly sweet, in Lydian measures,

Soon he sooth'd his soul to pleasures.

War, he sung, is toil and trouble;

Honour but an empty bubble;

Never ending, still beginning,

Fighting still, and still destroying,

If the world be worth thy winning,

Think, oh, think it worth enjoying!

.

The many rend the skies with loud applause:

So love was crown'd, but music won the cause.

Now, strike the golden lyre again !
A louder yet, and yet a louder strain !
Break his bands of sleep asunder,
And rouse him, like a rattling peal of thunder !
Hark ! hark ! the horrid sound
Has rais'd up his head,
As awak'd from the dead ,
And amaz'd he stares around.

Revenge ! revenge ! Timotheus cries—
See the furies arise !
See the snakes that they rear,
How they hiss in their hair,
And the sparkles that flash from their eyes !
Behold a ghastly band,
Each a torch in his hand !
These are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were slain,
And, unburied, remain
Inglorious on the plain !
Give the vengeance due
To the valiant crew !
Behold ! how they toss their torches on high,
How they point to the Persian abodes,
And glitt'ring temples of their hostile gods !
The princes applaud with a furious joy ;
And the king seiz'd a flambeau, with zeal to destroy ;
Thais led the way,
To light him to his prey ;
And, like another Helen, fired another Troy !

Thus, long ago,
Ere heaving bellows learn'd to blow,
While organs yet were mute,
Timotheus, to his breathing flute
And sounding lyre,
Could swell the soul to rage—or kindle soft desire.

At last, divine Cecilia came,
 Inventress of the vocal frame.
 The sweet enthusiast from her sacred store,
 Enlarg'd the former narrow bounds,
 And added length to solemn sounds,
 With nature's mother wit, and arts unknown before.
 Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
 Or both divide the crown.
 He rais'd a mortal to the skies ;
 She drew an angel down !

XVI —EXTRACTS FROM GRAY'S BARD.

" RUIN seize thee, ruthless¹ King !
 Confusion on thy banners wait !
 Though fann'd by conquest's crimson wing,
 They mock the air with idle state !
 Helm nor hauberk's twisted mail,
 Nor even thy virtues, tyrant ! shall avail
 To save thy secret soul from nightly fears,
 From Cambria's curse, from Cambria's tears !"
 Such were the sounds that o'er the crested pride
 Of the first Edward scatter'd wild dismay,
 As down the steep of Snowdon's shaggy side
 He wound with toilsome march his long array.
 Stout Gloucester stood aghast in speechless trance.
 To arms ! cried Mortimer, and couch'd his quivering lance.
 On a rock, whose haughty brow
 Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood,
 Robed in the sable garb of woe,
 With haggard eyes the poet stood,
 (Loose his beard and hoary hair
 Stream'd, like a meteor, to the troubled air ;)

¹ It was a common tradition in Wales, that Edward I. ordered all the Bards to be put to death. On that tradition this Ode is founded.

And with a master's hand and prophet's fire
Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre—

"Dear lost companions of my tuneful art,
Dear as the light that visits these sad eyes,
Dear as the ruddy drops that warm my heart,
Ye died amidst your dying country's cries!—

"No more I weep They do not sleep,
On yonder cliffs, a grisly band,
I see them sit! they linger yet,
Avengers of their native land,
With me in dreadful harmony they join,
And weave with bloody hand the tissue of thy line.

"Weave the warp, and weave the woof,
The winding sheet of Edward's race;
Give ample room and verge enough
The characters of hell to trace
Mark the year, and mark the night,
When Severn shall re-echo with affright
The shrieks of death through Berkley's roof that ring;
Shrieks! of an agonizing king!—

"Mighty victor, mighty lord,^a
Low on his funeral couch he lies!
No pitying heart, no eye afford
A tear to grace his obsequies
Is the sable warrior fled?

Thy son is gone He rests among the dead.
The swarms that in thy noontide beam were born?
Gone to salute the rising morn.
Fair laughs the morn,^b and soft the zephyr blows,
While, proudly riding o'er the azure realm,
In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes;
Youth on the prow, and pleasure at the helm;
Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind's sway,
That, hush'd in grim repose, expects his evening prey!—

^a In allusion to the murder of Edward II ^b Death of Edward III

^c In allusion to the auspicious commencement of Richard II.'s reign.

"Fond impious man ' think'st thou on sanguine cloud,
 Raised by thy breath, has quench'd the orb of day?
 To-morrow he repairs the golden flood,
 And warms the rations with redoubled ray.
 Enough for me: with joy I see
 The different doom our fates assign,
 Pe thine Despair, and sceptred Care,
 To triumph and to die are mine "
 He spoke, and, headlong from the mountain's height,
 Deep in the roaring tide he plunged to endless night

XVII — ILLEGITIMACY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day ;
 The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea ;
 The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
 And leaves the world to darkness—and to me.

 Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
 And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
 Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
 And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds,

 Save that, from yonder ivy-martled tow'r,
 The moping owl does to the moon complain
 Of such, as wandering near her secret bow'r,
 Molest her ancient, solitary reign

 Beneath these rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
 Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,
 Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
 The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

 The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
 The swallow twitt'ring from her straw-built shed,
 The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
 No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care ;
No children run to hsp their sn'e's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield ;
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke
How jocund did they drive their team afield !
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke !

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure ;
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,
And all that beauty, all that wealth, e'er gave,
Await, alike, the inevitable hour :
The paths of glory lead—but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If mem'ry o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where, through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault,
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise :

Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath ?
Can honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or flatt'ry soothe the dull cold ear of death ?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire ;
Hands, that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
Or wak'd to ecstasy the living lyre ;

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll ;
Chill penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flow'r is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air

Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest;
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of list'ning senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade: nor circumscrib'd alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd;
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind;

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide:
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame;
Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride,
With incense kindled at the muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
(Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray,)
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet even these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected high,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spell'd by th' unlettered muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply;
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing ling'ring look behind ?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
Ev'n from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
Ev'n in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonour'd dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say—
“ Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn,
Brushing, with hasty steps, the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

“ There, at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wrinkles its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

“ Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies, he would rove;
Now drooping, woeful, wan, like one forlorn,
Or craz'd with care, or crossed in hopeless love.

“ One morn I miss'd him on th' accustom'd hill,
Along the heath, and near his favourite tree,
Another came, nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he.

“ The next, with dirges due, in sad array,
Slow through the churchyard path we saw him borne—
Approach, and read (for thou canst read) the lay,
Grav'd on the stone beneath yon aged thorn.”

THE EPITAPH.

Here rests his head upon the lap of earth,
 A youth to fortune and to fame unknown;
 Nor Science frown'd not on his humble birth,
 And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
 Heav'n did a recompence as largely send.
 He gave to mis'ry all he had—a tear;
 He gain'd from heav'n ('twas all he wish'd) a friend

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
 Or draw his frailties from their dread abode;
 (There they, alike, in trembling hope repose,)
 The bosom of his Father and his God.

XVIII —LOCHIEL'S WARNING.

Wizard —Lochiel! Lochiel! beware of the day
 When the Lowlands shall meet thee in battle array!
 For a field of the dead rushes red on my sight,
 And the clans of Culloden are scattered in flight.
 They rally, they bleed, for their kingdom and crown;
 Woe, woe to the riders that trample them down!
 Proud Cumberland prances, insulting the slain,
 And their hoof-beaten bosoms are trod to the plain!—
 But hark! through the fast-flashing lightning of war,
 What steed to the desert flies frantic and far?
 'Tis thine, oh, Glenullen! whose bride shall await,
 Like a love-lighted watch-fire, all night at the gate.
 A steed comes at morning no rider is there;
 But its bridle is red with the sign of despair
 Weep, Albin! to death and captivity led!
 Oh, weep! but thy tears cannot number the dead;
 For a merciless sword on Culloden shall wave—
 Culloden! that reeks with the blood of the brave.

chiel —Go, preach to the coward, thou death-telling seer !
 gory Culloden so dreadful appear,
 dotard, around thy old, wavering sight,
 mantle, to cover the phantoms of fright
izard.—Hia ! laugh'st thou, Lochiel, my vision to scorn ?
 d bird of the mountain, thy plume shall be torn,
 rushed the bold eagle exultingly forth,
 his home in the dark-rolling clouds of the north ?
 the death-shot of foemen outspeeding, he rode
 banionless, bearing destruction abroad ;
 down let him stoop from his havoc on high,
 home let him speed,—for the spoiler is nigh.
 flames the far summit ? Why shoot to the blast
 e embers, like stars from the firmament cast ?
 he fire-shower of ruin, all dreadfully driven
 his eyry, that beacons the darkness of heaven.
 nestled Lochiel ! the peerless in might,
 se banners arise on the battlements' height,
 ven's fire is around thee, to blast and to burn ;
 in to thy dwelling ! all lonely, return !
 he blackness of ashes shall mark where it stood,
 a wild mother scream o'er her famishing brood.
chiel —False Wizard, avaunt ! I have marshalled my clan,
 e swords are a thousand, their bosoms are one !
 are true to the last of their blood and their breath,
 like reapers descend to the harvest of death.
 welcome be Cumberland's steed to the shock !
 him dash his proud foam, like a wave on the rock !
 woe to his kindred, and woe to his cause,
 n Albin her claymore indignantly draws ;
 n her bonneted chieftains to victory crowd,
 ranald the dauntless, and Moray the proud,
 laided and plumed in their tartan array——
izard.—Lochiel, Lochiel ! beware of the day !
 dark and despairing, my sight I may seal,
 man cannot cover what God would reveal ;

'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
 And coming events cast their shadows before
 I tell thee, Culloden's dread echoes shall ring
 With the blood-hounds that bark for thy fugitive¹ King!
 Lo! anointed by Heaven with the vials of wrath,
 Behold, where he flies on his desolate path!
 Now, in darkness and billows, he sweeps from my sight
 Rise! rise! ye wild tempests, and cover his flight!
 'Tis finished—Their thunders are hushed on the moor—
 Culloden is lost, and my country deplores!
 But where is the iron-bound prisoner? Where?
 For the red eye of battle is shut in despair.
 Say, mounts he the ocean-wave, banished, forlorn,
 Like a limb from his country cast bleeding and torn?
 Ah, no! for a darker departure is near;
 The war-drum is muffled, and black is the bier,
 His death-bell is tolling! Oh, mercy! dispel
 Yon sight, that it freezes my spirit to tell!
 Life flutters convulsed in his quivering limbs,
 And his blood-streaming nostril in agony swims!
 Accursed be the faggots that blaze at his feet,
 Where his heart shall be thrown, ere it ceases to beat,
 With the smoke of its ashes to poison the gale——

Lochiel —Down, soothless insulter! I trust not the tale.
 For never shall Albin a destiny meet,
 So black with dishonour, so foul with retreat
 Though my perishing ranks should be strewed in their gore,
 Like ocean-weeds heaped on the surf-beaten shore.
 Lochiel, untainted by flight or by chains,
 While the kindling of life in his bosom remains,
 Shall victor exult, or in death be laid low,
 With his back to the field, and his feet to the foe!
 And, leaving in battle no blot on his name,
 Look proudly to Heaven from the death-bed of fame.

¹ Prince Charles, whom the Highlanders of that day regarded as their rightful king.

XIX.—ON SLAVERY.

Oh! for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
Some boundless contiguity of shade,
Where rumour of oppression and deceit,
Of unsuccessful or successful war,
Might never reach me more! My ear is pained,
My soul is sick with every day's report
Of wrong and outrage with which earth is fill'd.
There is no flesh in man's obdurate heart—
It does not feel for man. That natural bond
Of brotherhood is sever'd as the flax
That falls asunder at the touch of fire
He finds his fellow guilty—of a skin
Not colour'd like his own, and, having power
To enforce the wrong, for such a worthy cause,
Downs and devotes him as his lawful prey.
Lands intersected by a narrow frith
Abhor each other Mountains interpos'd
Make enemies of nations who had else,
Like kindred drops been mingled into one.
Thus man devotes his brother and destroys;
And, worse than all, and most to be deploir'd,
As human nature's broadest, foulest blot,
Chains him, and tasks him, and exacts his sweat
With stripes, that Mercy, with a bleeding heart,
Weeps, when she sees inflicted on a beast
Then what is man? And what man seeing this,
And having human feelings, does not blush
And hang his head, to think himself a man?
I would not have a slave to till my ground,
To carry me, to fan me while I sleep,
And tremble when I wake, for all the wealth
That sinews bought and sold have ever earn'd.
No: dear as freedom is, and in my heart's
Just estimation, priz'd above all price,

I had much rather be myself the slave,
And wear the bonds than fasten them on him
We have no slaves at home—then why abroad?
And they themselves, once ferried o'er the wave
That parts us, are emancipated and loosed
Slaves cannot breathe in England, if then lungs
Receive our air, that moment they are free;
They touch our country, and their shackles fall!
That's noble, and bespeaks a nation proud
And jealous of the blessing. Spread it then,
And let it circulate through every vein
Of all your empire, that, where Britain's power
Is felt, mankind may feel her mercy too.

XX —YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND.

Ye mariners of England!
That guard our native seas;
Whose flag has braved a thousand years
The battle and the breeze
Your glorious standard launch again
To match another foe!
And sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow
The spirits of your fathers
Shall start from every wave!
For the deck it was their field of fame,
And ocean was their grave;
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,
Your manly hearts shall glow,
As ye sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow

Britannia needs no bulwark,
No towers along the steep ;
Her march is o'er the mountain waves,
Her home is on the deep.
With thunders from her native oak,
She quells the flood below,
As they roar on the shore,
When the stormy winds do blow :
When the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow

The meteor-flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn ;
Till danger's troubled night depart,
And the star of peace return.
Then, then, ye ocean-warriors !
Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name,
When the storm has ceased to blow ;
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the storm has ceased to blow.

XXI.—THE BATTLE OF Hohenlinden.

On Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay th' untrodden snow ;
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Isar, rolling rapidly.

But Linden showed another sight,
When the drum beat at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery !

By torch and trumpet fast arrayed,
Each horseman drew his battle-blade ;
And furious every charger neighed,
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven,
Then rushed the steed to battle driven,
And, louder than the bolts of heaven,
Far flashed the red artillery.

But redder yet those fires shall glow
On Linden's hills of stained snow;
And bloodier yet shall be the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn—but scarce yon level sun
Can pierce the war-cloud rolling dun,
Where furious Frank and fiery Hun
Shout 'mid their sulphurous canopy.

The combat deepens On, ye brave!
Who rush to glory or the grave!
Wave, Munich, all thy banners wave,
And charge with all thy chivalry!

Few, few shall part where many meet!
The snow shall be their winding-sheet;
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre!

LXII —THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE

Nor a drum was heard—not a funeral note,
As his corse to the ramparts we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning,
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast ;
Not in sheet, nor in shroud, we wound him,
But he lay—like a warrior taking his rest—
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow,
But we steadfastly gaz'd on the face of the dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow !

We thought, as we hollow'd his narrow bed,
And smooth'd down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow !

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him ;
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him !

But half of our heavy task was done,
When the bell toll'd the hour for retiring,
And we heard the distant and random gun,
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fiesh and gory ;
We carv'd not a line—we rais'd not a stone,
But we left him alone, with his glory !

XXIII — ON CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

I would not enter on my list of fiends
(Though graced with polish'd manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility) the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.
An inadvertent step may crush the snail

That crawls at evening in the public path,
But he that has humanity, forewarn'd,
Will step aside, and let the reptile live.
The creeping vermin, loathsome to the sight
And charged with venom, that intrudes,
A visitor unwelcome, into scenes
Sacred to neatness and repose, the bower,
The chamber, or the hall, may die:
A necessary act incurs no blame.
Not so, when held within their proper bounds,
And guiltless of offence, they range the air,
Or take their pastime in the spacious field:
There they are privileg'd And he that hunts
Or harms them there is guilty of a wrong;
Disturbs th' economy of Nature's realm,
Who when she form'd, design'd them an abode.
The sum is this if man's convenience, health,
Or safety interfere, his rights and claims
Are paramount, and must extinguish theirs
Else they are all—the meanest things that are,
As free to live, and to enjoy that life,
As God was free to form them at the first,
Who in his sov'reign wisdom made them all.
Ye, therefore, who love mercy, teach your sons
To love it too The spring time of our years
Is soon dishonour'd and defiled, in most,
By budding ills, that ask a prudent hand
To check them. But alas! none sooner shoots,
If un restrain'd, into luxuriant growth,
Than cruelty, most devilish of them all.
Mercy to him that shows it, is the rule
And righteous limitation of its act.
By which Heav'n moves, in pard'ning guilty man:
And he that shows none, being ripe in years,
And conscious of the outrage he commits,
Shall seek it—and not find it in his turn

XXIV.—THE COMMON LOT.

ONCE, in the flight of ages past,
There lived a man—and who was he?
Mortal! howe'er thy lot be cast,
That man resembled thee.

Unknown the region of his birth;
The land in which he died, unknown;
His name has perish'd from the earth:
This truth survives alone;—

That joy, and grief, and hope, and fear,
Alternate triumphed in his breast:
His bliss and woe—a smile, a tear:
Oblivion hides the rest.

The bounding pulse, the languid limb,
The changing spirits' rise and fall;
We know that these were felt by him,
For these are felt by all.

He suffered—but his pangs are o'er;
Enjoyed—but his delights are fled;
Had friends—his friends are now no more;
And foes—his foes are dead.

He loved—but whom he loved, the grave
Hath lost in its unconscious womb,
Oh, she was fair! but nought could save
Her beauty from the tomb.

He saw—whatever thou hast seen;
Encountered—all that troubles thee:
He was—whatever thou hast been;
He is—what thou shalt be!

The rolling seasons, day and night,
Sun, moon, and stars, the earth and main,—
Erewhile his portion,—life and light;
To him exist in vain.

The clouds and sunbeams, o'er his eye
That once their shades and glory threw,
Have left in yonder silent sky
No vestige where they flew

The annals of the human race,
Their ruins, since the world began,
Of him afford no other trace
Than this,—THERE LIVED A MAN !

XXV —THE OCEAN.

THERE is a pleasure in the pathless woods ;
There is a rapture on the lonely shore ;
There is society where none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar .
I love not Man the less, but Nature more,
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the Universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean—roll !
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain ;
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
Stops with the shore,—upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffin'd, and unknown.

His steps are not upon thy paths,—thy fields
Are not a spoil for him,—thou dost arise
And shake him from thee ; the vile strength he wields
For earth's destruction thou dost all despise,

Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,
 And send'st him, shivering, in thy playful spray,
 And howling, to his gods, where haply lies
 His petty hope in some near port or bay,
 And dashest him again to earth:—there let him lay.

The armaments which thunder-strike the walls
 Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,
 And monarchs tremble in their capitals,—
 The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make
 Their clay creator the vain title take
 Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war;
 These are thy toys, and as the snowy flake,
 They melt into thy yeast of waves, which lull
 Alack the Armada's pride, or spoils of Trafalgar

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee—
 Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they?
 Thy waters wasted them while they were free,
 And many a tyrant since; their shores obey
 The stranger, slave, or savage; their decay
 Has dried up realms to deserts:—not so thou,
 Unchangeable save to thy wild waves' play—
 Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow—
 Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
 Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,
 Calm or convuls'd—in breeze, or gale, or storm,
 Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
 Dark-heaving,—boundless, endless, and sublime—
 The image of Eternity—the throne
 Of the Invisible; even from out thy slime
 The monsters of the deep are made; each zone
 Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone

And I have 'oved thee, Ocean! and my joy
 Of youthful sport was on thy breast to be
 Borne, like thy bubbles, onward: from a boy
 I wanton'd with thy breakers—they to me
 Were a delight; and if the freshening sea
 Made them a terror—'twas a pleasing fear
 For I was as it were a child of thee,
 And trusted to thy billows far and near,
 And laid my hand upon thy mane—as I do here.

XXVI.—THE FIELD OF WATERLOO.

THERE was a sound of revelry by night:
 And Belgium's capital had gather'd then
 Her Beauty and her Chivalry; and bright
 The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;
 A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
 Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
 Soft eyes look'd love to eyes which spake again,
 And all went merry as a marriage bell—
 But hush! hark! A deep sound strikes like a rising knell!

Did ye not hear it?—No: 'twas but the wind,
 Or the car rattling o'er the stony street!
 On with the dance! let joy be unconfin'd!
 No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet
 To chase the glowing hours with flying feet—
 But hark! that heavy sound breaks in once more.
 As if the clouds its echo would repeat;
 And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!
 Arm! arm! it is—it is—the cannon's opening roar!

Within a window'd niche of that high hall
 Sat Brunswick's fated chieftain: he did hear
 That sound the first amidst the festival,
 And caught its tone with Death's prophetic ear;

And when they smil'd because he deem'd it near,
His heart more truly knew that peal too well
Which stretch'd his father on a bloody bier,
And rous'd the vengeance blood alone could quell
He rush'd into the field, and, foremost fighting, fell !

Ah ! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which, but an hour ago,
Blush'd at the praise of their own loveliness ;
And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated . Who could guess
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon night so sweet, such awful morn could rise ?

And there was mounting in hot haste : the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war .
And the deep thunder, peal on peal, afar ;
And near, the beat of the alarming drum,
Rous'd up the soldier ere the morning star .
While throng'd the citizens, with terror dumb,
Or whispering with white lips—"The foe ! they come ! they
come !"

And wild and high the "Camerons' gathering" rose !
(The war-note of Lochiel, which Albin's hills
Have heard—and heard too, have her Saxon foes !)
How, in the noon of night, that pibroch thrills,
Savage and shrill ! But with the breath which fills
Their mountain pipe, so fill the mountaineers
With the fierce native dawning, which instils
The stirring memory of a thousand years :
And Evan's, Donald's fame, rings in each clansman's ears !

And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,
 Dewy with nature's tear-drops, as they pass,
 Grieving—if aught inanimate e'er grieves—
 Over the unreturning brave—alas!
 Ere evening, to be trodden, like the grass—
 Which now beneath them, but above shall grow
 In its next verdure; when this fiery mass
 Of living valour, rolling on the foe,
 And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold and low!

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life;
 Last eve, in beauty's circle proudly gay;
 The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife,—
 The morn, the marshalling in arms,—the day,
 Battle's magnificently-stein array!
 The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when rent,
 The earth is cover'd thick with other clay,
 Which her own clay shall cover—heap'd and pent;
 Rider and horse,—friend, foe,—in one red burial blent!

XXVII —ON THE PLAIN OF MARATHON

WHERE'ER we tread, 'tis hallowed, holy ground!
 No earth of thine is lost in vulgar mould!
 But one vast realm of wonder spreads around,
 And all the Muse's tales seem truly told,
 Till the sense aches with gazing to behold
 The scenes our earliest dreams have dwelt upon.
 Each hill and dale, each deepening glen and wold,
 Defies the power which crush'd thy temples gone.
 Age shakes Athena's tower, but spares gray Marathon.

The sun—the soil—but not the slave the same—
 Unchanged in all, except its foreign lord,
 Preserves alike its bounds and boundless fame:
 The battle-field—where Persia's victim-horde

First bow'd beneath the brunt of Hellas' sword,
As on the morn to distant glory dear,
When Marathon became a magic word—
Which utter'd—to the hearer's eye appear
The camp—the host—the fight—the conqueror's career !

The flying Mede—his shaftless broken bow !
The fiery Greek—his red pursuing spear !
Mountains above—Earth's—Ocean's plain below !
Death in the front—Destruction in the rear !
Such was the scene—what now remaineth here ?
What sacred trophy marks the hallow'd ground
Recording Freedom's smile and Asia's tear ?
The rifled urn—the violated mound—
The dust—thy courser's hoof, rude stranger ! spurns around !

Yet to the remnants of thy splendour past,
Shall pilgrims, pensive, but unwearied throng ;
Long shall the voyager, with the Ionian blast,
Hail the bright clime of battle and of song ;
Long shall thine annals and immortal tongue
Fill with thy fame the youth of many a shore ;
Boast of the aged ! lesson of the young !
Which sages venerate, and bards adore,
As Pallas and the Muse unveil their awful lore.

The parted bosom clings to wonted home,
If aught that's kindred cheer the welcome hearth ;
He that is lonely, hither let him roam,
And gaze complacent on congenial earth.
Greece is no lightsome land of social mirth !
But he whom sadness sootheth may abide,
And scarce regret the region of his birth,
When wandering slow by Delphi's sacred side,
Or gazing o'er the plains where Greek and Persian died.

XXVIII.—THE DYING GLADIATOR.

I see before me the gladiator lie.
He leans upon his hand,—his manly brow
Consents to death, but conquers agony,
And his droop'd head sinks gradually low,
And through his side the last drops ebbing slow
From the red gash, fall heavy one by one,
Like the first of a thunder-shower, and now
The arena swims around him.—he is gone,
Ere ceas'd th'inhuman shout which hail'd the wretch who won.

He heard it, but he heeded not—his eyes
Were with his heart, and that was far away ;
He reck'd not of the life he lost nor prize,
But where his rude hut by the Danube lay ;
There were his young barbarians all at play,
There was their Dacian mother—he their sire,
Butcher'd to make a Roman holiday—
All this rush'd with his blood.—Shall he expire.
And unaveng'd ?—A curse ! ye Goths, and glut your ire !

XXIX.—THE ARAB MAID'S SONG.

FLY to the desert, fly with me !
Our Arab tents are rude for thee ;
But oh ! the choice what heart can doubt,
Of tents with love, or thrones without ?
Our rocks are rough—but, smiling there,
The acacia waves her yellow hair,
Lonely and sweet ; nor loved the less
For flowering in a wilderness.
Our sands are bare—but down their slope
The silvery-footed antelope
As gracefully and gaily springs,
As o'er the marble courts of kings !

Then come!—thy Arab maid will be
The loved and lone acacia-tree;
The antelope, whose feet shall bless
With their light sound thy loneliness.

Oh! there are looks and tones that dart
An instant sunshine through the heart,—
As if the soul that minute caught
Some treasure it through life had sought!

As if the very lips and eyes
Predestined to have all our sighs,
And never be forgot again,
Sparkled and spoke before us then!

So came thy every glance and tone,
When first on me they breathed and shone;
New—as if brought from other spheres,
Yet welcome—as if loved for years!

Then fly with me!—if thou hast known
No other flame, nor falsely thrown
A gem away, that thou hadst sworn
Should ever in thy heart be worn.

Come!—if the love thou hast for me
Is pure and fresh as mine for thee,—
Fresh as the fountain under ground,
When first 'tis by the lapwing found!

But if for me thou dost forsake
Some other maid, and rudely break
Her worshipp'd image from its base,
To give to me the ruin'd place;

Then, fare thee well—I'd rather make
My bower upon some icy lake,
When thawing suns begin to shine,
Than trust to love so false as thine.

XXX —ODE TO ELOQUENCE.

HEARD ye those loud-contending waves,
That shook Cecropia's pillar'd state?
Saw ye the mighty from their graves
Look up, and tremble at her fate?

Who shall calm the angry storm?
Who the mighty task perform,
And bid the raging tumult cease?
See the son of Hermes rise,
With Syren tongue, and speaking eyes,
Hush the noise, and soothe to peace!

See the olive branches waving
O'er Ilissus' winding stream,
Their lovely limbs the Naiads laving,
The Muses smiling by, supreme!

See the nymphs and swains advancing,
To harmonious measures dancing
Grateful Io Pæans rise
To thee, O Power! who can inspire
Soothing words—or words of fire,
And shook thy plumes in Attic skies!

Lo! from the regions of the north,
The reddening storm of battle pours,
Rolls along the trembling earth,
Fastens on the Olynthian towers.

Where rests the sword? where sleep the brave?
Awake! Cecropia's ally save
From the fury of the blast:
Burst the storm on Phocis' walls,
Rise! or Greece for ever falls;
Up! or freedom breathes her last.

The jarring States, obsequious now,
View the patriot's hand on high;
Thunder gathering on his brow,
Lightning flashing from his eye.
Borne by the tide of words along,
One voice, one mind, inspire the throng:
"To arms! to arms! to arms!" they cry;
"Grasp the shield, and draw the sword,
Lead us to Philip's lord;
Let us conquer him, or die!"
Ah, Eloquence! thou wast undone,
Wast from thy native country driven,
When Tyranny eclipsed the sun,
And blotted out the stars of heaven!
When Liberty from Greece withdrew,
And o'er the Adriatic flew
To where the Tiber pours his urn—
She struck the rude Tarpeian rock,
Sparks were kindled by the stroke—
Again thy fires began to burn!
Now shining forth, thou mad'st compliant
The Conscript Fathers to thy charms,
Roused the world-bestrident giant,
Sinking fast in Slavery's arms.
I see thee stand by Freedom's fane,
Pouring the persuasive strain,
Giving vast conceptions birth!
Hark! I hear thy thunders sound,
Shake the Forum round and round,
Shake the pillars of the earth!
First-born of Liberty divine!
Put on Religion's bright array:
Speak! and the starless grave shall shine
The portal of eternal day!

Rise, kindling with the orient beam,
 Let Calvary's hill inspire the theme,
 Unfold the garments roll'd in blood !
 Oh, touch the soul—touch all her chords
 With all the omnipotence of words,
 And point the way to heaven—to God !

XXXI.—HOPE AT THE CLOSE OF LIFE

UNFADING Hope! when life's last embers burn,
 When soul to soul, and dust to dust return !
 Heav'n to thy charge assigns the awful hour !
 Oh! then, thy kingdom comes! Immortal Power !
 What though each spark of earth-born rapture fly
 The quivering lip, pale cheek, and closing eye !
 Bright to the soul thy seraph hands convey
 The morning dream of life's eternal day—
 Then, then, the triumph and the trance begin!
 And all the phoenix spirit burns within !

O! deep-enchancing prelude to repose,
 The dawn of bliss, the twilight of our woes !
 Yet half I hear the panting spirit sigh,
 It is a dread and awful thing to die !
 Mysterious worlds, untravell'd by the sun!
 Where Time's far wandering tide has never run,
 From your unfathom'd shades, and viewless spheres,
 A warning comes, unheard by other ears.
 'Tis Heaven's commanding trumpet, long and loud,
 Like Sinai's thunder, pealing from the cloud!
 While Nature hears with terror-mingled trust,
 The shock that hurls her fabric to the dust ;
 And, like the trembling Hebrew, when he trod
 The roaring waves, and call'd upon his God,
 With mortal terrors clouds immortal bliss,
 And shrieks, and hovers o'er the dark abyss !
 Daughter of Faith, awake, arise, illumine
 The dread unknown, the chaos of the tomb ,

Melt, and dispel, ye spectre-doubts, that roll
Cimmerian darkness on the parting soul!
Fly, like the moon-eyed herald of dismay,
Chased on his night-steed by the star of day!
The strife is o'er—the pangs of Nature close.
And life's last rapture triumphs o'er her woes.
Hark! as the spirit eyes, with eagle gaze,
The noon of heav'n undazzled by the blaze
On heav'nly winds that waft her to the sky,
Float the sweet tones of star-born melody,
Wild as the hallow'd anthem sent to hail
Bethlehem's shepherds in the lonely vale.
When Jordan hush'd his waves, and midnight still
Watch'd on the holy tow'rs of Zion hill!

XXXII —WHAT CONSTITUTES A STATE?

WHAT constitutes a state?

Not high-raisd battlement and labour'd mound,
Thick wall, or moated gate.

Not cities proud, with spires and turrets crown'd:
Not bays and broad-arm'd ports,

Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride
Not starr'd and spangled courts,

Where low-bred baseness wafts perfume to pride
No—men, high-minded men,

With powers as far above dull brutes endu'd,
In forest, brake, or den,

As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude.
Men, who their duties know,

But know their rights: and, knowing, dare maintain,
Prevent the long-aim'd blow,

And crush the tyrant, while they rend the chain.
These constitute a state:

And sovereign law, that state's collected will,
O'er thrones and globes elate,

Sits empress, crowning good, repressing ill.

XXXIII.—MY MIND TO ME A KINGDOM IS.¹

My minde to me a kingdome is;
 Such perfect joy therein I finde
 As far exceeds all earthly blisse
 That God or Nature hath assignde.
 Though much I want, that most would have,
 Yet still my mind forbids to crave.

Content I live, this is my stay;
 I seek no more than may suffice;
 I presse to beare no haughtie sway;
 Look what I lack my mind supplies.
 Loe! thus I triumph like a king,
 Content with that my mind doth bring.

I see how plentie surfets oft,
 And hastie clymbers soonest fall.
 I see that such as sit aloft
 Mishap doth threaten most of all;
 These get with toyle, and keep with feare:
 Such cares my mind could never beare.

No princely pompe, nor welthe store,
 No force to winne the victorie,
 No wylie wit to salve a soie,
 No shape to winne a lover's eye;
 To none of these I yeeld as thrall,
 For why, my mind despiseth all.

¹ This excellent philosophical song appears to have been famous in the sixteenth century. It is quoted by Ben Jonson in his play of "Every Man out of his Humour," first acted in 1599, Act I. Scene I, where an impatient person says—

"I am no such pil'd canique to believe
 That beggery is the only happinesse,
 Or, with a number of these patient fooles,
 To sing, ' My minde to me a kingdome is '
 When the lanke hungrie belly barles for food "

Some have too much, yet still they crave,
I little have, yet seek no more,
They are but poore, though much they have;
And I am rich with little store,
They poor, I rich; they beg, I give;
They lacke, I lend; they pine, I live.

I laugh not at another's losse,
I grudge not at another's gaine;
No worldly wave my mind can tosse,
I brooke that is another's bane
I feare no foe, nor fawne on friend,
I loathe not life, nor dread mine end.

I joy not in no earthly bli-se;
I weigh not Cræsus' welth a straw;
For care, I care not what it is;
I fear not fortune's fatall law.
My mind is such as may not move
For beautie bright or force of love.

I wish but what I have at will;
I wander not to seek for more;
I like the plaine, I clmb no hill;
In greatest stormes I sitte on shore,
And laugh at them that toile in vaine
To get what must be lost againe.

I kisse not where I wish to kill;
I feigne not love where most I hate;
I breake no sleep to winne my will;
I wayte not at the mighties gate;
I scorne no poore, I feare no rich,
I feele no want, nor have too much.

The court, ne cart, I like, ne loathe;
Extreames are counted worst of all:
The golden meane betwixt them both
Doth surest sit, and fears no fall:

This is my choyce, for why, I finde
No wealth is like a quiet minde.

My welth is health and perfect ease,

My conscience clere my chiefe defence :

I never seek by brybes to please,

Nor by desert to give offence :

Thus do I live, thus will I die ;

Would all did so as well as I

XXXIV.—THE CATARACT OF LODORE

“ How does the water
Come down at Lodore ? ”

My little boy ask'd me

Thus, once on a time ;

And moreover he task'd me

To tell him in rhyme ;

Anon at the word,

There first came one daughter,

And then came another,

To second and third

The request of their brother,

And to hear how the water

Comes down at Lodore,

With its rush and its roar,

As many a time

They had seen it before ;

So I told them in rhyme,

For of rhymes I had store ;

And 'twas in my vocation

For their recreation

That so I should sing ;

Because I was Laureate

To them and the King.

From its sources which well

In the tarn on the fell,

From its fountains
In the mountains,
Its rills and its gills ;
Through moss and through brake,
It runs and it creeps
For awhile, till it sleeps
In its own little lake.
And thence at departing,
Awakening and starting,
It runs through the reeds
And away it proceeds,
Through meadow and glade,
In sun and in shade,
And through the wood-shelter,
Among crags in its flurry,
Helter-skelter,
Hurry-scurry,
Here it comes sparkling,
And there it lies darkling ;
Now smoking and frothing
Its tumult and wrath in,
Till in its rapid race,
On which it is bent,
It reaches the place
Of its deep descent.

Writhing and winging,
Eddying and whisking,
Spouting and finking,
Turning and twisting,
 Around and around
With endless rebound ;
 Smutting and fighting,
 A sight to delight in ;
 Confounding, a-tounding,
Dizzying and deafening the ear with its sound.

Collecting, projecting,
Rereading and speeding,
And shocking and rocking,
And dauting and parting,
And thimbling and spreading,
And whizzing and hissing,
And dripping and skipping,
And lutting and splitting,
And shining and twinning,
And rattling and battling,
And shaking and quaking,
And pouring and roaring,
And waving and raving,
And tossing and crossing,
And flowing and going,
And running and stunning,
And foaming and roaming,
And dinning and spinning,
And dropping and hopping,
And working and jerking,
And gagging and struggling,
And heaving and cleaving,
And moaning and groaning ;
And glittering and frittering,
And gathering and feathering.

And whitening and brightening,
And quivering and shivering,
And hurrying and skurrying,
And thundering and floundering!

Dividing and gliding and sliding,
And falling and brawling and sprawling,
And driving and riving and striving,
And sprinkling and twinkling and wrinkling,
And sounding and bounding and rounding,
And bubbling and troubling and doubling,
And grumbling and rumbling and tumbling,
And clattering and battering and shattering;

Retreating and beating and meeting and sheeting,
Delaying and straying and playing and spraying,
Advancing and prancing and glancing and dancing,
Recoiling, turmoiling, and toiling and boiling,
And gleaming and streaming and steaming and beaming,
And rushing and flushing and brushing and gushing,
And flapping and rapping and clapping and slapping,
And curling and whirling and purling and twirling,
And thumping and plumping and bumping and jumping,
And dashing and flashing and splashing and clashing.
And so never ending, but always descending,
Sounds and motions for ever and ever are blending,
All at once and all o'er, with a mighty uproar,
And this way the water comes down at Lodore.